

ROBERTSON'S CHEAP SERIES.

POPULAR READING AT POPULAR PRICES.

ALL FOR HER;

OR,

ST. JUDE'S ASSISTANT.

A NOVEL.

BY

"As Man Never Loved Woman Before."

COMPLETE.

TORONTO:
J. ROSS ROBERTSON, 55 KING-ST. WEST, COR. BAY.
1880.

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PART I—THE SHADOW.

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE ST. JUDE'S.

Vespers were over at little St. Jude's. Faithful ladies in sealskin, in a thin stream, poured out upon the sidewalk. Within, in the dim light of a single gas jet, as yet unquenched upon the Evangelistic Eagle, reddened by the sunset through a painted window, a young girl, alone of all the worshippers, lingered.

As she stood, glancing furtively from the wheezy old sexton bolting the street doors, to the low-cut vestry entrance whence the last amen of the choristers has just died away in wail of organ, like the din of breakers spent upon a lonely beach; one could see that she waited, not boldly as of right, but timidly, as if the act were a confession she hardly cared to make.

The vestry door opened. It was only a belated little chorister, but Olive Gray flushed and made pretence of dropping her Hymnal and picking it up again. A second time the door opened, however, and she looked consciously around at the wheezy sexton again. She heard a low voice at her ear say, 'Olive;' and, in the darkness—for the solitary gas jet had been shut, and the sunset had sunk below the diamond panes—she felt a large, heavy hand close tightly over her own.

The large, heavy hand belonged to the Reverend Mr. Brand, Assistant Rector of St. Jude's On-the-Avenue, and curate in charge of little St. Jude's, the most *elit* of its chapels. St. Jude's was a power in the city. On Sundays, its costly pews must have contained some millions' worth of furs and diamonds. The portly gentlemen at the pew heads, for the privilege of sitting at which they paid some thousands yearly, represented untold commercial wealth down-

town, and untold orisons—the choicest St. Jude's could pay for—up-town. For the rest of the week, wherever they might happen to be, the Lord was absolutely wearied with petitions to deal gently with such valuable sinners; and when, in vacations, they or theirs crossed the neighbouring ocean, the grand Episcopal 'Form of Prayer for Influential Parishioners at Sea,' was uttered ceaselessly until their return. St. Jude's pulpit was the most eloquent that money could buy, and alternated with glorious music culled from the masters of Italian and German melody, in Benedicites to all the works of the Lord. So, great Saint Jude's with its Rector and five assistants—with its site upon the costliest corner lot on all Fifth Avenue—with its four Sunday services conducted at what would be a large fortune for the inheritors of the earth who meekly prayed in its modest Mission upon Avenue A. was a power in the city.

Little St. Jude's was great St. Jude's most fashionable Chapel. It was choice and chaste in design, Pompeian—if the adjective applies to a sacred place—in the diminutive perfection of proportions and the delicate luxury of its stained glass, sculpture and illumination. Need it be said that George Brand was the typical assistant to preside at this perfect little shrine? the typical young New York deputy Man of God, alike cultivated and dreaded by mammas, patronized by papas, and idolized by daughters? He had a deep rich voice, which he certainly did bring to bear with great effect upon the collects, epistles and gospels: black hair, parted irregularly in the middle, over a very low forehead; a pair of large piercing black eyes, and a thick well trimmed moustache—The difference between High Church, at this juncture, had been said by the sacreligious to be expressible in Collar. A Low Churchman was indicated—these held—by a collar

and no cravat—a Broad Churchman by a collar and a cravat and a High Churchman by a cravat and no collar. Brand was certainly dressed in accordance with this rule—for from his eloquent throat to the soles of his boots, he was as black as an undertaker.

It was very dark, and so Olive allowed her slight hand to remain an instant in the great one before drawing it gently away. Curate and parishioner, they passed together down the shaded aisle—he tall, strong, stately in chest and limb: she slight, frail, almost childish in her diminutive figure—conversing (for the benefit of Mr. Golls) about the service, the hymns, and the sharp wintry weather. But not even old Golls was deceived, or failed to recognize the infatuated girl and the elegant young parson, who lost none of his heart under the familiar infliction. As they emerged upon the street and walked towards the avenue, along which lights were already springing up, they quite ran against a shortish stick-net man, with a hat very much over his eyes.

'You had best take my arm,' said the Rev. Mr. Brand.

'It's growing dark, and perhaps I may,' said Olive, drawing a little out of the way of the stout man, and towards the divine. So she took his arm, and they disappeared in the dark.

The stout man stands watching them out of sight, and then starts off in the same direction. He does not attempt to follow them, however, but turns down the Fifth Avenue, and stops before the steps of one of the many little elegant hotels upon that choicest of all thoroughfares. The hall boy who answers his bell, leads obsequiously to a pretty elevator, whence a suite of apartments *au quatrieme*, as one would say abroad, are gained.

It is an elegant, though somewhat disorderly, bachelor's sitting-room or library to which the door leads. There is just enough of symmetry in its arrangement to show that the furniture, fixtures and ornaments are those which a man of wealth and taste would gather in the course of a loitering life, not confined to these shores, and just enough of incongruity to show that no woman hand had management or dominion therein. Between two windows, commanding the glorious avenue, was a case of books; and on two other sides of the room were well-filled dwarf bookshelves; while on the side opposite was a broad russet leather sofa, such as men who have no wives love to spread their heels upon. At various irregular points around the room were chairs of diffusive model, calculated to suffer the weary and masculine form in almost any posture

which listlessness or indolence could suggest. These, with a broad green-covered table, piled with books, inkstands, pipes, and other rubbish, completed the furniture of the room. The walls were painted a delicate neutral, and were hung with such pictures as a man and not a woman would purchase, except that a St. Cecilia and an *Ecce Homo* seemed quite out of place in the assortment. A huge crucifix of ebony and bronze, with two swords crossed above it, surmounted the mantel. Quite a number of other swords were displayed over pictures of saint and sinner alike; while a brisk fire of Cannel coal, in an ample grate, lighted up the whole apartment and the deep red lambrequins over the window.

Divested of his wraps and ulster, which were heavier than the season would warrant, Mr. Paul Ogden, gentleman, now in possession of his own rooms, was not so stout nor so shortish, and not so oldish as he had appeared on his way from little St. Jude's portal. Not tall, but slim and well made; he was a young gentleman of thirty or thereabouts, with light hair and eyes, and a moustache.

Mr. Paul Ogden enters his dressing-room to array himself for dinner.

At twenty-five, Paul Ogden had been graduated successfully and successively from Yale College and from one of the great Law Schools where it is correct for rich men's sons to acquire a title to the Metropolitan Bar and to a profession whose harsh duties they never tempt, but whose prestige it is good to secure. He found himself, thereupon, with a not immoderate fortune, a gentlemanly air and person, a decided taste for ease, and a curiosity concerning Paris, Vienna, and certain other continental capitals which are supposed to present to youth, blase of New York sins, new and charming variations of dissipation. With youth and strength enough to purchase experience at every shop where he found it spread out for sale, and yet with gentlemanly soul enough to retain,—while touching the bottoms of all that wealth and beauty could offer—the glow of history amid the vestiges of a stately Past, he ate his breakfast in the city of the Caesars, climbed the Alps in the track of the Napoleon, and loitered among those relics of romantic and feudal time in which the island of England surpasses all other lands.

True, he sipped his sour red wine under the shade of the mighty Coliseum. True, the music of the great Cathedrals ran confusedly in his ears, sometimes, with the music of less saintly resorts. True at Ems and Baden-Baden—(ere the conqueror of

Gravelotte was virtuous and exiled cakes and ale,) he lost his Louis d'ors and drank philosophy in his Absinthé! He had lost his heart. But who has not? Who has not found himself relished all the more for a little seasonable sin? Why, not even in heaven are absolutely sinless souls popular. There is more joy in heaven over one real wicked sinner who repents, than over whole dreary ninety-and-nines of models for whom no tears were ever shed, no prayers were ever prayed, and whom no bliss of holy forgiveness has ever enfolded. In order to feel the true happiness of forgiveness, we must needs do something to be forgiven for; and the glory of present goodness loses its sheen unless it stand out against a more sombre background of badness.

With Mr. Paul Ogden abroad, we then, have nothing to do. He was no better than the rest of us. But he did love his native land, and was not ashamed of it. And, just one year before this history opens, his steamer sailed up along the green shores of Staten Island—passing then in charm, to his and to many other homesick eyes straining from that hurricane deck, the sheen of fair Campana, or sunsets over cool Swiss lakes. Home!—there is something in the sight of home—even to the homeless—which brings warmth and life into the heart! How brave it made Horatius when the spears and arms and craven ranks of his enemies—thirsting for the city and for his poor life—faded from his vision, and he only saw

"Oh Palatinus—
The white walls of his home;"

and so this boy, who loved his native land (as who must not would he enjoy others?) stepped upon the stones of brave New York, satisfied—sated, and—shall we lisp it—sad!

Sad and sated, satisfied and sad. Ah, gloomy recompense of pleasure, grim footman, dogging the footsteps of youth, do what we may, there comes this messenger to us all, laden with his long bill for the experience we have purchased: and, wince as we please, extortionate as the charges are, we must pay in full. It is bad enough to be wise—it is bitter enough to have the knowledge of good and evil which even our first parents—models and masterpieces of God, strong in the likeness of Deity and of Eden, could not bear—thrust upon us at all; but to have to buy it at so great a price! Take it away—we never ordered it, we won't pay your bill—only we must.

We are told that Ulysses wandered far

and wide, and saw the manners, and the men of so many cities. Did he foot the bill? Did he come back to Penelope disillusioned, dissatisfied, bitter, cynical and blasé with all mankind?

CHAPTER II.

Ludre—qui nescit campestribus abstinet armis
Indoctus que pilos discit trahere quiescit
Ne sprissæ risum tollant impæne coronæ—
(qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere)

DE ARTE POET. 380.

Miss Isabella Singleton was a virgin of fifty sweet summers, or thereabout—albeit she herself might have pleaded to something less—who was very reluctantly outliving her tranquil faith in a certain young Duke or Prince or Apollo Belvidere, who was on his way from Spain to claim her as his bride. That faith had been outlived, however, to a certain extent, and Isabella now believed that Literature (with a capital L) was her liege, and upon him—so wholly was he hers—lavished whatever of devotion, of sand-paper, of midnight oil and of maiden grace—to say nothing of ink—she still possessed. So rapt was she indeed, that, for her possession, a fleshly Prince would have had doughty tilt with Prince Literature, a trope originating with herself, designed to express the faint reservation with which she gave thanks that Literature strutted alone on the campus of her heart.)

Horatius Flaccus once declared—in lines which appear above this chapter—that whereas certain study, discipline and labour were necessary to produce good wrestlers at the public games, nothing of the sort was supposed to be required to make a poet. Upon a similar theory—if not upon Flaccus's direct authority—Miss Isabella became a poetess.

She became a poet in this wise. Her father and mother were dead; the former having lived up to his income and more, he left her nothing but debts, and her mother nothing but a wardrobe. Isabella therefore found herself, at their death, destitute of any support, and obliged to find some work, useful or otherwise, for her fair hands to do. In this strait she had written a letter to a certain Mr. Prideaux.

This Mr. Prideaux was, at this time, editor of a magazine, known as the *Seaboard Monthly*, published in the city, but popularly supposed to be written at the little Jersey village of Amity, about a hundred miles from the nearest railway station in communication with the metropolis.

The *Seaboard* at this time, was the acknowledged leader of literary taste in the

country; what it coddled, it was *en regle* to coddle. What it snubbed, everybody snubbed; and when it took snuff, everybody sneezed. At least two other magazines, in the same town, had struggled manfully but impotently against the *Seaboard's* tyranny, but had now become its echoes and clacquers and under its dictation, meekly employed the mutual admirationists of Amity to write its poetry and prose, paid them *Seaboard* prices, and were content.

Mr. Prideaux was a natty little gentleman of sixty or so, who dressed in the extremity of youthful fashion, and was never visible outside of his straw-coloured kid gloves and his dark malacca stick with a gold band near its top. He was no weak-eyed editor, whose onion orbs had grown moist and filmy with perusal of manuscripts in masculine, feminine and neuter fists, and whose shoulders, rounded from bending over quires of Aurelia's and Clarence's, and Lottie Lilac's, and of half a hundred of the alliterative women of America; to say nothing of reams from Bohemia, which being pre-paid to a lawful destination, the United States mail would persist in daily delivering at his sanctum door.

Mr. Prideaux was an advanced editor. He kept no waste-basket. He selected his own contributors; assigned the poetry to one, to another the philosophy, and to others the stories, statistics, gossip, etc. He never read anything, in manuscript or print. He had a bilious old bachelor to sneer at the fashions, a tragic old bachelor to lash himself over the ill-jointed times, a hectic young one to poke withering fun at all books that issued from any but a certain press of city publishers (who also oddly enough, published the *Seaboard*, and whose monograph said hectic young bachelor was to memorise at his peril); an old maid to write the poetry, and a young one to prepare the usual number of pages devoted to original romance. It very rarely happened that any other description of matter was required by the *Seaboard*; but if it were, there was somebody at Amity ready to 'do' it. Mr. Prideaux had no other assistants.

We have said that the *Seaboard* kept no waste-basket. Two very small boys instead, at three dollars a week, were employed to fill up and mail to all the strangers covering manuscripts to the office, the following blank:

'Mr. Prideaux begs the honour of informing M—— that the manuscript—— which he kindly furnishes the *Seaboard Monthly* will be returned to h—— address upon receipt (under present postal regulations), of thirty-six (36) cents.

'Mr. Prideaux returns thanks for the pleasure of perusing the manuscript aforesaid.'

Upon receipt of the thirty-six cents, a two-cent postage stamp was placed upon it, and the contribution was placed in the post-office. So that Mr. Prideaux found himself annually in enjoyment of quite a modest little income from this source alone.

When Mr. Prideaux received the letter from Miss Isabella Singleton, informing him of her bereavement and consequent monetary distress, he had just learned, with deep regret, of the demise, at Amity, aged ninety-three, of Miss Angelica Prosser, spinster.

Now this venerable old maid had made the poetry for the *Seaboard* ever since its establishment, in consideration of her house rent, board and clothes, which, as her wants had been few (she had never possessed any teeth and had lived on green tea), had been an exceedingly profitable arrangement for Mr. Prideaux. 'Bad,' he muttered under his breath, at the thought of a possible increase in his expenses; 'this is bad, very bad,' but the very next letter he had opened had been Miss Singleton's pitiful tale, and he had mentally closed with the opportunity on the instant.

He cared very little who wrote the *Seaboard's* poetry, so he got it cheap; and the lady being in reduced circumstances, he thought he saw his way to a bargain. Miss Singleton's father had been a pedagogue at one period of his life, and Mr. Prideaux his parlour boarder. He recognized an obligation to assist his old tutor's daughter the more readily that he could save money by her; and upon an interview, the matter was arranged.

Miss Singleton herself, like most pedagogues' children, had no education; but then, neither had Burns. She did not even recognize the trammels of grammar, but said 'they was' habitually—but then Shakespeare, before her, had untied singular verbs with plural pronouns. She could not spell—neither could Chaucer. She had no invention, neither had Crabbe nor saintly old Dr. Young. It was settled, then, that she was to write all the poetry for the *Seaboard*.

Mr. Prideaux's instructions had been terse and comprehensive. 'You're to be always wanting to die, you see. Nothing to live for—that sort of thing. You'll find Walker's Rhyming Dictionary will come handy. I'll send for Prosser's copy for you. It belongs to the *Seaboard*. We want two pieces a month. That'll be ten dollars. You'll get in with the 'Slobberer' and the 'Swash Tub,' t rough us. That'll be thirty dollars—and

you ought, with your habits, to get on on thirty dollars a month.'

It was the first time in Isabella's long maiden life, that she had ever seen a live editor; and she could only listen with reverence and awe. She waited for more instructions, but, as none came, she faltered, 'And am I to send them to you for approval?'

'Bless you, no!' cried Mr. Prideaux, aghast at the idea of his reading poetry or anything else. 'Send 'em to the office. By the way—gad, its lucky I thought to tell you!—send 'em to me, care of Downey and Company—that's our gag. Don't forget that. If you send 'em to me or to the *Seaboard*, they'll be stacked, and we'll never be able to find 'em again!'

Isabella followed her instructions to the letter—and so successfully did she yearn for the grave as the one great boon of her existence, and so stoutly did she decline, on any account, to survive any longer, that in due time she not only completed her six poems per month, but was often two or even three months ahead of the demand. The facility of rhyme she found to be one which cultivates itself and grows by what it feeds on. From the simple coincidence of 'youth' and 'truth,' 'morning' and 'warning,' 'love' and 'dove,' she advanced rapidly to 'youth' and 'in sooth,' 'morning' and 'born in,' 'love' and 'of,' and was able to do such verses as the following:

'Dear God, I am so weary with it all,
I fain would rest me for a little space.
Is there no great rock where the shadows fall,
Where I may cast me down and hide my face?

'I work and strive, sore burdened and afraid,
The road is flinty, and the way is long;
And the weak staff whereby my steps are staid,
Bends like a reed when bitter winds are strong.

'The lofty thought proves fruitless in the deed,
The prize I toll for seems a glittering lie;
There is no comfort for the present need,
No guerdon promised for futurity.

'I shrink in terror from the endless task,
I look with horror on the barren land.
And ask, as only hopeless hearts can ask,
The meaning of my days to understand;—

—while she plastered her curls or adjusted her whalebones; and in less time than it took to copy them off afterwards. She was delighted to find, too, that, immediately following the issue of the magazine, the newspapers would be sure to contain one or more of her effusions, credited to '*Seaboard*, for June,' or '*Slobberer*, for August,' or '*Swaah Tub*, for April;' as the case was—a testimonial, as she learned afterwards, not to the fire or fervour of Isabella Singleton, but to the convenience of certain advance slips sent by

the proprietors of those publications to the composing-room of every newspaper on the list of Trowell & Plaster, advertising agents in the city of New York, and which came very conveniently to the hand in filling up columns.

Isabella lived, at this time, in a modest house on Gay Street, a thoroughfare of about a block or two in length, where doors had no knobs, blinds no fastenings and but one hinge apiece; where watering-carts and policemen rarely came, and whose gutters were strewn with obsolete chignons, fragments of crinoline, and bits of old shoes. A thoroughfare that knew no delights save wandering minstrels from Italy, with organs and little brown monkeys and slipshod children. Her great-great-grandfather had been a certain John Brand, who lived on a farm near by or in what is now the city of Boston, Massachusetts; and she was therefore a long removed cousin of the reverend George Brand, the popular curate-in-charge of little St. Jude's—although he was quite oblivious of any such connection, and she had never deemed it available for any practical purpose.

CHAPTER III.

AT FIRST SIGHT.

When Paul Ogden had once more set foot upon his native pave, and dined the sea flavour from off his palate, he thought himself beginning a new life, in which there was no new sensation possible. But he was mistaken; for, one waning Sunday afternoon, remorseless fate led him to little St. Jude's, and he fell in love with a face.

It was a little, white, childish face, turned upward under the shadow of an overhanging gallery. But a red and golden beam of sunset through the stained diamond panes, which Paul was just then following listlessly with his eye, happened to light upon it, and he felt in love with it.

Paul had been rather of a favourite with women, and, like most men, who see them in social swarms, had been idolized by many, and told in unmistakable action that he might wed whom he chose.

But he had not chosen. It is not unusually the fate of such a man, after being beloved against will and taste over and over again, to finally run mad over some artless little girl, made to love, doubtless, but not to love him, and to plunge into the blackest blackness of despair, and to go the dreariest of dogs, because of her. So it was, at any rate, in Paul's case; and to those dogs he proceeded, without loss of time. Olive Gray was one of those anomalies that exist in the

very heart of whirling city life, of the fashion, pomp and fatal dissipation which we call 'society' in New York. In the midst of the profusion, luxury, and, so far as she knew, boundless wealth of her father's home, she was, at nineteen, as artless, simple and pure as she had been born, or as if she had lived, in a convent.

She was devout and earnest in religious observation. She was a communicant of St. Jude's, and loved, from her inmost heart, its stately services; although, as we shall presently see, at this period she was on Sundays, as well as on week days, an attendant at little St. Jude's chapel, where her slight form might ever be seen at matin and vesper, bent to the blessing which, they say, never fails to Holy Benediction. She occupied much of her time, too, under direction of her spiritual guides, and from inclination, in real charities.

Her deft little hands brought timely comfort to the poor sick of St. Jude's dependent sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. She had classes in its Industrial and Mission Schools, and out of quaint old Testament fables, to the little waifs and strays and street Arabs she actually construed genuine intelligible truths. At home, among her dazzling, stylish sisters and fast, horsey brothers, whose brows—knitted with the custom of vast interests—rarely relaxed in homelike smiles except at the sound of her voice or the touch of her hand. But, although simple in taste as in features, slight in form, and quiet in speech and action, Olive seemed to be one of that small class of women whom all men invariably admire. There are two classes of women in the world. First, the large class who want to marry all men, and second, the smaller class whom all men want to marry. I have yet to learn that beauty, wealth, wit, worth or style have anything to do with the distinction between these two classes. All the beauty, wealth, wit, worth and style in the world will not admit a woman into the second. She must be born there, and if she is—without one of these attributes—there she will live and die. To be—in the slang of women—'popular with men'—or in masculine parlance, 'nice,' is in the blood.

We cannot give description to this thing—whether it is in the eyes of the beholder instead of in the thing beheld, we will never know. The coils of a loathsome serpent sometimes hold a charm for the fairest bird; and something of the sort lies somewhere between man and woman. Olive Gray, little as she desired it, was born in this class; and many men besides Paul Ogden had vowed they would sacrifice their

heads to move the simple little thing's heart. There is one drawback, however, to these sort of girls; although they fall in love slowly, they always do fall in love ultimately, with curates.

When George Brand had been called (and his call had happened to be in point of time almost simultaneously with Paul's return from abroad) to be Rector of little St. Jude's, it had been noticed that Olive had followed the throng of daughters who quitted the larger for the smaller fold, and, deserting the avenue edifice, crowded the chapel at every service. Unfortunately for Percy, at the time he fell in love with her, she had scarcely a waking thought that was not coupled with religion. Girls who are in love with curates, always suppose themselves in love with religion. It is only the correlative form of that hallucination which fills the sermons of young clergymen on the eve of their nuptials with mystical allusions to The Bride—which, as everybody knows, is the Church.

About this time Olive's duties at the mission school began to acquire, even for her, a new and undefinable charm. The stories of Jacob's Ladder and the Gates of Gaza began to thrill her as she rehearsed them to the wandering little beggars gathered about her. David and Samson, Jonathan, Absalom, Saul, Joshua, even the Rehoboams and Jeroboams, began to have a lovely side to their characters, which, up to this time, she felt she had never appreciated. The matins and vespers glowed with a glory she never had absorbed before, and every little chorister's head had a nimbus around it, in the dim atmosphere. But although Olive seemed to herself to love her careworn father and showy mother—her elegant sisters and her dissipated brothers more than ever, it was not until long after, when, as we have seen, the Reverend George Brand took her little hand into his great one, and called her by her first name, that she suddenly stood aghast at the truth—namely, that all the new charm of the services, all the new meanings to Holy Writ, and all the new love of father, mother, sister and brother—meant the two large piercing eyes—the dark handsome face, and the deep rich voice of the Reverend George Brand; and that without them, she would care very little for a life on earth or for fruition of her good works in Heaven. But we have not yet arrived, in this preliminary, at the evening when that gentleman took her hand in his.

On the afternoon when Paul fell in love so suddenly with Olive, the curate, unfortunately, had been in charge of little St. Jude's some Sundays, and the charm of his

presence had found plenty of field for exercise. After his fate had overtaken him, Paul himself had become very attentive at the chapel. He found that the vespers rested him, somehow, very much more than his cushions at home or the divans at the Club. There is undoubtedly something in the ritual of the English Church which touches spots in reckless worldly hearts, where propositions, dilemmas and syllogisms never penetrate. And let us hope that, even with the visible motive for his presence, Paul brought some vital enchantment away from among the surpliced priests, the choristers, and the soft music in the dim aisle!

Poor little Olive could not resist the suit of so eminent a social favourite as Paul. It was pressed upon her by parents, friends and family, who were unanimously charmed with the idea of so brilliant a match for a simple little thing, of whom—among her queenly sisters, acknowledged belles and leaders in society—they cherished 'no hopes.' Her father saw, in the palpable idolatry of the man, an assurance, as he fondly supposed, of the ultimate happiness of his daughter. Such mistakes are far from unusual; we make them every day. Nothing loth, then, to unite their daughter to a handsome, brilliant, rich, high-born, honest and tender young man, nor themselves to so influential a family as the Ogdens, Olive's parents brought great pressure to bear upon her; and, as, far from disliking, she really liked Paul, and could not but be flattered by his devotion, never suspecting herself at the time to be, as she was, in love with the curate, she gave her word and became engaged. She submitted to the burning caresses of her lover with an indifference that she tried her utmost to conceal; and she tried as well, with all her heart, to love him—but when did love ever come for the trying? Poor little Olive! Go where she would, congratulations were showered upon her. She tried to smile as she received them, but she had not learned to smile without gladness. It seemed as if her heart had died out of sincere pity for her lover, whose ardour she saw daily increasing with her own ill-disguised coldness. For his sake she tried to put off, as far as possible, the dismal day she knew must come. But come it did. Olive told him, one bitter evening, that she did not love him—that he must go—and go he did, as a man stricken with death. With his brain maddened, and with uneven steps, he went out from her door without a word—a shattered, broken, ruined man. The next time he saw her she was with George Brand, jostling, as we have seen, against him, on their way from Lenten vespers.

To do her justice, Olive had shed bitter tears over the broken engagement, but they were tears of sorrow for Paul, not of regret for herself. She was very unhappy, and her unhappiness even brought on a nervous attack which alarmed the whole household. Dr. Forsyth, the Gray's family physician, who had known Olive from her birth-night, had often pronounced hers the most delicately nervous temperament he had ever seen. When highly wrought upon, she would become terribly excited, and remain for two or three days at a time in that state; after which she would lie almost like one in a trance, with her eyes closed and her lips moving. These paroxysms had occurred but twice before, upon occasions when near and intimate friends had died; in both instances the excitement taking the form of an intense religious fear, lest, on account of her own sins, she might not be permitted, in another world, to meet again those she had lost. These fits or paroxysms Dr. Forsyth had carefully studied. He was a gentleman of acknowledged eminence in his profession, about sixty years old, and had devoted most of his study to the phenomena of brain diseases. Olive's second attack had been on hearing of the death of a schoolmate with whom she had been peculiarly intimate, they having lived together almost constantly at boarding-school, and at the home of each for four years. When the excitement had worn itself out, Olive had lain upon the bed for two days almost without motion, except that her lips moved strangely, and articulate sounds were heard. Upon this occasion Dr. Forsyth had spent several hours alone in her chamber, while she lay in this state; and upon being questioned as to the symptoms then observed, appeared quite reticent. He had told Paul Ogden, however, when he supposed that they were to be man and wife, that these symptoms had been in their nature clairvoyant, and that he had heard Olive describe her lost schoolmate, as yet unburied, lying in a coffin in a large room filled with mourners; had detailed their dress, positions, the form and feature of the clergyman, the order of the funeral procession, the grave, and other circumstances then in progress, precisely,—as the doctor had afterward taken pains to learn—as they occurred. After Olive had broken the engagement, her excitement wore off gradually, however, developing none of the former symptoms.

CHAPTER IV.

NOCTURNAL CATS.

But Paul had taken the blow very badly. He had been a petted, only son. He had possessed his own will and his own fortune so long, that, had he tried, he could hardly have remembered a wish or a whim ungratified. Under any circumstances it would have seemed peculiarly hard to any man of such a schooling, that, having made up his mind to marry, he could not marry the girl he loved. But Paul by nature was a man of fierce passions, and though those passions had never lain tranquil for fear of a curb, they had needed some staggering infliction of fate to overcome the native indolence of the man, to rush out in incoherent fury. He became as one possessed; at first he would lock himself up in his bed chamber and grovel in abject despair. Then he would fall upon his knees and pray wild, desperate, almost ferocious prayers to die—or to regain his lost treasure. Then he would grow calmer, and go carefully over his affairs, his correspondence and his accounts, make his will, and deliberately prepare to take his own life. At one time he visited a small poison shop on a by-street, which did a brisk trade with fallen women who sought keys to their own captivity, and possessed himself of a drug which would do its work speedily and well. Then he would vow vengeance on the girl, and once bought a small stiletto which he placed under his vest, and started out to take her life. He withdrew himself from all companionship, and denied himself to his nearest relatives. He would pace up and down his room all through long nights, or would open his window and prepare to dash himself headlong into the street below. He walked the streets aimlessly by day, sometimes with clenched fists vowing revenge against the rivals who had torn his love away, and, in a moment more, with his cheeks wet with tears, pleading inwardly with Deity to give him back the idol he had lost.

He could not recall, from one moment to another, his whereabouts. He was speedily going mad, when, one evening, in his wanderings, he met, as we have seen, George Brand and Olive, leaving the door of little St. Jude's. The sight seemed to work a miracle within him. He became calm in a moment, and his reason, which had almost gone, came back to him. 'There is the rival who has stolen my darling's heart,' he muttered. 'Ah he had them all, could he not have spared me my one ewe lamb?' From that moment Paul

thirsted to be revenged, not as before, upon all the world, but upon Brand. The world might go on as before; he did not care for it or for himself; but he swore an oath to have the blood of the man who had robbed him of the girl he loved.

As he swore this oath, not in the rabid fury of the past three days, but calmly, breathing it out between his set teeth, it seemed as if relief had found him at last. His brain no longer whirled, and he started homeward, in his right mind. Thither we have already followed him.

Arrived at his apartments, for the first time since the broken engagement he dressed for dinner, and showed himself to his friends. When a man to whom self-denial is impossible, and whose passions are beyond his own control, meets the shipwreck of all his hopes, he must do either one of two things—either shoot himself, or concentrate his mental powers upon some task that will require them all.

In Paul's case the shipwreck of his hopes was accompanied by a blow to his, and to every man's better nature—the nature that loves—and together they had almost bereft him of his senses; but now he had a purpose, which could overcome both. From that instant, without stopping to question the deliberate malignity of the man who had stolen Olive Gray's heart from her lover—a theft, as we have seen, accomplished without anything like design on the curate's part Paul Ogden swore that the curate should die the death.

Paul Ogden's character, like the characters of a long line of stern old soldiers before him, was a strong one. Up to the moment of his falling in love, however, nothing had developed it into anything more than that of any other vacillating young man about town. That love and rejection had unhappily now done its work; and, with no guide, no mother, father, or friend—with no God, for all that he knew—he had grown into a murderer; a murderer who had not yet struck the fatal blow, but a murderer in heart, none the less. Unhappily, the task upon which his mind had at last concentrated in uneven pulses, was murder.

Awful as the contemplation might be, it gave Paul a sort of peace. As he passed out of the house that evening on his way to dinner, his landlord, Bushnell, accosted him, and asked after his health.

'I don't sleep well,' said Paul. 'I wish you'd get a revolver and shoot those cats. They keep me awake. If you don't, I'll do it myself.'

'It ought to be done,' said Bushnell.

'You are not the only man they keep awake.'

CHAPTER V.

THE FATE OF DIDYMUS.

The next morning Paul called at an establishment on Broadway where fire-arms were exposed for sale, and purchased a pistol. It was a small but deadly affair, not more than five inches long, from butt to muzzle, with a revolver of seven chambers; one of the silent sort, which would project its ball, or slug, with scarcely a report beyond the click of the hammer. Paul particularly specified this as the kind he wished; saying to the salesman that he intended to shoot cats out of his back window, and did not want to disturb the neighbourhood. He put it in an inside breast-pocket in his coat, strolled out upon the pavement, presently turning off upon a street running down toward the Jersey ferries.

Paul had an uncle, his late father's brother, a lawyer of some forty years' standing at the city bar, who lived at a pretty country seat at Malcolm, a station upon one of the Jersey railways, about an hour from his office on Wall street. This uncle's name was Percival Ogden. Mr. Percival Ogden was a tall, gray-haired old gentleman, in his practice much feared for his sarcasm, and admired for his honesty. At home he was one of the best natured of men, and devoted to the cultivation of grapes. His fortune was not large, but ample enough for any reasonable wants, and had been amassed slowly and by piecemeal, in his forty years' practice. He had three sons, the oldest fifteen—for the early years of his married life had been fruitless—and the youngest about seven years of age. He lived in the country, summer and winter; and, as we have said, was devoted to his grapes. His spare hours—and, at this time, he never looked at a law book or thought of a client at home—were principally given to perusal of works upon vine culture and the different sorts and brands of wines, in the proper seasons. He spent his evenings, after dinner, as long as he could see, in consultation with his gardener, in his vineyard. He was a man of large reading—outside of law and wines, however, and had never, in the forty years of his advocate career, been known to be at loss for a reference to literature; while his quotations of prose or poetry were always exact and apposite. He had been counsel in some of the largest and most memorable cases in the city courts; notably two great murder trials, which had

occasioned an intense public interest. His was not, however, in any sense, a criminal practice, but lay largely in the Surrogate's Court; any great estate which was to be contended by heirs-at-law, or any great Will which was to be broken, was almost sure to require his services.

On the evening of the day when Paul had purchased the pistol, Mr. Ogden, his wife and three sons were surprised, just as they were taking their seats at the dinner-table, by seeing Paul enter the room. He wore a light-coloured business suit. His hands were without gloves. He brought in with him a stout short stick and a small round hat. It being the first time Paul had appeared among them for months, they all rose to greet him. His uncle gave him his hand with a 'Glad to see you, Paul, my boy;' his aunt kissed him, and the three boys could hardly be dragged away from 'cousin Paul.'

The story of Paul's disappointment and consequent erratic movements was well known to his uncle's family. Mrs. Ogden had been afraid that some permanent disaster would result, but her husband had thought differently. 'Paul has the strong common sense of his father,' he had said, 'and he'll come out all right. It isn't strange that he should take the first disappointment of his life pretty hard.'

But Mrs. Ogden had put this and that together, and cast around for a remedy. 'If he only could find some business, or some object, to occupy himself with, or if he could only fall in love with somebody else,' she said, 'it would be a good thing. If you could only take him into your office now, and give him some cases to work up,'—

Mr. Ogden had laughed at the homeopathic potion his wife suggested. 'Love don't cure love,' he said. 'But I think we'll of your proposition about the office.'

He had indeed called several times at Paul's lodgings to suggest the thing, but had been unable to find his nephew, or learn anything of his whereabouts. So it was with real pleasure that he welcomed Paul at Malcolm that evening.

'Have you dined Paul? Sit down and have something,' said the old gentleman; and Paul accordingly sat down.

After some desultory conversation, Paul alluded to his pistol. 'Uncle, I have taken to shooting cats,' he said. 'Have you any out here?' and he drew the weapon from his breast-pocket.

'If you don't put up that horrid thing, I shall go away from the table,' said Mrs. Ogden, who never could be persuaded that guns or pistols would not go off of their own

accord, or that any operation of loading or firing was necessary to make them dangerous. But the boys were eager to see cousin Paul's pistol, and were allowed, under surveillance, to examine it. They were unanimous, too, in their assertions that cats were only too plentiful around the place, and anxious for dinner to be concluded, that the felines might arrive and be practised upon.

'If you'll wait until my grapes begin to ripen,' said Mr. Ogden, 'you can come down and shoot tramps.' In truth, Mr. Ogden's vineyard suffered deplorably from the tramps and marauders which infested the vicinity.

The pistol was ultimately restored to its place in Paul's breast pocket, greatly to Mrs. Ogden's relief, though she protested that she would rather have a thousand cats and a thousand tramps upon her place than one pistol; and evidently wished that the dangerous weapon had not appeared upon the scene.

'Is it against the law to carry a pistol?' said she to her husband, after dinner, but in Paul's presence.

'I understand not,' said the lawyer. 'We—that is they in New York—have a law against carrying concealed weapons, but I am of opinion that a pistol is not a concealed weapon. I think the word "concealed" applies to the nature of the weapon itself, and not to the fact that it might be "concealed" about the person. A "concealed weapon," I take to be something apparently hidden, which "conceals" within itself a deadly weapon,—like a sword cane—or perhaps a loaded one.'

'Then we can lock Paul up,' said Mrs. Ogden; who, if not a lawyer, was a lawyer's life; "for his pistol is one that makes no noise, and so conceals its presence, and is all the more deadly and dangerous on that account."

Somehow Paul did not seem to relish the conversation, and turned it to other subjects.

In the evening some neighbours came in, and Paul seized the opportunity to absent himself. Knowing that he had not yet recovered from his disappointment, no notice was taken by the family of his absence, however.

Mrs. Ogden, indeed, was deeply interested in her nephew. She was a fair, fat bustling little housewife, who even in affluence, superintended her own house-keeping. She was a deeply religious woman, but although choosing the better part, had never lost Mary's love in Martha's care. She had married Mr. Ogden when he was a very poor young man, and his present wealth was

none the less to her economy than to his genius and toil. Mr. Ogden heartily recognized this fact, and always testified that 'mother' had made what money he had. Mrs. Ogden was wrapped up in her husband, her boys, her charities and her household cares, and had always avoided any suggestion of city life, for fear that its artificialities might interfere with her duties to these. She was about the only lady in Malcolm who was kind to tramps, who, at this time, had become the nuisance, if not the peril of the community, inasmuch that legislation was invoked in many places to regulate them. A long stagnation of business had led to thousands of these abject creatures perambulating the country, and various methods of correcting their presence had been discussed in the newspapers. Mrs. Ogden's ideas on the subject were practical.

"They are human beings;—doubtless they are lazy, and all that, but here they are. They shan't starve on my place, at any rate. No, not if all the tramps in the country come to my door in a body."

And so she gave them bread and milk, and cold meat; and, whatever their desserts, their thanks or their ingratitude, she felt that she had done her duty to the best of her means.

The next morning the two smaller boys rushed in to the breakfast table in tears. Their cat 'Didymus'—(Mr. Ogden had named him from his sex, which was masculine, out of the Bible, having found a verse running 'Thomas, also called Didymus, one of the twelve') had been shot.

'Upon my word,' said Paul, 'I'm very sorry. I shot at two or three, and it seems, killed Didymus. I'm very sorry, indeed I am.'

The boys shed some genuine tears over the loss of their favourite, but ultimately called in several of their playmates, organized a funeral procession, hearse and all, and, following the body of Didymus to a grave prepared under a grape vine, buried it with the honours of war.

All during the spring and summer which followed, Paul cherished his design, never allowing it to sleep, or the horror of the crime to appall him. But through all, his dead love was in his heart, and hours would come upon him, as some object would suggest the girl he had lost, when he would throw himself upon his knees and pray his wild prayers for her return. He would go to the sea-side, or to the mountains, or to Spa or lake; but, among old friends or new ones, he was the same erratic, sombre and dull, was voted no 'company,' and avoided. He

would wander down to the beach at midnight, when the gay guests had left it, and gaze at the white lines of foam, and listen to the great roar of the breakers that spent themselves at his feet. Remorseless, almighty, and irresistible as Fate, they broke before him. 'God help whatever is folded in that pitiless embrace,' thought he, and yet he longed to cast himself into their fleecy arms and die. Nothing but his purpose seemed to prevent him. 'I will be as implacable, as remorseless as they,' he said. 'Nothing human can keep them from reaching the shore. Nothing human shall swerve me from him. Better he had died ere he tore from me the only love I ever knew;' and so he nursed his purpose. Perhaps when he walked among the mountains, he told that purpose to them. Such an awful secret must be shared somewhere, but he never shared it with man.

At Niagara there is a spot where the island which divides into two unequal torrents the American Fall, is narrowed down to a tiny strip. Upon the edge of this strip of soil is a slender wooden staircase, and upon traversing it, one may stand within a few inches of the very brink of the cataract, and wet his foot in the boiling mass of water that thunders by. Paul stood here alone one evening. The solitude and the crash of the flood were in harmony with his mood. As he gazed at the brink where the waters disappeared into the abyss below, he seemed, all at once, to see before him the girl he had loved. She was dressed in the white dress of the moonlight mist, but it was like a dress she had often worn. Her dark hair was thrown from her pale, beautiful brow, and in her breast she seemed to wear a pure white jasmine spray. Her face was turned towards him, but her eyes fixed beyond. 'Olive!' he cried aloud, but she heeded him not. There was something behind him upon which she seemed to gaze with her whole soul. 'Olive,' he cried, again, but her glance would not light on him. Something seemed to draw him towards her, but just as he approached, another figure seemed to come from behind him, and moving to her side, to fold her in a tight embrace. It was the figure of George Brand. As he covered the girl within his arms, he turned his full dark eyes upon Paul. Like a flash, Paul drew the pistol from his pocket, and pointing it just between those dark eyes, he fired. A thick stream of blood burst from the man's brow, and falling back, suffused his face. He plunged downward over the torrent, to his doom, bearing the girl with him; but as he vanished, she—Olive—turned her sad eyes upon Paul, with a look he never forgot, and

pointed with her finger at his breast. And he felt a strong pull from behind that almost stretched him upon his back—a guide had drawn him from certain death. A moment more and he would have disappeared with the vision over the brink of the howling cataract.

'Shooting gulls is not allowed on these grounds,' said the guide, 'nor suicides neither.' At the head of the stairway a lady and gentleman were standing. The guide who had brought them to the spot, had seen Paul rush forward and fire his pistol at a large white figure that was hovering in the mist of the Fall, and had plunged down and seized him in time to save his life.

Paul gave the man a trifle from his vest pocket, but said nothing. As he passed up the stairway he raised his hat to the strangers, without looking at them. He felt, however, that the incident would surely be talked about at the hotels, and so took an early train the next morning for the East. Happening to purchase a paper as he sat in the cars, his eye lighted upon a paragraph chronicling the arrivals at Saratoga. Among them were the names of Miss Charlotte Gray, Miss Gray, Miss Ruth Gray, Miss Olive Gray, Mr. Beekman, Mr. Southgate, and Mr. Brand of New York.

Paul's ticket had been for Saratoga, but he diverted his course and brought up at the lovely lakeside village of Cooperstown.

CHAPTER VI.

GRAPES OF ESCHOL.

All that Summer and well into the Fall, Paul wandered a self-constituted pariah, among the resorts of Summer travel, East and West, North and South. But no diversity of landscape or of society could divert his soul from the one burning thought of his wrong, or of its one fell resource of revenge. Arriving in the city one day in the Autumn, he accidentally heard of the engagement of the Reverend George Brand, assistant Rector of St. Jude's, to Olive Gray.

Who does not know the unerring certainty with which news of an event we do not long for, finds us out? Paul had determined to pass as rapidly as possible through the hot city, and spend the evening at his uncle's at Malcolm; but stopping to light a cigar in the lobby of a down-town restaurant, where he had lunched, he had overheard the tidings. Strange to say, the news seemed to fall almost comically upon his ear. He almost laughed to think of it.

'It's well they've hurried matters. He hasn't many more days to live,' thought Paul.

He fretted, though, at his own procrastination. 'Had I not let him linger, he might never have clasped her in his arms, never have touched her lips with his. But his dalliance shall be short. Ah! it will not be a very long engagement.' He gave a little French shrug to his shoulders as these thoughts passed through his brain. That evening, after dinner, he appeared at Malcolm.

When a man plants vineyards it is not unnatural that he desires to taste the grapes thereof. But, from a favourite vine on one of Mr. Ogden's trellises, the fruit was disappearing so rapidly that its proprietor's desire did fair not to be gratified. Even calm, good-natured old Mr. Percival Ogden manifested some impatience. The exuberant yield of the vine was disappearing nightly. When one raises grapes himself, he likes to eat them seasonably. Interlopers, however, who gather where they have not strewn, and harvest where they have not dug, can afford to take them a little before the perfection of ripeness. There was nothing which pleased Mr. Ogden more than to share with others the produce of his own grounds. His bounteous yield of fruit was always distributed among his neighbours with a pleasure that no consumption of his own could afford him. But he liked—as most men—to time his own bounty, and to suffer his tinted grapes to ripen ere he gathered them. So when, as we have said, every morning of the critical days between their purpling and their ripening, brought news of astonishing depredations upon his favourite grapes (by the tramps, doubtless), he waxed just perceptibly impatient.

The gardener had suggested man-traps, spring-guns, or ferocious dogs; but Mr. Ogden did not quite care to murder or maim a man in return for stealing fruit. He had never quite accepted as stealing the mere helping of oneself out of another's garden, regarding it rather as a nuisance than anything approaching a crime; but he had determined, nevertheless, to watch, himself, for the plunderers. It so happened that his first watch was to take place on the very night when Paul appeared—suddenly, as he always did—at Malcolm.

From the railway station at Malcolm the main road ascended a high hill at right angles. Upon the crest, at right angles again with this, a drive branched off into Mr. Ogden's grounds. This drive ran under a *porte cochere*, from which one stepped from a carriage upon a broad verandah passing completely around the four sides of the house. This verandah looked northward toward the railway station, and, across it, lay the main

entrance to the house itself. Off this hall was a large family room, occupied only in summer. Its two outward sides were of glass sliding-doors, which, being pushed aside, converted the room and the verandah into one large apartment. This was known as 'the out-doors room,' and was used by the family as a sitting-room in hot weather—or, in case of festivities, as a hall for dancing.

On the present evening, the room and verandah had been thus thrown into one: and within, inclosed only by mosquito netting of delicate wire from the outside, the family were taking coffee when Paul arrived. Paul entered heartily into his uncle's plans for catching the tramps and agreed to share his watch. He suggested the small air pistol, which he still carried; but, seeing the suggestion met with no favour from his uncle, he did not allude to it again. Indeed, it was never mentioned again between the men, except that his uncle said, after the family had retired, and they were alone, awaiting the tramps, "Paul, I want you to promise me to throw away that pistol. There are a thousand reasons why it should not be carried. Supposing that somebody should be murdered with a pistol like that, with the same sized bore, and carrying a similar ball. You know they are made by machinery, and probably yours has a thousand duplicates. Don't you see, the very fact that you carried one habitually, would, in such case, necessitate explanations upon a witness stand! The next worst thing, in my experience, to being a criminal, is being a witness in a court of justice."

Paul was struck with the shrewd old lawyer's reasoning, and, acquiescing, promised to carry the pistol no more.

The particular trellis where grew the earliest ripening grapes, and which had suffered from the depredators, was quite near the "out-doors room" where Mr. Ogden and Paul now sat in the darkness. It was approaching midnight. As they were sitting in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts, they heard a rustling noise at the suspected place. They glided out, and Paul, who was the more agile of the two, crept up to the vine. There was no moon, and the night was very dark.

Somebody was evidently standing there, quietly eating the half-ripe grapes. Paul stepped up behind this person, and threw his arms around the person's waist, in such a way as to pin the person's arms downward. He was about shouting to his uncle, when he discovered that his arms enclosed a woman, slightly formed,

'Who are you?' he asked.

The woman made no resistance, and

answered not a word. Paul repeated his question, 'Who are you?' without releasing her.

By this time, his uncle had come up, and Paul said aloud—

'Here she is!'

'Here who is?' said Mr. Ogden.

'The woman who eats your grapes.'

'Are there any more of you?' said Mr. Ogden, not harshly.

'No, they're not,' said the woman, brusquely.

It was the voice of a young girl. A sweet pretty voice, illy concealed in the brusqueness of the tone.

Paul had a soft heart for distress, and he said, releasing her, 'Who are you, my dear?' very gently.

'I'm a thief, I suppose,' said the girl.

'What do you want?' said Paul.

'Want! I want food to keep body and soul together, I suppose. I must live, I suppose, until I die. God knows I've tried to die hard enough, but He don't seem to be in any hurry to take me.'

'But grapes are not food, my poor child,' said Paul.

'Poor food enough, maybe, but what I've stolen off this vine in three nights, is all I've had to eat, lately. I can't remember when had anything else last.'

'Come with us, my child,' said Paul, 'and you shall have something else. And the two men led the frightened girl into the room in which they had been sitting, and turned up the lights.

The girl they had captured was apparently of about fifteen or sixteen, slightly and gracefully built; her long hair was crisp black, and flowed, tangled with straw and leaves and bits of twigs, over her shoulders. Her eyes were so large and black that they seemed to deepen the dark gypsy colour of her skin. She had a small and very pretty mouth, slender and delicate hands; her feet and ankles, which were bare, were of exquisite mould. Her poor thin tattered dress did not suffice to conceal her breasts, over which, in maiden modesty, she had folded a fragment of shawl.

In short, they had captured a roving gypsy beauty; at least it was evident, from their surprise, that such was the mental conclusions of the two men.

Paul ransacked the cupboards, with a zeal that seemed wonderful even to himself. He finally secured some cold meat, bread, butter, half an apple pie or so, and a dish of fruit, which he triumphantly placed before the girl.

She ate with the vigour of starvation.

'Well, my dear, we'll find you a place to

sleep to-night, and to-morrow you shall have some clothes and some breakfast, and tell us who you are. At any rate you needn't live on grapes any longer.'

Mr. Ogden said this in a tender tone, which seemed to promise more yet. After a consultation, the girl was shown into a pretty bed-room in the French roof of the villa, and left to her repose. In the morning, however, she was found to be gone.

The door was wide open. The bed had been slept on, and one or two towels had been taken by the girl in her flight. But nothing else was missing. It was with sincere regret that Mr. Ogden found his overnight's scheme of charity dissipated; and good Mrs. Ogden's heart bled at the thought of so young and fair a girl, as had been described to her, altogether houseless and homeless.

Paul did not say much, but in truth, for the first time since the evening of his broken engagement, he had passed a night with other thoughts than of his lost love and his doomed rival. Somehow, even now, the dark-eyed gypsy girl, in her ragged dress and her dazzling beauty, stood before him. But no respite from the demon of his despair, no object other than his rival's fearful punishment, was there for him.

Had the girl remained, who knows, he might have moulded her into a beautiful burden for his purposeless life to bear, and the crime of his soul been stifled, ere it worked itself a form without. But it was not for him. He felt that his errand was to carve out the crime of his soul before the eyes of men, to make the crime of his soul the crime of his hands.

He was in the breakers of remorseless fate, with a whole ocean behind him, pushing, urging, crowding, forcing him onward to the horrid, horrid shore.

CHAPTER VII.

QUOD DEUS VULT PERDERE.

Summer has gone. The second Tuesday in November dawns bright, warm and clear. A day, indeed,

'Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.'

for this is New York's day for its annual purification.

The civic patriots, the Gracchi, the disciples of pure government, assembled in throngs for the great annual Wash.

Surely the city would be thoroughly scrubbed this time! Surely no unclea thing could survive the scouring of this day!

For here were assembled the McAadies, the McAffees, the McAArneys, the McAhaney, the McAhattans, the McAlerneys, the McAlooneys, the McAlhoofys, the McAllanneys, the McAnneneys, the McAnnereys, the McAnulties, the McAnnappeys, the McArees, the McAvenneys, the McAvinneys, the McAvonneys, the McAaffertys; the McBerneys, the McBiggers, the McBregans, the McBrians, the McBrides, the McBrites, the McBryans, the McBurneys; the McCabes, the McCaddens, the McCaffertys, the McCareys, the McCaffrays, the McCallans, the McCalligans, the McCalligots, the McCarrons, the McCarrahers, the McCarricks, the McCartheys, the McCarneys, the McCaskeys, the McCoochas, the McCorkles, the McCotters, the McCooks, the McCoyle, the McCrackens, the McCraiths, the McCranes, the McCreerens, the McCullhaleys; the McDades, the McEbraeveys, the McFaddens, the McFurgus, the McGahans, the McGarleys, the McGarrons, the McGawleys, the McGloids, the McGoines, the McGinnesses, the McGintes, the McGillicuddys, the McGloins, the McGuffeys, the McGrurys, the McGroutys, the McGaffey, the McKaigs, the McKavanagh, the McKennas, the McMurreys, the McNealeys, the McNevens, the McQuades, the McQueenans, the McQuillans, the McQuestins, the McShenys, the McShines, the McSorleys, the McShanes, the McSwerneys, the McSwegans, the McSwiggens, the McSwagnys, the McTague, the McTaveys, the McTugans, the McTernans, the McTammanys, the McTigues; the McWhinneys, the McWiggins and the McWhoods!

And if the names of these were not earnest enough of pure government, closely clamouring on their heels came the O'Biernes, the O'Brians, the O'Burns, the O'Callahans, the O'Carrolls, the O'Caseys, the O'Clearays, the O'Connells, the O'Connors, the O'Days, the O'Deas, the O'Deays, the O'Donnells, the O'Donohoes, the O'Donovans, the O'Dorises, the O'Doshas, the O'Doughertys, the O'Dowds, the O'Gormans, the O'Grady, the O'Hallorans, the O'Hagers, the O'Haras, the O'Hares, the O'Heegans, the O'Hennesseys, the O'Hooleys, the O'Howleys, the O'Kanes, the O'Keefes, the O'Kennas, the O'Kelleys, the O'Loughlins, the O'Laneys, the O'Larrys, the O'Leareys, the O'Lones, the O'Loughlins, the O'Marays, the O'Malleys, the O'Mahoneys, the O'Mearys, the O'Mullins, the O'Narys, the O'Niells, the O'Reilleys, the O'Rourke, the O'Rooneys, the O'Roons, the O'Sharkeys, the O'Shaughnessys, the O'Sheas, the O'Sullivan, the O'Tooles, the O'Teagues, and the O'Teegans, all pouring on with tumultuous

haste to purify New York. It was a bright Indian summer day. Swallows twittered in the park, the flags were flying over the hotels and club-houses, and the streets—whilom deserted, save to scissors-grinders, long-haired men with umbrellas like overgrown adishes, (in town for the 'October Anniversaries,') and solitary members of the stay-in-towns—were swarming again with sun-burned citizens, home from the Beach or Spa.

At half past one o'clock in the afternoon, Paul entered the Booking-office of the European and North American Steam Packet Company, otherwise known as the Cunard Line, No. 4 Bowling Green, and asked a blonde-haired clerk behind the counter for information as to the sailing of its steamers. He was advised that the Scythia left port the next day (Wednesday) at twelve, for Liverpool. Upon being shown a plan of the Scythia, he found that all but two state-rooms had been secured. Of these he selected one, and paid for passage therein to Liverpool, from a roll of bills which he produced. On being asked for his name and address, he replied, without hesitation, John A. Grant.

'But the address?' said the clerk, 'if you please.'

'Ah, yes,' said Paul. 'I forgot. I am staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. But my address is John A. Grant, Carondelet. I only reached this city last evening.'

Upon receiving his ticket, the clerk said, 'You had better be on board by eleven, at least, sir, as the tides are uncertain, and the captain may sail before twelve.'

'All right. Thanks,' said Paul, as he strode out of the office, and started up Broadway. After walking up as far as Vesey street he hailed a stage going downward, and rode down to Bowling Green, thus quite retracing his steps. In the stage was a man, a sort of business acquaintance of his, with whom he exchanged a few trivial remarks. He ascended the stairs leading to the Elevated Railway Station. A train was just starting. He embarked, and was whisked over the heads of the pedestrians, to Twentieth street. Here he alighted and walked through Twentieth Street to Sixth Avenue. Upon Sixth Avenue he took a down car, which he left at Tenth Street.

Near Sixth Avenue, upon the north side of Tenth Street, stands a lofty pile of red brick, known as the 'Studio Buildings.' The interior of this pile is cut up into artist's studios, and is so extensive in long corridors, narrow juttings of wall, and dark arch-

ways, that a stranger might easily become lost therein.

In this building, Paul knew there lived a young artist, named Frear, and that his room was No. 36. But he also happened to know that Frear was out of town, having left the night before to spend his holiday in the country. Indeed, Paul had seen him on a ferry boat the evening before, and overheard him remark casually to a friend, that, in his haste to catch a train, he had omitted to turn his index at the street door of the 'Studio Buildings,' so that it would read 'Out' instead of 'In' or to tell the portier that he would be absent all day Tuesday. This he remarked and regretted, when it was too late. Now Paul had previously ascertained that the Rev. George Brand, curate of St. Jude's, the man who had robbed him of his betrothed wife, was occupying, in the absence of an artist friend of his own, that artist's studio, which was known as Room No. 37. In his movements Paul had consumed two hours, and it was consequently about half after four o'clock when he reached the 'Studio Buildings.'

Paul entered the open doorway of the Building, and demanded of the portier, 'Is Mr. Frear in his room?' The portier was a surly old Scotchman, who did not care to waste time in answering needless questions. Peering out of his little square hole in the wall, he looked at the Index opposite, which said 'In,' and growled, 'There's the Index, and he is.'

'You might as well keep a civil tongue in your head. You're paid for it,' said Paul, as he passed up-stairs.

Three gloomy flights of iron stairs, and three long corridors, or rather galleries, overhanging the pit or well of the establishment, like the galleries of a prison, brought Paul to No. 37. He paused before the door. At last there was only an oaken plank between him and his revenge! Ah! had some kind spirit breathed in his ear, as he stood before that door, a merciful word! Had some pity stolen into his heart, some loving hand stayed his knock upon the panel, what souls might have been saved—what new heavens opened upon earth! But there was no spirit nor breath of angel at the murderer's ear. No staying human hand upon the murderer's arm. He was in the grasp of Destiny, and that was driving him on—on—onward to his doom!

Paul rapped upon the door. 'Come in,' said the heavy voice of George Brand; and he crossed the threshold, he was to recross again only when the stain of blood should have sunken deep into his hands,

and the curse of Cain have sunken deep into his brow.

The studio which Paul entered, like its mates in 'Studio Buildings,' was square and lofty. The walls were wainscoted, and, above the wainscoting—painted a deep brown—were two outside windows, ordinarily closed with heavy shutters, of the same colour, so that, when in use, the studio would receive all its light from the glazed opening in the roof. At present a brown canvas was drawn across this opening, and the outside windows were unbarred, to admit the air. Around were scattered, in the usual picturesque disorder of an artist's studio, every variety of tool and implement of the craft, easels, lay figures, antique furniture, suits of armour, in genuine artistic negligence. The walls were hung with pictures, complete and incomplete, and, on the floor, against the wainscoting, leaned, thickly lapped, with their faces turned toward the wall, canvasses of every size.

In the midst of this confusion, George Brand had drawn a small table up to one of the open windows, and seated himself before it, where he could catch the light Indian Summer breeze. He sat in his shirt sleeves for the day—as November days in the city not unfrequently are—was quite hot. He had cast off his collar, and his throat was bare. He was a magnificent looking man, with a face always dark, now almost black with a summer's exposure to the sun. A short heavy beard, allowed to grow during the summer, covered the lower part of his face. He rose to meet Paul, who was not unknown to him. He knew at least the story of his engagement to Olive Gray, and how heavily he had sustained the blow of its rupture. Naturally the two men, one a discarded and the other an accepted lover of the same girl, met stiffly. 'Mr. Paul Ogden, I believe. I have never had the honour of a call from you before, I think, sir. Will you be seated?' said Brand, without, however, extending his hand.

'I will not, sir,' said Paul. 'My business with you, sir, will not engage us long.'

He had not removed his hat, but merely pushed it back from his forehead as he stood. The two men, they were of nearly equal stature (Brand if anything, perhaps a trifle the taller), confronted each other. Brand could see that his visitor had come for no kindly purpose. They stood for a moment, face to face. At last, with a sneering affectation of politeness, the curate broke it.

'And may I inquire your errand?'

That was his last sneer, and his last smile. With the eyes and breath of a madman, Paul seized him by the throat.

'Do you know me?' he hissed between his teeth. 'Do you know what you have done to me? I have no words to waste on you— you vile despoiler of women! You have'— and the words came slowly from between the tight-set teeth—'you have robbed me of the girl I loved—of the only girl I ever loved in all this world—yes, you robbed me of my betrothed wife, and she loved me—yes, until you came between us with your soft tongue, and your devilish voice, and your damned black eyes! Yes, she loved me. By God, sir, I have come to collect my bill! and by God, sir, you shall pay it! Yes, now, you shall pay it in full. That girl was engaged to me, and you drew her from me. Ah, you took all—all I had in the world! Do you know, man, for what I have come? When you took that girl from me you took my life! You left me only that which is a curse to me—my breath, that God knows I would not draw if I could help it! Did you think when you took my life, that I was a man to give it up without a fight? Did you think that I would not take yours in return? Do you know yet for what I have come!' He hissed at him between his teeth like a madman.

Paul, although lithe and active, was slight in frame. Brand was as strong as an ox. At college he had won many a game of strength, had pulled stroke in many a crew, and as he looked at the man before him, he almost smiled. It seemed as if he could toss him from the window like a feather. With as slight a gesture as if he were drawing on a glove, he took Paul's hand from his throat.

'Are you mad?' he said, calmly.

'Yes, I am mad,' said Paul. 'Do you know how to fear a madman? Before you took from me the girl I loved, she heard you read one day in your damned false voice, and thought you were a man sent from Heaven. It was not Heaven but Hell that sent you here, and I have come to send you back again!'

As he spoke Paul drew the small silent pistol from his breast-pocket. Brand made a quick motion, as if to seize him by the throat, but it was too late! Aiming it right between the doomed man's eyes, just as he had once aimed it at his form in a vision, he clicked the trigger. It was over in an instant! The powerful frame of George Brand fell forward, and blood spouted from the wound. The bullet had done its work, and not a gasp had escaped from the murdered man.

Paul stepped aside from the red stream coursing along the floor. Assurance must be doubly sure. 'He must live to tell no tales,'

thought Paul, as he placed the muzzle close to the already dead man's skull, behind the ear. A second time the pistol clicked. Then he put it back into his breast-pocket, and without looking at his victim, stepped out into the corridor, closing the door gently behind him, and walked rapidly to the stairway. He met nobody. As he passed through the street door, he said to the old portier, who scowled at him, 'That's a valuable Index of yours. Fear isn't in his room.' But the old portier only grunted.

Paul turned down Tenth Street to Sixth Avenue. At the corner of that Avenue and Ninth Street was a large grocery establishment, where delicacies, wines, and fruits were displayed. Paul entered and asked for two dozen oranges, to be done up in a paper parcel. 'I will take the parcel myself,' said he. Fancying that the salesman looked a little incredulous to see an elegant gentleman in lavender gloves, offering to carry a brown paper parcel of fruit, Paul added, 'I'm only running around the corner, and we won't trouble you to send.'

As Paul paid for his oranges, he signalled a Sixth Avenue car, going up, entered it and sat down. As the car passed Tenth Street, a young lady Paul knew got on. He rose and gave her his seat.

'I'm growing democratic,' said he, smiling, as he took off his hat. 'I carry my own parcels.'

At Twenty-third Street, Paul bade the young lady good day, and leaving the car, walked to the Fifth Avenue, and thence upward until he reached his Club. Entering, he said to the hall-man, 'Is any one in No. B?' (B. was the designating letter of a room which Paul occupied when he slept at the Club.)

'No, Mr. Ogden,' said the man.

'Bring me the key, then,' he said, 'and my letters, if there are any.'

Paul ascended to room B, and when the man had brought key and letters, he entered, and locked the door. He then carefully untied the parcel he carried, standing it, with one end open, upon the table. Next he drew from his breast-pocket the pistol, and crowding it in among the oranges, he tied the parcel up again. Then he hastily pulled the clothes partly off the bed, threw one of its two pillows upon the floor, looked at his watch, and taking the unshapely parcel of oranges under his arm, passed out of the room, locking the door after him. On his way to the street door he nodded to several acquaintances, who were lounging about, and on reaching it, handed the key to a hall-man and went out. A passing stage carried him down to Tenth

Street again, and he walked briskly through it to Sixth Avenue. He raised his eyes carelessly as he passed the open entrance of 'Studio Buildings.' All was quiet there. Reaching Sixth Avenue, he crossed over to Jefferson Market, whence a line of cars run to the North River Ferries. He took one of these cars, and at the Ferry House, purchased a ticket for 'Malcolm and return.'

As the ferry boat left the dock, Paul walked to its rear and stood leaning upon the rail, still holding his brown paper parcel. A lady in black, and an old woman with a dirty baby were the only other persons upon that side of the boat, though half a dozen or more men were upon the opposite side, smoking. As they neared the middle of the stream, Paul, who had rested the parcel upon the rail, gave a short quick laugh. The old woman raised her eyes in time to see the parcel falling from the rail and disappearing in the water.

"By Jove," said Paul, and he laughed again. A slight circumstance on a ferry boat attracts attention; and some of the men on the other side crossed over. They were labourers, smoking pipes, and would hardly have accosted so elegant dressed a gentleman as Paul. But his apparent misfortune attracted them; and besides, Paul seemed to be particularly good-natured.

"Was it valuable, sir?" said one of the men.

"Only oranges," replied Paul. "Wait a little while, and you will see them;" and, sure enough, bright yellow oranges began to appear dotting the surface of the water where the parcel had dropped. The pistol was now at the bottom of the river; and with all his coolness, Paul could not repress a long breath of satisfaction. He sauntered slowly into the cabin, and sat down. As yet his only sentiment was one of satisfaction. As yet, no sense of the awful crime he had committed had stolen over him. He sat in the cabin, a passenger, like the rest listless, thinking of nothing, tapping his floor with his boot. At Malcolm, that evening, he was affectionate, abstracted, listless, as he had been for months; and Mrs. Ogden kissed him fondly as ever, when she retired.

"Poor Paul! He will never get over that unfortunate love affair," the good woman said to herself, as she left him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

In the morning, Paul, as usual, was late to breakfast, but managed to go into town

upon the same train with his uncle, nevertheless. They had both provided themselves with newspapers, and sat together, Paul nearest the window, upon the same seat.

"What's this! another murder?" said Mr. Ogden.

"Where?" said Paul.

They both had the *Herald*. Mr. Ogden directed Paul's attention to the page which was wholly taken up with the account, and soon both became absorbed in the perusal.

All the city papers contained the horrible details at length. But, since the *Herald*, although in its somewhat too tropical and generous style, gave the fullest accounts, as usual, we will insert an extract from its columns here:

"All that is known at present is as follows: Last evening, at about half after eight o'clock, Mr. Charles Frear, a young artist about twenty-three years old, was sitting in his studio, which is known No 36 in the 'Studio Buildings,' No 51, West Tenth Street, when he heard a woman's scream, which seemed to come from the adjoining room. He rushed out into the corridor, and the door of Studio No 37 (which immediately adjoins No 36) being ajar, he entered. The sight which met his eye baffles all description. Facing the door, in a kneeling posture, with his chin resting upon his breast, was the body of a man. The floor was covered with the red life fluid that once had coursed in the veins of a living man, and which seemed to have poured from two distinct wounds in the man's body, one in his face, which could not be seen without raising the body, and the other behind his left ear. The scream had evidently come from a chambermaid, who lay insensible on the floor. The poor girl had entered the studio, intending to pass through it into the adjoining bed-room, to make the bed contained in it, as usual; and upon meeting the ghastly sight, had fainted quite away. Mr. Frear, without going to her assistance, stepped over the body to the bell, which he rang violently for some seconds, thereby arousing the whole establishment; and then, stepping out into the corridor, shouted, 'Help! help!' a great many times at the top of his voice. It seemed scarcely a moment before everybody then in the building had flocked to the spot. A posse of policemen, accompanied by Police Surgeon Dr. Farrington, arrived from Jefferson Market Station at about eight, and took charge of the body. In the course of the evening our reporter succeeded in ascertaining the following particulars in reference to the bloody tragedy. The murdered man is a

young Episcopal clergyman, an assistant Rector of St. Jude's Protestant Episcopal Parish, whose church is well known to be the costliest as well as the most *recherche* on Fifth Avenue, and was, at the time of his murder, curate in charge of the elegant Chapel of that Parish on — Street, sometimes known as, 'little St. Jude's.' The Rev. George Brand, for that was his name, was popular both in the parish of which he was assistant rector, and in the Chapel over which he particularly presided. Especially so was he among the young lady parishioners, who, your reporter is informed, absolutely idolized him; he being of tall and well proportioned figure, and remarkably handsome. His large piercing eyes are particularly alluded to. Mr. Brand was a magnificent reader, and celebrated far and wide on that account. He had lately become engaged to Olive, daughter of the well-known and eminent banker, Horace Gray, Esq.

'Up to the first day of August last, the Reverend Mr. Brand had occupied two rooms at Mrs. Leslie's elegant boarding establishment, No. — Fifth Avenue; besides his room at the Chapel on —th street. But, on that day, he had given them up, and gone into the country, to take his vacation, much of which he had passed at Saratoga, in company with his fiancée and her family. His vacation, however, came to an end on the tenth day of September last. On returning to the city, he had been about to take other quarters than his old ones at Mrs. Leslie's, in view of his approaching marriage, not wishing to enter into any permanent arrangements for the winter. At this time a young artist, Mr. Harrison Turner, who had a lease of Studio No. 37—now to be forever memorable on account of this horrible affair—and who was an intimate friend and college chum of Mr. Brand's, was about departing for Europe; and learning of Mr. Brand's hesitation as to rooms, had suggested that he occupy his studio and adjoining sleeping room until his (Turner's) return, which he expected would be in December. To this arrangement Mr. Brand consented, and entered the fatal studio, in which he was to die at the hands of a foul assassin, and whence his soul was to wing its flight to God who gave it. At this writing, no clue to the assassin can be, or at least, has been obtained. When the body was examined by Dr. Farrington (namely, at eight o'clock, P.M.), the Dr. pronounced that the heart must have stopped about four hours. It appeared probable that death had ensued from the effect of a pistol ball driven into the brain from directly between the victim's

eyes. The pistol must have been held very near the spot where the ball entered, as the skin was blackened by the powder. A second ball had generated the brain, however, having entered immediately behind the left ear—which would have also alone caused death. The assassin must therefore (in Dr. Farrington's opinion), have fired the first shot standing in front of his victim and holding the weapon close to his head; and, upon the murdered man falling forward upon his knees, he must have—to make doubly sure of his fiendish work—held the pistol a second time to the back of the dying man's head, near the ear, and fired again. No pistol or weapon of any kind was found on the premises, except two old revolutionary flintlocks, which, however, were crossed on the wall over a picture of a dead war horse, or what was evidently intended by its artist for a field of battle. This disposes—even if it were not dispelled by the position of the wounds, and the murdered man's life and prospects—of any theory of suicide. There were no marks of a straggle in the room. The disorder apparent in the arrangement of the room was one evidently of long standing, since dust was observed to have settled upon the various objects, which must have shown signs of disturbance, had they been moved. The two balls, or slugs of lead, causing death, were extracted from the dead man's brain last evening by Drs. Farrington, Leash, and Phillips. They are conical in shape, about four-twelfths of an inch in length, and about three-twelfths of an inch in diameter at their base. As no report of fire-arms was heard during the afternoon by inmates of the Studio Buildings, several of whom occupying studios upon the same floor as No. 37, happened to be in them all the afternoon of Tuesday—these shots must have been fired from what is known as a "silent" or "Non-Detonating" revolver, such as are for sale by the American Non-Detonating Fire-arms Company, No. — Broadway, whose advertisement appears in another column.

'As we go to press the excitement is intense—but as yet no theory of the murder can be found. The deceased seems to be a man who had no enemies, and no motive can be assigned for the heinous deed, which has sent a human being all unprepared to his dread account. The whole affair is simply inexplicable. A young minister of the gospel, attached to the wealthiest parish of the city, universally beloved, not known to have an enemy in the world, engaged to a young lady of vast expectations, is shot down in broad daylight, and nobody can point out the cowardly assassin. Neither can it be

possible that one whose motive was plunder should have gone in quest of a clergyman. It is a very suspicious, or at least a peculiar, circumstance, however, that no money could be found in the murdered man's pocket, and that though he wore a watch chain, no watch could be found upon his person. Peter Downey, the doorman of the Studio Buildings, who occupies a small lodge at the street entrance, whence, through a small hole in the wall provided for this purpose, it is his duty to take notice of everybody that goes in or out, is positive that, although dozens of people went in and out during election day afternoon, nobody passed his lodge unobserved, or without, on entering, stating his or her errand, or whom they wished to see. Peter is quite positive that no visitor called for No. 37 that day, or went up to that number (37). It is ever so. In the midst of Life we are in Death.—*Herald*, November, —.

All this, and columns besides, Paul and his uncle were reading side by side, as the train rushed onward toward the river. As it drew up, his uncle said, his hand upon Paul's shoulder, 'What do you think of it, Paul?'

'By Jove, sir, I don't know what to think. It's coming rather near home to me, too. Of course you saw that she was en—'

'Yes, yes,' said the uncle, hastily. By long schooling at his wife's hands, he had come to understand that all allusion to Paul's unhappy engagement to Olive Gray was to be scrupulously avoided. As they landed on the New York side, Paul said, 'Are you going directly to your office, uncle?'

'Yes.'

'If you don't mind, I guess I'll go along with you, and finish reading about this affair. After that I'll stroll up to the Club.'

'Come, and welcome. By-the-by, Paul, I wish you could find something to do.'

'Well, but I can't.'

'Why don't you begin practice?' Certainly you ought to now, if you ever intend to. I don't expect you ever to be the lawyer you might have been, if your father had left all his money to the Tract Society or a lying-in establishment, instead of giving every cent of it to you—but anything is better than doing nothing. My office is open to you. I can put you into the way of getting plenty of hard work, at any rate. Think it over, my boy, and come to me.'

And so they proceeded to Mr. Ogden's office, where Paul lighted a cigar, finished his paper, and then, calling a cab, rode up to his Club.

All this time, while the deed he had done,

was, of course, present in his mind, he was acting rationally, and he knew it. That is to say, he was the same that he had been before, and nobody could discover any tremour in his voice, or any blanching of his cheek. It is to be doubted, indeed, whether his brain was normal and healthy. It must be remembered that for eight or ten months he had hardly slept a night, brooding night and day over his loss, his wrongs and his revenge. True, the guilt of blood was upon him; the most terrible guilt known to humanity, and one that blood itself cannot wash away. True, the horrible secret, which, it is the universal testimony of mankind, cannot be kept in a guilty breast, but must sooner or later burst it open, was locked in his breast. But, up to this time, it had not quickened or stirred. He had only felt the calm and respite from care which comes from end and aim accomplished. It seemed to him that at last a great duty had been done. His task—the task he had set himself so long ago—and which alone had filled his thoughts for months, was completed, and no horror of the deadly sin, so far, had touched his conscience. The man whom he had chosen to consider as his despoiler was now and cold in death. The victim he had selected for sacrifice had been offered up to still his vengeance—and now his vengeance was stilled, and his heart seemed to beat evenly in his breast once more.

When he had carefully measured the time that was left to him on election day; when he had purchased the passage ticket to Liverpool (which he never intended to use), thereby accounting for the presence of a stranger in New York on the fatal afternoon—when he had gone up and down, covering his own tracks—in a public conveyance; even when he had passed the very doorway of the place where his victim lay in a pool of blood, he had felt nothing but the cool caution of a player, playing a vital, and, possibly, a desperate game. The fear of mortal guilt had never seemed to come over him. When, however, he had so dropped his parcel as to attract attention, and, above all, when he had seen the oranges floating in the river, thereby proving that he had ruptured the paper, and the deadly weapon he had secreted for so many months had dropped to its hiding-place in the mire at the bottom of the stream, where it would daily work deeper and deeper from the possibility of human discovery, he felt that the last move had been made, and that the game was his. After that, he certainly should make no effort to act innocently, where nobody suspected him. He knew who had murdered George Brand. It hardly seemed

to him that he himself was the murderer, so callous had he become. But he knew who had murdered him, and, until he was asked, he certainly should not tell.

CHAPTER IX.

'YES, SHE IS HAPPY NOW.'

On Thursday and Friday, the *Herald* devoted an entire page to the Brand, or, as, in delicacy to the cloth, it came to be styled, 'the St. Jude's Murder.' On Saturday, however, the details only filled four columns; on Sunday, two columns. On Monday it published the sermon of the venerable Rev. Dr. Sterling, Rector of St. Jude's Parish, besides much vivid and glowing description of 'the surging mass of people who swayed to and fro in the vast auditorium as the solemn and magnificent language of the speaker surged and swayed in their hearts,' which swelled the matter out to a page again. But three days is a long time for a sensation in New York, and as this had run for five, entirely annihilating the election returns, it gradually sunk to a half-column on the inside of the *Herald*, while that public-spirited sheet lent all its energies to the imminent danger of the citizens from the presence of the poison in the Croton, which eminent savans in its pay had discovered. Of course the large headings to this matter were in its usual alliterative and sympathetic style. Indeed the *Herald* may be said to have exceeded itself—it never had done better in its palmiest days. But we are running in advance of our story.

When Paul reached his Club, there was a knot of young fellows, discussing the murder in the long smoking-room, and he joined them. Some two or three of these young men had known the murdered man, for Brand had been one of the modern school of clergymen, who mingle in the genteel dissipation of society. In his life-time he had danced, played billiards, and known wine that was fit to drink from wine that wasn't, when he tasted it, and a good cigar, a pretty girl, or a fast horse, when he saw them. Men, not assistant ministers in New York, take the infliction very good-naturedly, as a rule—see them bag all the matrimonial prizes, and get into clover generally, without anything more than a passing remark about their luck; perhaps, considering that, in this world of compensations, a man who is a minister of the gospel ought to have something to compensate him for his office. But, however it was, the great murder was discussed at the Club that morning very practically. It was not known that Brand had

left any family to mourn him. His engagement with Olive Gray, however, had been long known. A man had indeed loudly expressed the opinion that 'this thing was going to give Ogden another show for Olive,' when Paul himself walked into the room.

Paul rang for a cigar, lighted it, and stretched himself on his favourite divan in the broad bay window in the corner. This was better than a felon's cell, he thought. Why should he tell who murdered the man who had done him a wrong?

'You've read the papers, of course,' said Harry Larremore.

'Yes, about that murder, you mean,' said Paul.

'Yes.'

Paul went on reading his paper.

'You knew him?'

'Well—now he's dead, I suppose I may say I knew him. If he were living, I should say I knew who he was.'

'Devilish queer thing, isn't it?'

'Devilish,' said Paul.

Larremore had stood there a little while, looking over Paul's couchant form, out upon the avenue, when a man named Curtis touched him on the arm. Curtis was a friend of Paul. His first name was Pollard, but he was generally known as Polly, in the Club. As Larremore looked around, Curtis took his arm, and they walked off together.

'Don't suppose Ogden wants to say much about the affair,' said Curtis, as soon as they were out of Paul's hearing. 'You know Brand was engaged to the girl that jilted him, and cut him up, pretty rough, too.'

'I had heard something of it, Polly,' said Larremore. 'I suppose she'll get him on again, now.'

'If she can—perhaps,' said Polly.

That evening Paul dined and slept at his hotel, for the first time in some months. On Saturday afternoon, the *Herald* contained the following:

ON THE RIGHT TRACK AT LAST.

The authorities have been advised that on Tuesday last, about two hours before the murder, a stranger called at the office of the British and North American Packet Company, and purchased a passage to Liverpool, by the *Scythia*, which sailed on Wednesday last at noon. He gave his name as John A. Grant, of Carondelet, (Mississippi,) stating to the gentlemanly clerk in that Company's office, that he had come into town the night before, and was stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. After purchasing the ticket, the man went up to Broadway, on foot. On calling at the

hotel office, our reporter was informed that no person of that name had arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the night mentioned, and upon telegraphing to Carondelet, Mississippi, (which the *Herald* did at once by its private lines, without waiting for the authorities to move in the matter,) we are now informed that there is not, and never has been, any such person as John A. Grant living in that town.

The cable will be immediately put into requisition and orders sent to both Queens-town and Liverpool to intercept any male passenger upon the Seythia who cannot give an account of himself.

Paul laughed at this. Everything, it seemed to him, had worked well. If any attempt should be made to connect him with the stranger who had purchased the passage to Liverpool—and he admitted to himself, that the description given by the clerk to the *Herald* reporter (which we have not quoted,) was a tolerably good likeness of himself,—he knew he could produce friends who had seen him in a stage going down Broadway, about that time on Tuesday, or failing in that, others who had seen him in a train on the Elevated Railway, going up town, would be sure to be forthcoming.

The most ordinary incident or feature upon which one's eyes light, is sure to be recalled in cases of great public interest, if that incident or feature can in any way be connected with that interest. So far, Paul was sure that everything was going well.

'But those fellows are very sharp,' he reflected, 'That Dr. Farrington found out in five minutes, just what I shot the fellow with, just how I shot him, and just how he first fell. Perhaps it would be just as well, if I were out of sight. I might say or do something to attract attention. People just now are so wide awake.' And Paul was right. In times of great public excitement, everybody is in one sense, watched, and everybody, in one sense must give an account of himself. Every circumstance of human life and of social history is, however trivial, the result of combined causes, just as each of these causes was in its turn the result of previous causes. The world wags in a most bewildering snarl at times, but in cases where public suspicion is unduly active, it is just as well for a guilty man to be out of its sight and out of its reach. Already there were hundreds of active brains, stimulated by huge prospective rewards, and hundreds of acute reasoners that needed no such stimulant, were searching for the motive that had induced the assassin's shot. As Paul had said, the matter was very near to him—perhaps too

near to attract suspicion—but, sooner or later, his name must be mentioned. All the world loves an accepted lover—but, all the same—all the world laughs at a rejected lover. He might feel sure that no tenderness would prevent the making of enquiries to his very face. And he was not unaware, that, since the estrangement between himself and Olive Gray, his morbid life must have been noticed. Indeed, Polly Curtis, at the Club, had already, in the goodness of his heart, cautioned a dozen men against talking about the matter to his friend, and everyone of those dozen had probably further circulated the impression that the affair had other than a merely curious interest for Paul. The best thing that Paul could do was, undoubtedly after a little, to get out of the way of people. True, so far, he had done the best thing he could possibly have done. He had been in the vicinity of the murder a few minutes after he had perpetrated it. So far from shunning the details, he had eagerly read them in the newspaper. So far so good. But he thought, perhaps it would be well, after a time, before public scrutiny had exhausted itself upon those nearest to the scene of the murder, and spread over wider fields, to quietly get out of the country. The Seythia, now on her way across the ocean, was not a particularly swift boat. She could hardly be overhauled at Queenstown before ten days from her sailing day had elapsed. Until that time, the police would be justified in waiting to learn something about a stranger who had bought a ticket in an assumed name. And, after that date, they would undoubtedly very carefully search for the man who had paid for his passage to Liverpool, as Mr. Grant of Carondelet, (Mississippi,) and had never taken it. The ten days would elapse on Saturday. On that day a White Star steamer would sail. Could he manage, before that time, to find a reason to go abroad, he would sail with it, and all his friends would bid him good-bye and God speed. Perhaps he might even have prayers for his safety on the great deep, offered in St. Jude's itself. Meanwhile he would be natural. And, as we have seen, he could be, and was.

Paul was undoubtedly right in his premises. The records of crime prove nothing, if they do not prove that the conscience of a guilty man is, after all, the only infallible detective. The acutest human reason will err, and the minutest error at the outset will diverge the tracks of investigation wider and wider apart, until, between them, a guilty man can live in absolute security.

But, sooner or later, his conscience or his secret impels to some deed or act or motion, that, without it, would be unaccountable; and the attempt to account for the unaccountable is morally certain to result in truth.

In the case of the murder of Captain White, of Salem, Massachusetts, in 1830, the suspicion which led to the murderer's capture was actually created, in the first instance, by his, the murderer's, own attempt to manufacture counter suspicions. Had he suffered public suspicion to take its course, it would almost inevitably, have, by exhausting all probable channels of casuistry first, been long delayed from the truth; and such is the lesson of all those marvellous romances of jurisprudence contained in lawyer's libraries, in those dingy books where romances are least of all suspected of hiding, and whose absolute truth cannot save them from their most glaring improbability. Something of this sort ran in Paul's mind, and he resolved, if plausible, to sail in the White Star steamer of Saturday week.

Meanwhile events had succeeded themselves very rapidly in St. Jude's Parish. The consternation of the wardens and vestrymen at the murder, had led to their offering a reward of twenty thousand dollars for the apprehension of the murderer, and before Sunday this had been increased to thirty thousand dollars. A resolution of that honourable body to the effect that the most eminent legal talent in the city should be employed, had led to the retaining of Mr. Percival Ogden, to attend for the parish at the coroner's inquest. In every way, St. Jude's was not lukewarm in its eagerness to avenge the taking off of its favourite assistant.

As for Olive, she had parted from her lover last on Monday evening, he agreeing to present himself at her father's table, at dinner, on Tuesday. As he had not come, nor sent any word of excuse, she had begun, on that evening, to be anxious, and had despatched a note by a servant, to Studio Buildings. The man had arrived with this note at eight o'clock, just as the excitement was at its height. Upon learning of the murder he had returned home, but, avoiding Olive, had first sought her father. Assuring himself, first, that his servant's news was correct, Mr. Gray instructed him to simply return the note to Olive, telling her that he had not been able to see Mr. Brand. To this message, he had been, indeed, obliged, upon her anxious interrogation, to add, that 'Mr. Brand was not in his room, but had gone out and left no message.' But Olive had not heard the news, and Mr. Gray had, at least, time to consider how it should be

broken to her. It was cruelly broken to her the next morning, and in this wise. By a sort of tender regard, which even the most heartless of society feels for sudden affliction, no calls were paid at Gray's mansion that evening. The next morning, at about eleven o'clock, Olive was sitting in the breakfast-room. Her sisters had left the table, and were conversing in the hall, the door of which they accidentally left partially open. While Olive drank her coffee, therefore, she could not help hearing her sister's conversation. As they stood there, Edward, one of the brothers, who was in business, happened to come down the staircase. He had been out of town during election day, which had been kept as a general holiday, visiting a young lady, some distance up the Hudson, to whom he was paying his addresses. He had arrived home at about midnight, and was supposed, by his sister, not to have heard the news.

'Have you heard the news, Ned?' said Ruth.

'No, what news?' said Ned.

'George Brand is dead.'

'Dead?'

'Murdered.'

At that moment a crash of china was heard in the breakfast-room, and then a heavy thud. They rushed in. Olive was lying upon her face on the floor, lifeless. Dr. Forsyth was sent for at once. It was a summons he had expected ever since the tragic news pervaded the city. For he knew that when that news reached the tender heart that throbbed in the frail, sweet form of Olive Gray, he would be needed. The doctor came, prepared, indeed, for the old peryous paroxysm, and the following clairvoyant symptoms. But he was mistaken. When Olive came out of her swoon, her eyes opened full on her brother Ned. She stretched out her hand. 'Ah, George,' she said, 'I knew you would come to me. I knew you would not leave me alone so long—O, so long, again! I was very lonely, George. Are you not sorry? O, am so happy now!'

'Yes, she was 'happy now!'

'She is beyond all sorrow as long she lives, poor child,' said Dr. Forsyth.

Her mind was wholly gone.

CHAPTER X.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

And indeed the tragedy filled the hearts and thoughts of a whole city, penetrating even to Gay Street, and to the ears of Miss Isabella

'Singleton. To Isabella, indeed, who wanted to die in verses at five dollars a set, from month to month, it would have brought a realization of that sombre visitant, had she been of a kind who much indulged in such sort of sentiment. But sentiment was business with her—it was bread and butter. And, to do her justice, she could not think of business and bread and butter when so horrible a thing as the tidings of a relative's murder rang in her ears.

It had appeared that the murdered man had absolutely no relatives. His father and mother had died long since, and he had been an only child. His friends were those he had made in his college, his seminary, and his cure. So Isabella, who had never, while he was the fashion and the rage, introduced her pale thin face and her faded gowns and shawls upon his notice, came forward now, and clad in a decent suit of mourning, watched the pale sharp features that, a week ago, had been so splendid that even men had admired, and hardly left her post at the dead man's side. After the Coroner's inquest, the body lay in the large parish school room, which communicated with little St. Jude's by a long low range of cloisters, until the Sunday following the fatal Tuesday, when it was moved into great St. Jude's for the obsequies.

At least two crises of our lives, our births and our funerals, are incomplete without women's hands and women's tears, however independent of the tender sex our masculine careers may be. To do her justice, her lonely withered life had not much warped Isabella's inner womanly graces. She had a soft footstep and a gentle voice in this death chamber; and, in the unselfish vigils of those days and nights, she unconsciously made many friends among those who had been the dead man's friends.

Mr. Ogden attended at the Coroner's inquest, cross-examining with the wonderful minuteness and exactness for which he was celebrated, the few persons whose evidence was taken. We have mostly seen, in the course of our narrative, what that evidence must have been. The lawyer had been especially exact with Downey, the old Scotchman who acted as portier or doorkeeper of the 'Studio Buildings.' Downey had stated, in effect, that upon being informed that the murdered man was to occupy the artist's room, he had doubted the propriety of the thing, and insisted that the directors of the institution should first consent to such an arrangement. Upon the arrangement being consummated, however, he had either supposed that such consent had been obtained, or allowed other matters to crowd it

from his mind, and had made no inquiries. In fact he did not know whether such an occupancy was against any rules of the Directory, or not. He had intended to inquire, but had not. Brand had, at any rate, occupied the rooms, night and day; had passed his (Downey's) window many times, going in and out like other tenants. Did not know where Brand took his meals. Had very few calls. Had no calls on the day of the murder.

From the *Herald* report of this examination, we make the following extract:

By Mr. Ogden—Did you keep any record of callers at the 'Studio Buildings,' on Tuesday?

A. I did not.

Q. Are you not required to keep some such record by the directors?

A. I am not.

Q. Is your memory more or less accurate as to persons passing in and out?

A. I never charge my mind with these things. If I see a face three or four times, I get to know it. Or, if there is anything striking or peculiar about it, I remember it the second time I see it.

Q. Do you remember anybody who called at the 'Studio Buildings' on the afternoon of election day?

A. Not particularly.

Q. Do you remember that any person called twice, or more than once that day?

A. I do not.

Q. Do you remember any particular tenants in the 'Studio Buildings,' who had callers that afternoon?

A. I remember that a Mr. Ware, and a Mr. Hunt, and a Mr. Frear had callers that afternoon.

Q. At what time did these callers come?

A. At different times.

Q. At what time did Mr. Ware's caller come?

A. During the afternoon.

Q. At about what time?

A. During the afternoon.

Q. Can't you fix the time within an hour?

A. I cannot.

Q. Within two hours?

A. I cannot.

Q. Within three hours?

A. It was between two and five o'clock.

Q. At what time did Mr. Hunt's caller arrive?

A. During the afternoon.

Q. Can you fix the time within an hour?

A. I cannot.

Q. Or within two hours?

A. I cannot—nor within three or four hours.

I can simply remember that it was sometime during the afternoon.

Q. At what time did Mr. Frear's caller arrive?

A. At about four o'clock, perhaps a little after.

Q. How does it happen that you remember about this caller so much better than the others?

A. Because some words passed between us.

A. What did he say to you?

A. He was very impudent.

Q. What did he say?

A. Well, sir, shall I tell you all I know about him?

Q. Let me reach it in my own way.

A. Go on, sir.

Q. What did he say to you?

A. He asked if Mr. Frear was within.

Q. Are those his very words?

A. No, sir. He asked me in some words or other to that effect.

Q. But he asked you if Mr. Frear was in his studio?

A. He did.

Q. And what did you say?

A. I told him that the Index was before him and he could see for himself that it said 'In.'

Q. You used those words?

A. No, sir. Not at all. Opposite to my window there is what we call an Index. It is a board or contrivance painted black, and has the number of every studio or room in the building upon it in gilt letters, in one column at the left. Opposite each number is painted, in gilt letters, the name of the occupant of that room. Sometimes, when there is a change in the occupants, a piece of white paper or card board, written or printed with the name of the new occupant, is stuck into this Index temporarily, but the orders are that every occupant's name shall be painted, at his expense, upon the Index at the door, opposite to the number of his room. In a third column, at the right of the Index, is a small moving valve or piece of wood, upon one side of which is painted, 'In,' and upon the other, 'Out.' When an occupant goes out he is requested to turn a little button on the outside right-hand edge of the Index board, so that this piece of wood will read 'Out.' When he returns, on his way up to his room, he is to turn it back again, so that it will read, 'In.'

Q. That is very competent as to the Index; now tell us something, if you please, in reference to Mr. Frear's caller, who came at about four o'clock on the afternoon of Election day, and who was impudent to you?

A. Well sir. I was going to say that Mr. Frear's Index said 'In,' and when the young man asked me if Mr. Frear was up-stairs—

Q. You mean when Mr. Frear's caller—

you haven't said he was a young man—when Mr. Frear's caller asked if Mr. Frear was 'At home,' or 'In'?

A. If you interrupt me sir, I can't go on.

Q. I must interrupt you and you must go on.

A. It is unimportant whether—

Q. Everything is important. However, you may go on in your own way. Proceed.

A. Well, sir. When he asked me whether Mr. Frear was in his studio—

Q. That is, if he was 'At home' or 'In'?

A. I don't see that it makes any difference.

Q. If it depended upon what you are saying now whether a man was to be hung by the neck until he was dead, wouldn't you consider that it made 'any difference'?

A. I think I should.

Q. This is precisely that case. Now be as accurate as possible in what you say, and proceed.

A. Well sir. When he asked if Mr. Frear was in, I looked over to the Index, and seeing that it said 'In,' I told him that there was the Index and that he might see for himself that he was in.

Q. Are those your very words?

A. I suppose not. But as near as I can remember, that is what I said.

Q. Well, go on about the impudence.

A. He said that I had better 'keep a civil tongue in my head,' and that I was 'paid for it.'

Q. Were those his very words?

A. That was the substance of what he said, and I considered that it was a piece of impudence.

Q. Did the caller proceed up-stairs?

A. He went in that direction.

Q. Did you ever see him again?

A. Yes, sir. He came back in a few moments.

Q. In about how long?

A. I can't judge—in about ten minutes or so.

Q. Do you call ten minutes a few moments?

A. What I mean to say is that it might have been ten minutes. It takes some time to go—

Q. I am not ready for that yet. You say he came back?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Very well. I am only examining you as to what you said and what you heard. Did he speak to you as he went out?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What did he say?

A. Some more of his impudence.

Q. This is not responsive. Tell me what he said?

A. I didn't pay much attention to what he said, when I saw who it was. He said something about 'that being a valuable Index,' and that Mr. Frear wasn't in.

Q. Anything more?

A. Nothing, sir, except that he passed out.

Q. What was the fact. Was Mr. Frear in or out?

A. I didn't know that Mr. Frear was out at the time, but I suppose he must have been, for I saw him return at about seven o'clock, and he was in his room when—

Q. Yes, yes, we know all about that, etc, etc.

When Paul read this examination by his uncle, he was more convinced than ever that it might be as well for him to get out of the country. It was hardly two days since the murder, and already the fact of the conversation he had held with the old Scotchman, the weapon with which he did the deed, even the very hour and method of its accomplishment, were most accurately established. At this rate, everything would be reduced to a moral certainty in a fortnight. His uncle's shrewdness, however, was in his own favour, Paul reflected, since the more the lawyer discovered, the farther he would evidently get upon some suppositious man's tracks; while Paul, the man he was after, would be sitting at his elbow. Paul could not repress a smile to think how much he could lighten his uncle's labours, if he only had the mind.

Upon continuing his perusal of the examination, parts of which we have copied from the *Herald*, Paul found that a passable description of his height, features, the colour of his clothes and gloves, etc., had been extracted from old Downey, who, beginning with a positive assertion that he knew nothing of these details, had, under Mr. Ogden's persevering scrutiny, found that he remembered a good deal, as is apt to be the case, for memory is a storehouse of little things as well as great things. Nor do we suspect its contents until we have ransacked its very nooks and corners. Mr. Ogden had further spread upon the record, that number 37, the fatal room, was on the fourth floor of the building, accessible only by three stairways of three short flights each, as well as one or two long galleries, and that the time between the first and second appearance of Mr. Frear's caller at Downey's ward, was about the time he should suppose would be necessary for a visitor, who was not in a hurry, to ascend leisurely to No. 37 and return.

Mr. Frear, who had been attracted by the

shrieks of the chambermaid into the fatal room, and had first raised the alarm of murder, was called, and examined at much length before the Coroner; but he was utterly unable to identify his visitor. Neither had the visitor left any card. Frear had gone out of town to spend election day with relatives in New Jersey, at a station, the name of which he gave, which happened to be upon the same railway as Maloolm. (Mr. Ogden did not, of course, think it necessary to show this fact in evidence.) Upon leaving 'Studio Buildings,' he had omitted, in his haste to catch the train, he testified, or perhaps through mere inadvertence—he could not remember which—to turn his Index, and, upon his return at about seven on the evening following his departure, he had noticed that it stood at 'In.' He did not recall mentioning the fact of having left the Index so standing to anybody. (Though we have seen that in fact, Paul had overheard him mention it on the ferry boat.)

Mr. Ogden made a speech to the Coroner at the conclusion of the testimony, the close of which we are tempted to copy—again, from our invaluable reference—the *Herald*.

'And now, sir,' said Mr. Ogden, 'I notice in this room several reporters of the press. I trust they will listen attentively to what I now say, and allow no inaccuracy to creep in upon and mar the record which they bear hence to the public. I want them particularly to report my very words, when I say to you, sir, that here, in this city, we have no longer any courts of justice, any judges, any juries, any prosecuting officers, any policemen, any detectives, or any punishment for crime. We have nothing but *Newspapers*. When we sit in our homes, in the fanciful security of law and justice, let us think of this. When as, in the present instance, a human life has been taken and a shudder of horror has passed through this vast community; when every ear is alert, every eye strained, and every hand stretched out to apprehend the murderer, let us think of this. Of what use is the alert ear, the strained eye, the stretched out hand—of what use is the prosecuting officer, ready with his indictment drawn for the grand jury to find; of what use is the court organized to try, the jury of the vicinage ready to be summoned, and the *posse comitatus* ready to execute the vengeance of the law upon the shedder of blood? Why sir, he—the shedder of blood himself, he sits at our elbows, over his wine, or, with his cigar, reading the newspapers! the same newspapers that you or I read, and he knows as well as you and I, every method

that human ingenuity has devised for his apprehension. Do we clumsily and cautiously steal upon the track of a man who has taken passage to Europe? The newspaper intercepts the steamer itself with a dispatch, and publishes the full particulars of the scent, and its own forethought and enterprise to the world next day.

'The man who has done this deed, Mr. Coroner, need not fly to Europe. He need not shun the very scene of his ghastly crime. He has only to sit down at your elbow and mine, and read every morning in the newspaper what clues his pursuers have obtained, what information is in their possession, and what traps they have set to catch him. Then, if it is his pleasure, he can set aside those clues, turn that information to his own account, and keep out of those traps. * The man who is cool enough, in broad daylight, in a crowded public building, in a teeming neighbourhood, to murder a man, is cool enough and wise enough to do all this, and more. And, sir, if a prisoner is brought to the bar of his country, to be tried for this crime, this same newspaper will find his indictment before the grand jury has been assembled, will have established his guilt before the evidence is taken, have charged the jury before the judge has heard counsel, have argued the question or the degree of his guilt and disposed of his case before his twelve peers in the jury box have had the case given to them. I need not remind you, sir, how, when in a recent city, a little child was abducted from his home, every newspaper in the land so published the means taken by the authorities for his recovery, that his abductors were able to inform themselves of and to avoid each successive net that was spread for their feet, with no effort of shrewdness or peril of discovery. I need not remind you, sir, of the number of unavenged murders upon the record books of this city. But perhaps I am divulging a secret; which I should not divulge, when I say that newspaper enterprise—newspaper enterprise—newspaper enterprise—that glorious institution which puts before us, at our breakfast-tables, the proceedings of a planet for the last twenty-four hours—that newspaper enterprise, which told the perpetrators of those murders the names, the personal appearance, and the family history of the detectives who were placed upon their track, what precincts were watched, and what about to be watched by the police—is to be thanked, and thanked alone, for the plethora of that record. I pray and trust that, in the quest before us, the omnipotent press will be prevailed upon to espouse our cause, instead of the cause of the criminal.'

CHAPTER XI

CORLUM, NON ANIMUM.

So far we have narrated, without much regard to their legitimate order, the events transpiring between Tuesday, the day of the murder; and Sunday, when the solemn funeral obsequies of the dead curate were sung in great St. Jude's. The interior of the mighty pile was hung with heavy crape. The great organ shook and throbbed to express the sombre woe its people could not utter. The vast audience was hushed as a child in slumber. The Penitential Psalms were chanted by two hundred men, shrouded in unbroken black.

'While we are not allowed to sorrow as those without hope for one dead brother,' said the rector, in low and broken voice, as the organ played on in sad sighing tone, 'yet we feel that for our sins this murderous hand has fallen on us—that for our sins, brethren, for your sins and mine—we are bowing before an awful Providence to-day! Woe unto us—woe unto us—woe unto us!'

Then, in deep tones, was read the awful Condonation of the English Liturgy: 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God: He shall pour down rain upon the sinners, snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tempest—this shall be their portion to drink. For lo, the Lord is come out of His place to visit the wickedness of such as dwell upon the earth. The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night: and when men shall say Peace, and all things are safe, then shall sudden destruction come upon them as sorrow cometh upon a woman travelling with child, and they shall not escape. Then shall appear the wrath of God in the day of vengeance. Then shall it be too late to knock when the door shall be shut—and too late to cry for mercy when it is the time of justice. O terrible voice of most just judgment, which shall be pronounced upon them! Go, ye cursed, into the fire everlasting, which is prepared for the devil and his angels. Cursed is he that smiteth his neighbour secretly. Amen. Cursed is he that taketh reward to slay the innocent. Amen.'

And the surging congregation wept, and—praying, let us hope—that the curse might dissolve in tears, and be blotted out forever by righteous drops from a thousand subdued eyes—passed out in long and slow file behind the form of the dead man who was at rest forever. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Ah, well! who has not stood beside a filling grave! Who has not heard the dull thud of earth upon the coffin lid—the coffin

lid, below which there is only stillness and peace. Who has not heard it, and hearing it, gone back to fretting and fitful life again, saddened and solitary? 'I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.'

On Saturday evening, as Mr. Ogden reached his door, his wife met him with a troubled look.

'Percy,' said she, 'come here. I want you to look at Paul;' and she led the way to her own room. Upon the bed lay Paul, tossing, beating the air with his arms, and uttering incoherent sounds.

'What has happened?' said her husband.

'All I know is, that about an hour ago I was lying on my bed when Paul came in. He seemed to have just arrived from the train, for he had his hat on his head, his umbrella in one hand, and a newspaper crumpled in the other. He was as white as a ghost; and, without a word, began walking up and down the room. "What is the matter, Paul," said I. "Oh, Aunt Fannie," said he, "she has gone mad, and I am going mad too." "What do you mean?" said I. "I mean that she has gone mad!" "Who?" I asked. "Olive—Olive—the girl I loved—the girl I loved!" And he went on repeating, "the girl I loved! the girl I loved, the girl I loved!" for a good five minutes—when he burst out crying hysterically. I didn't know what to do to comfort him, so I only said, "Cry, Paul, it will do you good." He sat down on the ottoman, and did cry, and I was almost getting accustomed to his sobbing, when, of a sudden I heard a fall, and he was lifeless upon the floor. I tore open his collar, drew off his boots and stockings, and rubbed the soles of his feet as hard as I could. Then I sprinkled water in his face. Then I rang the bell and sent for the doctor, but he was out, and so he hasn't seen Paul yet. We got him on the bed, however, and since then he has been just in the state you see him. I can't make out a word he says; and I—oh dear. I wish the doctor would come, for I am afraid he will die on my hands;' and the good lady herself burst into a flood of tears which showed the tension to which her own nerves had been drawn.

When, at last, the Malcolm practitioner did arrive, he announced that Paul's symptoms were those of a certain poison which he named. 'Undoubtedly an overdose,' said the doctor. 'At any rate, no positive harm has been done yet. Keep him quiet, and he'll be all right again in a week. Tomorrow he will complain of a severe headache, and for a day or two he will be quite

content to lie in bed. Give him what he wants to eat, and let him smoke if he cares to.' And so the doctor went away.

It was long into the morning before Paul slept. He lay moaning and uttering the same incoherent sounds, however, until sleep did come. All day Sunday—the Sunday of the obsequies at St. Jude's—he complained, as the doctor had prophesied, of a ferocious headache. On Tuesday and Wednesday he lay in bed, rational enough when any one was with him, but when alone muttering to himself in a sort of broken soliloquy. When Mrs. Ogden would open his door quietly, she would catch of this soliloquy the word 'Olive,' or may be, 'my darling'—and then a sob. And, with tears in her own kindly eyes she would steal as softly out again. Poor Mrs. Ogden—a suffering she was powerless to relieve was a bitter sight to her. She knew Paul's was a madness that must work itself out, and that—except, mayhap, in the lapse of the all-covering Time—there was no medicine for him. We are apt enough to draw time as a chattering skeleton, with a hour glass and a scythe. And perhaps we should so come to regard it. But it seems to us that time is also like unto the soft and verdant moss, that, over every rent that sorrow or care leaves in our disappointed hearts and lives, no less than over ruin and crevice—over gnarled tree roots and over slanting grave stones—spreads out its gentle covering.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Paul lay in bed more quietly, but on Thursday he dressed, and lounged about the house in precisely his old aimless, unhappy way. No allusion was made by the household to his sickness, nor was any word said upon the subject by Paul; but the impression gained ground, that upon hearing that Olive Gray had lost her reason, Paul had swallowed poison.

'Poor, poor, Paul,' said Mrs. Ogden, 'I believe he will never get over that disappointment. I won't say anything about her now, poor girl. If she has done anything wrong, she has her punishment. But I do wish she hadn't jilted Paul.'

'Paul's mind needs something to occupy it,' said Mr. Ogden.

'So I have always said. If we could only interest him in something to do. I wish he would either settle down to some business, or else travel'—

'Travel! He's done nothing but travel since he was of age.'

'Nevertheless, there is always something new about other countries than one's own, for a man to look at; or, if he would go to work'—

'He'll never go to work, until he's spent all his money. Then he'll settle down—marry for love—and work to support his family, like his father before him. Don't worry, my dear; these things settle themselves. One would think you made the world—you fret so much because things don't go right in it. Let 'em take their course. If we could see how things were going to turn out we'd only make ourselves additionally miserable. Let things take their course, my dear—that's the way I do. As for this girl, I think Paul was a big fool to fall in love with her—and a bigger one to take poison for her—but that's done, and can't be helped. I was afraid, all along, that this sad affair of the murder would set Paul thinking about her again. And now the girl's gone daft, and of course he feels that.'

'It's my opinion we'd better get him out of the country, where he can't read the newspapers,' said Mrs. Ogden.

'Well, well, suggest it then,' said his wife. And after much more consultation upon Paul's case, these two decided that Paul ought to be got out of the country. Accordingly, after dinner on Thursday, as Paul, who was now up and strolling listlessly about, as he always did, lighted his cigar on the verandah, his aunt put her hand on his arm, and said: 'Paul, you've been a very sick boy, again.'

'Yes, Aunt Fannie.'

'Paul, I do so want to say something to you.'

'Go on, Aunt Fannie.'

'It's about something I've never mentioned before; but you'll forgive me, I hope, if I do put it into words once?'

'Of course, I'll forgive you!'

'Paul, I want to say to you that you shouldn't think so much of your past engagement. Engagements are made and broken every day. Why, Paul?'

Paul was very pale. 'Go on, auntie,' said he, 'I want to say one last word about it myself—go on—I am all right now.'

But he sat down in one of the verandah chairs, nevertheless.

'Well, then, Paul, what I want to say is that you mustn't take this thing to heart so.'

'But I do take it to heart. I can't help it,' burst out Paul. 'Auntie, I loved that girl—I love her still. When I heard that the man she had preferred to me was dead, I began to have hope again—and now—now—she is—O my God—auntie, I shall go mad! I shall go mad, too!—I loved her—I loved her! She never leaves me an instant. I don't believe there has been a moment since I left her at the door, that she

has not been before my eyes. Every day since I have seen her. I have seemed to meet her in the streets, at my club, upon railway trains, on steamboats—wherever I went. Every night she has stood by my bedside and looked at me with her eyes wide open, sadly, as if I had done her some wrong. I can't forget her—and when I laid on your bed there, my head aching as if it would burst into a thousand pieces, she put her hand upon it, and called me "Paul"—and it seemed to stop. Auntie, something tells me that if I went to her now—her mind would come back.'

'Paul, I want you to do me a favour.'

'Yes, auntie.'

'I want you to go to Europe, and stay a while.'

'What? Now!'

'Yes, Paul, I want you to go! O I do so want you to go.' This was a downright, wilful falsehood—the first one the dear little woman had ever told in her life, possibly, but she blurted it out, nevertheless.

'You don't mean that you want me to go off—away from—from her—by myself?'

'Paul, I think it will do you good. You see you are doing nothing here, and your mind gets upon these subjects, and then—and then, forgive me, Paul, if I say I don't think it will do you any good to see poor Olive—and—and'—In short, she kissed him many times. Next to her own brave boys, who had lain close up to her woman's heart before they were born, she tenderly loved and pitied the fatherless, motherless, sisterless and brotherless boy, her husband's nephew.

'Some day I may die, and my boys may want a mother's love, and God may put it into the heart of some kind mother to carry comfort to them as I am trying to carry it to our poor Paul,' she thought. Ah, there is a selfishness that is divine! The hope of heaven is a longing of our own personal selfish happiness. A mother's love is selfish—thank God for them both!

Mr. Ogden also spoke to Paul of the result of his and his wife's plan for him, and seriously counselled him to take an early steamer for Europe. 'There you will forget these troubles,' he said; and 'You'll wonder at my saying such a thing, Paul,' he had laughed: 'but, my boy, if you'd just marry somebody off hand—there's lots of girls to be had for the asking by a fairish looking fellow like you—and go to raising a family, I believe you'd be better off. Remember, when you've got through with all your money, you're to come to me, and I'll set you at work. Bless you, my boy, it's an Ogden trait—we all do it. Your father had a for-

ture—so had I. We both ran through what we had, and, when we had nothing to eat, we went to work. He made money faster than I, because he was a merchant and was obliged to keep books; in the law we always make all we spend, but, as a rule, spend all we make. Your fortune is larger than ours was; but I don't doubt you'll run it out on much the same things; and—when it's all gone—as I said before—come and go to work with me.'

Paul, who, as we have seen, was not quite certain but that the 'best thing he could do, after all, was to get out of the country,' finally acquiesced, and the thing was settled. Mr. Ogden himself went down to the booking office of the great 'White Star,' that runs hotels across the ocean, and selected Paul's state-room. It was noised abroad among Paul's friends that he was going out of the country; and when the time came, a good many of them took him by the hand and wished him bon voyage. Before leaving, Paul placed in Mr. Ogden's hand his will, not to be opened, of course, unless death should overtake him, and a power of attorney for all present purposes.

On the evening of Friday, after dinner, something happened, however, which made Paul regret his acquiescence in the projected tour. We have seen that a strange sympathy had sprung up, a month or so before, between Paul and the wild, hoydenish little beauty, whom he had seized at his uncle's grapery—a sympathy, strange and unnatural on his part, perhaps, but everything he had done or felt for a year was strange and unnatural. Possibly the poor, crazed boy, feeling himself shut out from the love of the woman he loved, like his poor prototype of 'Lookesley Hall,' had resolved to seek where

'—the passions cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race!'

At any rate, he had felt, for the once, as if some kind fairy had sent him the girl—to be kind to, to watch, to care for, and to educate; and, who knows, had she remained, but that his awful history might never have been written.

Paul was strolling in a grove in the rear of his uncle's house, smoking a cigar, when, of a sudden, he felt a light touch upon his arm. He looked down—and, at his side, was the dark-eyed girl of his adventure. She was again bareheaded. As before, her long, black hair hung dishevelled over her bare shoulders. Her scant, torn dress betrayed the exquisite model of her bust, and, below barely covered the limbs of a young

Venus. She was, as we have said, sixteen, but she was as fully developed as a woman of twenty. Paul went, as he had done before, and kissed her. She shyly hung her head, but clung closer to his arm.

'Well, my dear, I was afraid we would never have seen you again,' said Paul, tenderly. 'Why did you leave us—we would have taken good care of you.'

The girl hung her head for a moment, and then said:

'Do you live in the house, sir?'

'No, not I, but my uncle does. I only come out and see him sometimes.'

'I—I was afraid you didn't, sir; and that was why I ran away.'

'That was not right. If you had wanted to see me, you would have stayed. Will you go back now?'

'Y—yes, sir. I will go if you will go too.'

'Well, then, come.'

And Paul, taking her hand, led her back to his uncle's house, grasping her hand tightly that she might not a second time elude him. He walked straight into the summer room—not yet abandoned—and stood before his aunt.

'Auntie,' said he, 'I am going off, as you asked me. Now, I have one favour to ask of you. Auntie, for my sake, I want you to take this little girl, and let her live with you. Her name is Mara—and out of my bitterness she shall be made happy.' He choked a moment, and his eyes filled. Then in a cheery tone, he said to the girl, 'Now, Mara, I am going away a bit. When I come back, I want to find you a beautiful young lady, with your books and your embroidery and your music, and all that; and you and I will be brother and sister, and we will be better friends than ever brother and sister were before.'

Mrs. Ogden could not but be dazzled, as had been her husband before her, by the strange beauty of the little gypsy. She doubted much whether it were expedient to receive that type of waif into her quiet, domestic home. So much beauty in that rank of life seldom led to good, she thought. She was a rosy blonde herself, and believed in all good works. But she had her misgivings. Still, she could do no more than promise.

'I don't want to stay, sir, if you don't,' said the girl.

And in truth she did not. Paul's arguments and entreaties alone could have hardly accomplished the result, had not Mrs. Ogden herself stooped down and kissed the wild little girl, and said in that sweet voice which men and women find so irresistible, and that seemed the very echo

of this sweet woman's soul : 'But you can stay with us, dear, and then you will surely see him. He will be very good to you. I haven't any little daughter, you know.'

And in good sooth, the little woman, having borne three stout boys to their happy father, did feel herself to have earned at least one daughter. It's an old saying that girl babies don't amount to much—but we must have them for all that; and if we don't happen to get them, we must have

them all the more. And so it was settled; and Mara, clothed and combed, and looking like any Christian child, in a pretty stuff dress, became Mara Ogden. Poor Mara cried hard, enough in her little dormer windowed room, to find that Paul was going away in the morning; but long before she opened her eyes, his brave ship had parted the waves of the bay, and passing the Hook, was tossing among the billows of the tipsy Atlantic.

ST. JUDE'S ASSISTANT.

PART II—THE STORM.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. STRASBURGER.

Mention has been made of a Mr. Frear, the artist who occupied Studio No. 38, of 'Studio Buildings,' adjoining the fatal No. 37.

Tom, not Charles, Frear, was a young man of twenty-five, who, at this period, worked very hard to coin bread out of a talent at first cultivated for pleasure, in days gone by, when his father had been a King of the narrow street running from Trinity to the river. As the greatest operator that Wall street had ever known, sealing the fate of giant corporations, or scattering the private millions of individuals at the nod of his head, King Frear, most omnipotent of the long succession of its potentates, although dead as Caesar now, will long be remembered in those precincts whose centre is the Stock Exchange.

The historic crash of November, 1873, however, had found him loaded with Margin (a sort of substitute for currency which men of Mr. Frear's trade had lately invented) and he went down.

A whimsical sort of thing is this Margin. Houses, lands, bonds, mortgages, horses, dry goods, and groceries are all very well in their way. An income of certain thousands a year from any such properties as these is very comfortable indeed. You can receive and dine your friends on Murray Hill, and your drags and wagonettes can be known on the Board Drive, whether you pay for them by your profits out of the law, or guano, or shoe-pegs. But there is one kind of property, the especial invention of New York. This property is technically known as Margin. The beauty of Margin is, that it is within the reach of the poorest, and its profits are incapable of calculation. A man may put \$100 into Margin of a morning, and

he may go to his couch that night worth \$10,000—in Margin,—and he may realize by the following evening—supposing he puts that Margin into Margin—a whole million of Margin.

One can readily become a Rothschild. It is a simple rule; it is 'Affluence without a master.' A single week at this rate will make you a richer man than all the nabobs in the world,—than all the old foggy millionaires who own lands, and parks, and railroads, and steamboats,—rolled into a lump. A billion of money, or a trillion even, is not an impossible figure to your ambition. Duodecillions are not without your grasp. It is easier than lying.

What wonder, then, that Margin become the specialty of New York; that millions put their fortunes into Margin, dowered their daughters, erect banking institutions, savings, institutions, trust companies, and venture upon all sorts of extravagance—in Margin.

There is only one drawback to the beauty of Margin. That drawback is Shrinkage. And should any old-fashioned, pig-headed, idiotic people,—people who are an incubus on any enlightened community, and who do not deserve to live in a country of Progress and Enterprise like ours,—people who have heaped up their fortunes penny by penny and shilling by shilling—should such people, we say, discover that banks are in a rotten and rickety state, that railroads are shaky, and trust companies bankrupt, and (clinging to the absurd and exploded fiction that a man may do what he will with his own) be so niggardly as to draw out their money and this phrase, again, is technical) hoard it, this terrible fiend of Shrinkage may swallow up all your Margin in a single morning, and your grocer may sell you out.

If, when Shrinkage came, it did nothing more than dissipate Margin, it would amount to

nothing; in another week one might be a billionaire again. But, unfortunately, although you paid nothing for your Margin; when you have lost it you have lost—just as much again in hard, solid cash. For instance: By the investment of \$1,000 in paper, you may realize \$75,000 in paper; but, if you lost this paper \$75,000, you are indebted to A, B, and C, with whom you may not even have a nodding acquaintance, in the exact figure of \$75,000, and they are base enough to demand that sum in greenbacks. The broker has lost nothing by carrying you; the Central or Lake Shore bonds are safe in the vaults they have never left; but you owe just \$75,000, and, until you have paid it, every cent, you can do no more business.

Precisely this was the downfall of King Frear. When the panic to which we have alluded, came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, it happened to overtake that gentleman, and two other mighty men of the street, with their heads together in a 'corner.' This particular corner happened to be a little triangular game played upon the basis of some \$4,500,000 of 'South Shore,' supposed at that time to be reposing in the wooden vaults of a great Trust Company, ('the Antartic') upon Broadway—for no matter how conservative or 'old foggy' the owners of the property in New York may be, or how unwilling to sell 'short' or 'long' in it, they cannot prevent operators from speculating upon the fact that such property exists, or from winning or losing vast sums upon its fluctuations. So, altogether neither of these three great men had ever seen the \$4,500,000 of 'South Shore,' much less owned or contracted the smallest fraction of it, (by a plan of its own by which Wall Street wins and loses fortunes upon the mere knowledge that somebody owns something) they were, just then, heavily in each other's power, about these South Shore shares.

There was a great crowd before the closed doors of the 'Antartic Trust's' great counting-houses, one fine morning. Nobody seemed to know much about what was going on. But, when the dust cleared away, the two mighty men were bankrupt, and Mr. Frear was borrowing money to pay his butcher. They had been playing against greater odds than three zeros at Baden-Baden, and nobody had won. As a rule, when men fail and lose all in New York, they live better than ever. More dinners, more horses, more dresses on wives and daughters than ever; but, unfortunately, Mr. Frear died almost simultaneously with the collapse of his corner, and his estate, which had been variously estimated at from

nineteen to thirty millions or so, was found to consist principally of bills payable (the shape which Margin, in the long run, invariably assumes). His family had contrived to borrow the few thousands charged by the florist and funeral furnishers for burying him as became the millionaire he had been, and Tom Frear became an artist to support his mother and sisters. The very typical artist of romance, indeed he was, just now. Young, good-looking, melanchant, and as poor as romance could possibly have wished.

Mr. Tom Frear was sitting, one afternoon, in Studio No. 36, working upon a picture on the easel before him. It was an original subject, intended for the National Academy Exhibition, and was to be entitled 'The Rainbow.'

A fair young girl, grieved by an unkind word from her lover, burst into tears; and he, annoyed by her grief, has started to leave her. As he reached the door, however, an impulse seizes him, he turns, opens his arms, and says, 'Forgive me.' The girl, as instinctively, rushes into his arms, and a smile beams out of her eyes through her yet undried tears. The girl was a decided brunette, while her lover, who stood in the foreground of the picture, his profile only in view, was a ruddy English-looking man, with light eyes, beard and hair. Frear had laboured many months upon this picture, which he, with youthful impatience, had resolved should be his 'masterpiece.'

Such is the eternal folly of youth. Who of us at twenty-five had not resolved upon creating his 'masterpiece'? Most men's masterpieces come with gray hairs, and yet, indeed, there have been exceptions. They say that venerable poet, Mr. Bryant, illy conceals his annoyance that the matured labours of eighty years—bound in great tomes—should be scarcely referred to, while a single poem, the scrawl of nineteen, is the criterion by which he is known all over the world? But so it is—long afar may his Thanatopsis be! Still, the good, gray poet, this side of that, will never supersede, with pen of his, the utterance of his earliest inspiration. So, perhaps, Mr. Tom Frear was painting his masterpiece at twenty-five. As Tom was knitting his brows over this same 'masterpiece,' there was a knock at his door. Upon his cheery 'come in,' it opened, and he arose to meet his visitors, who were none other than Mr. Ogden, the lawyer, and stranger, a man Frear had never seen before.

'Mr. Frear,' said the lawyer, shaking hands, 'we regret interrupting you, but the country desires your services this afternoon.'

'And what can I do for the country, sir?' said Tom.

'Much! This is Mr. Strasburger, the detective, whom we have selected to work up the Brand murder.'

Mr. Strasburger, who had seated himself in a high-backed and awful black wood chair—once throne of the school-mistress who taught Daniel Webster to spell—and purchased by Tom, for a shilling, at a rather later date—nodded rather stiffly, but vouchsafed no further sign. Mr. Strasburger was a small, spare man, rather below the medium masculine height; his face and hands were very white, and his hands and feet were very small. His hair was straight, and of the deepest and glossiest black. He was clean shaven, except that he wore a moustache that was as glossy and black as his hair. His nose was hooked, and, together with his lips, which were red and inclined to be thick, betrayed unmistakably his Jewish descent. He was dressed from head to foot in black broadcloth. He had a white necktie, and a small diamond glittered from a ring upon the little finger of his left hand. But Mr. Strasburger's eyes constituted the feature which most of all attracted attention. Very small, and set unusually far apart they were, and although blackest of black, they seemed to glitter like coals of fire. There was a repulsiveness in their glitter, but it was a repulsiveness that, did you look at them twice, became fascination. It was said that he would hold a man as a snake would hold a bird, until unquestioned and in spite of himself, the wretch would speak the very secrets of his heart aloud.

Although a regular member of the New York detective police, Mr. Strasburger was only engaged in special cases, and had been up to this time, invariably successful. His last achievement had been the capture within forty-eight hours, of the perpetrator of a murder, wrought by a burglar one quiet Sunday morning in a deserted house, and to which no clue was furnished him. But this was exceptional. He was anything but a rapid worker; the majority of his successes having been the triumphs of long, patient and minute labour over obstacles pronounced insurmountable. Mr. Strasburger was a born detective. His father had been a French Jew, and his mother a New England woman of the lowest 'Yankee' type. In himself he united with the characteristics of the despised race—namely, patience, suspicion, unscrupulousness and economy—the acute love of the mysterious, and nice apprehension of appearances which distinguishes the French, and besides—as his mother's legacy—the shrewd,

practical common sense, and 'eye to the main chance' of the 'Yankee.'

Economical, he was economical of details and no matter how trifling the circumstance or the thing—it might be the inclination of a man's hat on his head, or the stump of a cigar in the gutter—he laid it carefully up in his store-house to be used when wanted. His brain and his desk were crowded full of odd links; but when he was ready to construct his chain he knew just where to get his links. Upon one occasion he had been left alone with the dead body of a woman lying with her face in the ashes of a large fire-place; and when summoned by the coroner, later in the day, had said: 'This woman was shot in the back of the head by a young man about twenty-two years old, with white silk hat, lavender kid gloves and patent leather boots, made by Sansom and Company, on Astor Place. He carried a small umbrella with a silk cover, and was smoking a Henry Clay cigar when he entered the house. He drank five small glasses of cognac with the woman before he shot her. She, however, drank only champagne.' And the result of the murderer's trial, which took place years after, justified this statement in every particular.

Unscrupulous, he hesitated at nothing. A disciple of the law, he knew no law, of God or man—of pity, of charity, or of place. All men were men to him. No reputation stood in his way. Were the sacred vessels stolen from the altar, he would not have hesitated to arrest the Archbishop himself for the theft.

Loving the marvellous, he had allowed no earthly object or aim, or no personal convenience of his own to interfere. When on the track of a fugitive, he had been arrested as a common thief, and thrown into dingy and dirty dungeons, had his head and moustache shaved, and lived on the vilest prison soup for months, deceiving even the very authorities he was serving, all to gain his end. Nothing in the course of his quest could shake his determination. He had one peculiarity, however. He invariably insisted on beholding with his own eyes the execution of each victim he hounded to his recompense. This, men said, was not from vindictiveness, but only from the intense practicality of his nature, that believed in only what it saw, or felt, or heard. He kept a regular debit and credit account with the culprit on whose track he was placed. Each success, each defeat, each mistake he entered in a small note-book, that never left his person. And, men said, that when the wrong door leapt into the air as the rope tightened, he would quietly

enter the word 'Hung,' and the date, in the horrible ledger, thus closing that man's account forever. He was sometimes called 'the book-keeper' from this peculiarity. The last entry was usually 'Hung,' for he was only put upon capital cases. That he was, on the whole, successful, this little book was evidence enough. Before his intense perseverance, which no defeat could daunt, or no success relax, even facts and verities seemed to yield. The wretch who felt John Strasburger on his track knew that his arrest was thereafter a simple question of time.

'What Mr. Strasburger wants of you, Mr. Frear,' said Mr. Ogden, 'is the privilege of inspecting—under your conduct—the room where you found poor Brand's body. I hope you will give him your time, answer all his questions, and submit to his cross-examinations as cheerfully as you can, out of the interest we all have in the discovery of Brand's murderer. After that, I want you to tell him what you told me, as we walked away together from the Coroner's inquest.'

For, upon the day of the inquest, Tom had overtaken the counsel for St. Jude's and said to him, 'You didn't examine me, Mr. Ogden, as to any other matters than my discovery of poor Brand; but I would like to say that—the evening before—as I went out of my Studio, at about four o'clock, a young man with brown hair and eyes, and I think side whiskers, came out No. 37. He followed me as I walked down the corridor, and on my way out; and, as he seemed very nervous, and more in a hurry than I was, although I was late for my train, I stopped and allowed him to pass me. I was particularly struck with his nervous, hesitating manner. I looked round once or twice before I stopped, and he always stopped too, and it seemed to me, shrunk back from me. The last I saw of him was, when he passed me and started down the stairs on a run. When I reached the street, he was nowhere in sight.'

Since that interview, learning that Tom was a son of the late Street King, whose thousands had not unfrequently retained Mr. Ogden's services, a sort of friendship had sprung up, and the artist had dined once or twice at Mr. Ogden's table.

After some further conversation, in which Mr. Strasburger had not joined, but had kept his restless, twinkling eyes travelling over the room, and his oblique nose drawn down over his moustache, as if he was quite equal to suspecting Tom Frear, or the lawyer himself, of the deed—Mr. Ogden, who had procured a key, led the way to Studio No. 37.

Since the murder it had been entirely unoccupied, its lessee not having, as yet, returned from his studies in Italy. They stumbled over disarranged furniture, and pulled open the heavy iron inside shutters. A flood of light revealed the Studio, much as the accurate reporter of the *Herald* once described it. Before one of the windows was the table at which Brand had been writing, when his murderer had entered, and near the door stood the tall chair, leaning against which the body was found.

'Look here,' said Tom, explaining it all. 'When I came in he was on his knees, facing the door, and kept in that position by this chair. His head was bent over, and blood was—By Jove, they've never washed it up! Have I been living these two weeks, so near a hardened pool of human blood? I should never have slept if I had known it.'

And so Tom went on, giving facts and reminiscences of the fatal day of which he had been so near a part, to all of which Mr. Strasburger listened with attentive ear—one might almost have said, with his very eyes, as bright and devilish as the eyes of Mephisto, that Faust once found glaring at him in the darkness of his cell. Tom Frear himself began to be uneasy under that deadly glance, and to stumble in his narrative. After leaving the room (not before Strasburger, however, had possessed himself of a sheet of paper, upon which the murdered man had scribbled some words—possibly of a sermon he was composing—as a specimen of the dead man's handwriting which might be valuable), the three adjourned to Tom's more comfortable room, and that unhappy young man's cross-examination by the detective began.

Tom reiterated his story about the man—on the Monday evening before the murder—who came out of No. 37, and in his anxiety to reach the street, had almost knocked Tom over—of his own passing out of the door—to Sixth Avenue—to Jefferson Market—of his mounting upon a Christopher Street car—riding to the ferry—of his meeting a friend upon the boat—of what he said to him—what car he sat in—where he went to—how long he stayed—etc., etc., until he felt as if trying to prove his own *alibi* before a hostile court, and tying his own halter by proving it badly. He would look at Mr. Ogden for help; but the stony-hearted lawyer was looking at the pictures, or killing time by pulling over the odds and ends, antiques and rubbish, with which the studio was crammed. It was with a sense of escape, as from the scaffold itself, that he just touched the detective's chilly hand, and winced under a parting leer from the de-

tective's eye. In parting, to Mr. Ogden's 'hope we shall see you to dinner on Thursday, Frear,' Tom had nervously replied, 'No, sir, I never did;' and the lawyer had smiled at his incoherency. But this remark had evidently been entered in Mr. Strasburger's mental note-book; for on his way out he had begged from his companion all possible information as to Mr. Frear's previous life. As for Tom, he was a long time in recovering from the detective's malign influence. He felt suspected of at least one murder and several arsons; and just then, and for many days after, he felt a tap on his shoulder, he would have held up his wrists for the handcuffs, and asked permission to send for his counsel.

CHAPTER II.

POTAGE AU GRAS.

Mrs. Ogden had sent out twenty-three cards for dinner on a Thursday, at seven. That good lady had finally conquered her prejudices, and consented to preside over a city establishment. Many considerations had induced Mrs. Ogden to this normal change. There were her dear boys, she had said, who wanted a city polish. But the real reason had been her husband. Mr. Ogden's practice had become simply enormous; and it seemed hard to the little woman that her Percy should waste, upon steam-cars and ferries—or even upon her—the hours for which his clients were clamorous to pay so liberally.

Nor was this the only change in the Ogden household. Not to assume the care of city housekeeping without competent assistance, Mrs. Ogden had cast about for a factotum; as it had chanced, our old friend, Isabella, had been selected for that responsible position. She had been first encountered by Mr. Ogden in the memorable days, when sitting by the murdered body of poor George Brand. Upon learning of her lonely condition, the lawyer had mentioned it to his wife; and a consultation had led to an offer from Mrs. Ogden—gladly accepted by Isabella—to become one of the great city establishment now resolved upon. Mr. Prideaux and the *Seaboard* had thereupon been notified of her absolute divorce from Poetry—and the dismals—and in her delight at escaping from their thrall, Isabella had become as jolly and good-humoured as it is possible for an old maid to be, and had succeeded in making herself very useful and very much esteemed indeed, in her new sphere. She never was heard to mention Literature, or Poetry, or the *Seaboard*. If by

chance a copy of that magazine found its way into the Ogden mansion, she put it gingerly aside. In short, Mr. Ogden would have as soon suspected his fat, little wife herself of wanting to die at once, or of writing rhymes to that effect, as Isabella.

The dinner party, to which we have now arrived, had been a matter of long anticipation, and its list was the result of long suggestion, cogitation, and amendment. It had been cancelled in whole or in part, restored and revised, a dozen times at least. One cannot always invite just those one wants, and must often invite just those one doesn't want, in New York. As finally passed in Committee of the Whole, the list stood:

1. Lord Hardwidge. An English life peer, about seventy years old, at this time travelling extensively in America, the guest of the evening, to walk down with Mrs. Ogden.

2. Bishop Cotter. Tall, erect, clean shaven, white-haired. Presiding over the great diocese of New York—to walk down with.

3. Mrs. Leastlow. Wife of the Secretary of State, Rubicund, fat and fifty. Mrs. Leastlow was, without the suspicion of a rival, the Madame de Stael of her day. She was easily the most brilliant woman in America, had lived in every capital of the world, was known everywhere, knew everybody—and if, in the course of her career, she had lost woman's chiefest charm of womanliness, she had never, at least, ceased to be a lady. Mr. Leastlow, who was Mrs. Leastlow's husband, was not present—as Mrs. Leastlow expressed it—was 'off on politics somewhere.'

4. Mrs. Doremus. A widow of vast wealth, and a prominent member of Jude's Church, to walk down with Mr. Ogden.

5. Judge de Laigh—of the court of Common Pleas—to walk down with

6. Mrs. Morrow. A matron of fifty and of the Fifth Avenue; invited to pay off old scores.

7. Mr. George Henry Burlhurt. In figure tall and elegant, with white hair and moustache, and clear laughing gray eyes, he would have attracted attention in any society. It goes without saying that an American gentleman knows the world by heart; it would be scarcely necessary to say of an American, 'he has travelled over other lands than his own!' Mr. Burlhurt not only knew the world by heart, but it might almost be said that the world knew him by heart. A private gentleman, with no handle except plain 'Mr.' to his name, and no letters following it, he had hobnobbed with emperors, kings and princes, and with statesmen who make emperors, kings and

princes; dined *en famille* at their tables, and been petted by their wives. A gentleman among gentlemen, he never did anything eminent, and was rarely mentioned except socially, in the newspapers. The best read man in America, he never mentioned a book in polite society; and, although at this time editor-in-chief of the *Imperium*, the great scholarly daily of the continent, you might search in vain for his name in any impression of that admirable sheet; to walk down with

8. Miss Fanny Van Tier. Young, pretty, stylish, spirituelle—*Parfaite* New York.

9. Mr. Greatorox. Acknowledged head of the Bar of New York city, especially of its Chancery side. Tall, all bones and brains, no flesh visible upon his eminent frame, to walk down with

10. Mrs. Palorydn, of Pelham.

The other guests were, with their table partners:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 11. Mr. Rutherford, | 12. Miss Lighttown, |
| 13. Mr. Steele, | 14. Miss Frear, |
| 15. Mr. Leaycrown, | 16. Miss De Vere, |
| 17. Mr. Donald, | 18. Miss Leaycrown, |
| 20. Mr. Bryce, | 20. Miss Leary, |
| 21. Mr. Swasey, | 22. Miss Hayes, |
| 23. Mr. Tom Frear, | 24. Miss Mara Ogden. |

Nos. 23 and 24, at least, are old acquaintances. The wild little beauty of two years ago, has, thanks to a kind and luxurious home, to wealth, taste, dressmakers, and loving friends, become a marvellously brilliant young lady; brilliant, graceful, above all, with the *bon repose* so necessary as an accompaniment of culture. In short, as charming a young feminine person as New York, where the loveliest and purest of women in the world dare to wear the costliest and most rakish of dresses, and command the admiration of men without loss of womanly modesty, held. The lustre of her brown complexion, the magnificent darkness of her deep eyes, and petite accent, which added a charm to her speech, marked her as of another race. But, although understood to be an adopted daughter, society was provoked to find itself utterly ignorant. Mara was a favourite with everybody, especially with men, although their attention she made no effort to secure. She had what is, perhaps, rare in brunettes—the sweetest temper imaginable. Mara had, in fact, surprised everybody in the unconscious all with which she had twined herself around their hearts. Mr. Ogden himself was dubious of the result, and still maintained, but at ever rarer intervals, that, somewhere in that Southern nature there lurked a great depth of passion which some day must break into paroxysms;

but, so far, she had been a simple, sweet, affectionate girl, loving and being loved.

Just here, we may say briefly of Mara, that she had never forgotten Paul Ogden, nor the manly gentleness, the kindly words, and the handsome face of her first friend. She had heard from him by letter, and in his roamings upon the continent he had often read the letters, and noted the speech and style of a woman in the pretty chirography of the tattered little gypsy who had stolen his uncle's grapes.

'The first kind word I ever heard in all my life, came from Paul's lips,' she was often wont to say; and, while she might love in time, she felt that his was the first claim to anything of hers.

In Southern women gratitude is only another name for love. In the Northern sister, the two sentiments are as far apart as the antipodes. The first loves the man she is indebted to, the latter usually hates her benefactor and loves the man who trifles with her. Women have the hearts of curs. With us, they love where they are beaten, and hate where they are worshipped. Still, at eighteen, women's hearts are formed anew, and Mara was not unconscious of the admiration, nor unappreciative of the fascinations of a certain young artist, with whom, to-day, she walks down to dinner. So long as there was no Paul Ogden, there might undoubtedly be a Tom Frear.

The dinner party was all that could be desired from the society of distinguished guests, intermingled judiciously with diners out. Lord Hardwigge, a little dried, gray-haired man, was, as the evening's guest, deferred to; and, as he did little but eat, the conversation—waiting for him—never became general. After the ladies had betaken themselves from the board, however, by the grace of good tobacco upon a full dinner—not to say clarets and dry champagnes—tongues became unloosed, and justified the judgement of that much deliberated list.

Under Lord Hardwigge, the conversation naturally turned to dinner things said by Sydney Smith. Englishmen have not yet recovered from Sydney. As a nation, they are not given to being funny; that sort of thing they leave to their dreary 'Punch,' and to Sydney. An Englishman is always ready to laugh himself red when Sydney's name is mentioned, quite indifferent to the remark. We venture to say that a sentence out of the Koran, or Hervey's Meditation Among the Tombs, if repeated at a dinner table, prefixed by, 'You know, Sydney Smith said,' would convulse a table full of Englishmen. We suppose there have been very few dinners in New York where

things as good as Sydney's best have not been said. But Sydney was the only man in England who did such things, and diners out desiring attention find his name invaluable.

'I'm sure,' said Judge DeLaigh, apropos of nothing, but desirous, perhaps, of waking up the solemn little lord, 'that your lordship is aware of that remarkable verse of Sydney Smith's written upon Lord Brougham.'

'When he saw him riding on a jackass, my dear judge?' said Lord Hardwicke.

'The same,' said his honour, who forthwith repeated it.

'Witty as Horatius Flaccus—as—as—'

'As great a democrat as Gracchus.'

'As great a demagogue, my lord,' said Mr. Greateorex.

'Thanks. As great a wine-bibber—stop, no—that's not it.'

"As big a sot was old Bacchus—
Riding on a little jackass,"

said my lord.

'That last line's right, at any rate,' said Mr. Burlhurl to Mr. Ogden, *sotto voce*.

'And, his might have added, as big a thief as Shakespeare,' said Mr. Greateorex.

'Was Brougham all that?' said Mr. Ogden.

'It was Brougham, or Palmerston, or Disraeli, or somebody,' said my lord.

'At any rate, Shakespeare was a thief,' said Mr. Greateorex. 'He stole all he ever wrote from Bacon, didn't he?'

Mr. Greateorex, who, like most lawyers, was a Baconian, followed up his question by the assertion that 'the whole thing' was in the usual 'nutshell'; that a man couldn't well write about history or contemporary circumstances from mere genius, however he might, by clairvoyance or lucky guessing, deal in prophecies for the future, that happen to come to pass. 'Children never learn their alphabet by intuition.'

'But, Mr. Greateorex,' said Mr. Ogden, 'Pascal learned geometry by intuition.'

'Bah!' said Mr. Greateorex. 'You and I never saw Shakespeare; we have only testimony that there was such a man, and the evidence which is to satisfy you and I that such a man ever existed, is evidence that should, at the same time, satisfy us, if we are sensible, that he never wrote that book.'

'Who did write it then?' said Mr. Swasey, to whom the discussion had all the charm of a first acquaintance.

'Ah, my dear Mr. Swasey,' broke in Mr. Burlhurl, 'that's a secret, Byrne and I

knew the fellow, but were under oath to him never to divulge his name.'

'Well,' said Mr. Ogden, 'at least, Greateorex, you will admit that he was a clever fellow to fix up anything that Bacon wrote, so that people would look at it on a stage.'

'Bah! he was doubtless a shrewd stage manager, who dressed up Bacon's dialogues over night, and put in the clowns, perhaps. I fancy he was much such a man as Boucicault. Why, I went to see one of that man's plays, and, upon my word, he had sandwiched in Bacon, Byron, Otway, and a dozen more, for what, I must admit, was a very entertaining play, written by Boucicault.'

'My dear Greateorex,' said Mr. Ogden, 'if you should bring that question before a jury, action for piracy against Shakespeare, you for Bacon, I would only ask two questions. First, was there such a man as Shakespeare, who wrote plays? And second, was there a Mr. Bacon who claimed them? And upon the first being answered yes, and the second, no, the jury would nonsuit you without leaving their seats.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Greateorex, 'and if your client Shakespeare brought a suit against Jones for violation of his copyright, I would undertake, for Jones, to throw such a well-established doubt upon the question whether Shakespeare was entitled to his copyright at all, that your jury would disagree. However, there's one thing the angels don't know; and that's how twelve men in a box will decide anything.'

'Murder will out,' said Mr. Donald, from a corner of his mouth, opposite the one holding his cigar.

'So the Bible says,' said Mr. Swasey.

'Byrne and I don't have any confidence in that work either. We know the fellows who wrote that, too,' said Mr. Burlhurl.

At this, Bishop Cotter, who did not smoke, and had for some time sought a suitable moment for joining the ladies, rose and stiffly asked his host's permission to withdraw.

'Hope you'll come on to our Centennial, Lord Hardwicke,' said a diner out.

'Upon my word, sir, I don't know why an Englishman should come over here to help you celebrate your emancipation from the horrible despotism of England,' said my lord. 'Not our emancipation but our independence,' said Mr. Ogden.

'Bah—all the same thing,' said Lord Hardwicke. 'The American war is the eternal disgrace of our arms; although I am admitting all the more shame to my own countrymen, I must say that you never had anything more than a rabble. Why, you didn't have any powder to burn at us except

what you stole from under our own noses. You didn't have a gun until you had prigged it; and yet we sent the best soldiers that we had; the soldiers that had made us conquerors of Europe, and you had them at your mercy before breakfast. I can only account for the American Revolution on the supposition that the Almighty saw you wanted to try an experiment, and determined to let you try it out. Your war was a series of special providences. Every general we had, blundered; and, if you will pardon me, Mr. Ogden, the old maxim of "a fool luck," seemed never so well verified. At Bunker Hill, your soldiers deliberately entered a bag, the strings of which were in our hands; and instead of pulling the strings, we went into the bag, got below you—let you fire at us as long as you please, and then run away, while we stayed to pick up our dead men. General Burgoyne made you a present of his army at Saratoga, and Lord Howe gave you all the time you wanted to surround Cornwallis at Yorktown. I think he arrived in time to see the surrender, as it was, and that was about the way of it all. Well, it is all the same now, I suppose. But you are trying experiments very fast. We were a thousand years ahead of you a hundred years ago, and now you are a thousand years ahead of us. But if we lived a hundred years more—Mr. Ogden—you and I would not see your second Centennial.

'We are not a thousand years ahead of you in one thing, my lord,' said Mr. Burlhurt. 'You still write our books. "Let me make the nation's ballad's, and I care not"—and so forth, you know.'

'Of course,' said Lord Hardwigge, 'of course. So long as you deny us international copyright, we must do that. A man educates himself as he eats, through his pocket. Of course, as long as it's cheaper for your publisher to give you English books to read than your own, you'll get 'em.'

'We haven't had an American novel yet at all events'—

'Bah!' said my lord. 'How can you have an American novel? Who can write a novel about a country where one man is as good as another? Where is your faithful retainer—your half-pay officer—your duke and your duchess—your younger son. Of course you can write about Indians, and I suppose Cooper did write American novels.' And Lord Hardwigge—*apropos* of a name—told another story about Brougham.

We Americans relish a story because it is good, that is, because it is witty, absurd, preposterous, suggestive, or pointed. The Englishman relishes only such as he can

locate—and to which he can attach some famous name—no matter how old, it might be about George Selwyn or Horace Walpole, or even Canute, or Harold—if it have the smack of a name about it, your Englishman will surely applaud.

Lord Hardwigge, despite the difficulty he experienced in keeping his teeth in position, essayed several other sly reminiscences, and acquitted himself well, on the whole. At a pause—in the absence of applause—which followed some peculiarly, antique anecdote of his lordship's Mr. Ogden began:

'Gentlemen, if you will pardon a lawyer for talking shop, I want to tell Mr. Greatorex about a case of mine which will interest him. I'm afraid it will bore the rest of you, so I won't ask you to listen. But you'll pardon me.' And, with a fresh cigar, Mr. Ogden began.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROMANCE OF A TITLE.

'In the year 1750,' said Mr. Ogden, 'there died a man in Boston, Massachusetts, named Brand. He owned a little piece of land in what is now the heart of that city, which, in his will, he devised to "my brother Harry, and, if he should die without issue, then I give the same to my brother William." Under this will, then, the estate went to Harry, who died in 1775, leaving one daughter, Mary, who was at that time, or subsequently, a Mrs. John Somerby. In Mrs. Somerby the title vested until 1790, when she died—leaving two sons and one daughter, and granting her estate—the land in question—to her daughter. Her daughter, in turn, in 1880, sold it to one Thomas Singleton.'

Mr. Greatorex began mapping out a sort of abstract of the chain of title on the table before him—a banana for old Brand, a grape for Harry, an orange for Mrs. Somerby, and so on.

'Thomas Singleton died in 1830. But, about ten years before, when this real estate we have followed, was worth about fifty thousand dollars, and when, he believed himself in possession of a personal estate amounting to say between two and three hundred thousand dollars, he made a will, in which he left the land to his wife for life, and afterwards to his only son, George Singleton. Besides this, he directed his executors to pay a legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars apiece to two nieces, who lived in his house, and had been educated by him as if they had been his own daughters; giving them the bulk of his

personalty to this said son George. These were nieces were named respectively Laura and Blanche Brown. When this will came to be administered, however, Singleton's personal estate was found to be nil—through a failure of several corporations, and through certain bad speculations of the old man. His widow, however, continued to enjoy the real estate; and, dying, in 1845, her son George entered its possession. In 1850, however, George's cousin, Laura Brown, married a lawyer named Markham, and her sister Blanche came to live with them. Mrs. Markham often joked with her husband about the legacy from her uncle Thomas, and accused her husband of marrying her for money.—Greatorox, are you going asleep?

No, no," said Mr. Greatorox, hastily arranging his figs and oranges. Go on."

"This Markham was a young lawyer, not overburdened with practice. He had married for love, and he had his wife's sister to provide for. The legacy, about which she joked, would have been quite convenient to him, could he have educed it. One day—in 1860 this was—he happened to be sitting in his office with the 7th of Cushing in his hand—but he was not reading—he was reflecting over his family matters, of his wife, his babies, his wife's sister, and his difficulty of making both ends meet—when his eye happened to light upon a passage to this effect: "The personal estate of the testator was sufficient to pay debts and legacies. It was held that the devise to the heirs-at-law of C, was not a specific devise, but that the land so devised was liable to be sold for payment of debts and legacies under the Revised Statutes,—C. 71, § 80." These words were a portion of the syllabus to the case of *Ellis v. Page*, 7 Cushing, 161.

"By Jove," thought Markham, "if that's law, perhaps Laura's legacy isn't in Spain, after all!" In short, he went into his library and dug away with a will. He found that the Massachusetts' Statute of Limitations was constructed, in *Brooks v. Lynde*, in the 7th of Allen, at page 66, not to limit the time for bringing an action to recover a legacy; and, on applying these two cases to the circumstances, he thought he found that his wife and her sister were clearly entitled to their legacies, in spite of the failure of their uncle's personal estate in 1830, and their cousin's possession or his real property. For, he argued, if Thomas Singleton's will gave to George Singleton his real estate after his (George's) mother's death, clearly there was no devise to George at all. For where a man takes,

under a will, precisely what he would take by operation of law, the law will hold the devise void, and consider that he takes the estate by operation of law alone. Now this was precisely the case in hand. What George Singleton had considered as a specific devise to him, was therefore no devise at all. The real estate which he held was undoubtedly a part of the undivided residue of his father's estate, and, therefore, assets which his executor should have applied to the payment of the legacies. This was exactly the case in 7 Cushing, *Ellis v. Page*.

Markham, therefore, instituted the suit, and ultimately obtained for his wife and sister-in-law a judgment, in 1862, for \$143,000, being the amount of the legacies and interest for thirty-two years. George Singleton, not being a married man, had been unable to put the real estate hereceived from his father into his wife's name, and was compelled to see it sold to satisfy his cousin's judgment.

Mr. Markham, bought the property in at the sale, and began to manage it for his wife and sister-in-law.

"Now, when Mrs. John Somerby died, in 1790, leaving, as I said, two sons and one daughter—"

Mr. Greatorox showed signs of flagging, but he pulled away at his cigar, and drank another glass of claret.

"—one of these two sons was a natural—a sort of idiot—at any rate, what the law regarded as '*non compos*.' He never married, but died when he was seventy-five years old, in 1854. His name was Peter Somerby. The other son was named Charles. Now, by *Hayward v. Howe*, in the 12th of Gray, 49, a devise of land with a subsequent provision, that in case one of them should die without lawful issue, it shall go to the testator's heirs in fee, creates an estate tail, under the Massachusetts' statutes. You will remember that Brand gave his land by will "to my brother Harry, and if he shall die without issue—then I give the same to my brother William." His brother William being his (the testator's) heir, then the will of old Brand created an estate tail, and nothing else. Now, by virtue of the ruling in *Corbin v. Healey*, in the 20th of Pickering, pages 514 and 516, a present estate tail passes, in Massachusetts, to the eldest son, according to the common law, and not to the children equally, or to daughters at all, except in default of heirs male; and, by the ruling in *Hall v. Priest*, reported in the 6th of Gray, an estate tail may not be devised, or in any way affected by the will of a tenant in tail. Consequently, when Mrs. Somerby devised the land we are following to

her daughter, she devised what she had no right to devise, and what by law vested, at her death, in the *non compos* Peter Somerby, who died in 1854 without issue. This Peter had indeed been disseized in 1800, if not previously, by the acts of his sister in possessing herself of the estate, and in devising it to her daughter; but Peter, having a *non compos*, the statute of limitations could not run against him; and his heir in tail, who was his brother Charles, of course, was entitled, under the Massachusetts' statute (chapter 154, section 5, I think it is) to ten years after his brother Peter's death, wherein to bring an action of ejectment. Mrs. Markham and her sister became entitled to the estate, you will remember, during the year 1862, consequently, the ten years since Peter's death, in 1854, not having elapsed, Charles Somerby still had his action. He brought it, and Mrs. Markham and her sister had scarcely more than realized their good fortune when they were dispossessed, by order of the court, in favour of Charles Somerby.

But even here this chapter of marvels is incomplete. It seems that old Brand, who owned the parcel of land in 1750, had himself purchased the land in 1730 of one Noel, who, in turn, had become its owner by conveyance from one Cosgrove. But this conveyance from Cosgrove to Noel had not contained the word "heirs." Now, under the rule in Shelley's case, as laid down in *Buffman v. Hutchinson*, in the 1st of Allen, page 58, the word "heirs" in Massachusetts is still essential in a deed of conveyance to create an estate in fee; and if a man purchase land to himself forever, or to him and his assigns forever, he takes only an estate for life. Therefore, it follows that Noel only received a life estate from Cosgrove, and Cosgrove therefore became the reversioner upon the death of Noel, whose deed to Brand was merely waste paper. When Noel died, in 1786, Cosgrove was also dead, and his only heir was his granddaughter, a young woman eighteen years old, Maria Appleton, wife of Isaac Appleton, of Boston. Maria Appleton did not die until 1861. During all those years, from 1786 until 1861, she had been a *femme covert*, and therefore her heir had, under the Massachusetts' statutes, ten years from the date of her death, that is, until 1871, to bring an action for the estate, which became hers as heir to Cosgrove, upon the death of Noel (she having been at that time also, a *femme covert*.) Now the only issue of Isaac and Maria Appleton was a daughter named Mary. She married a man named, by a curious coincidence, Singleton—and actually

a fourth or fifth cousin of the grantee of Mrs. Somerby's daughter, in 1800. Wonderful to relate—and this is the gist of my story—the only daughter of that marriage, Isabella Singleton is at this moment living under this roof. You remember the Brand murder of two years ago. Well, it fell into my province, as counsel for St. Jude's Parish, to search for his relatives. I was attracted by the similarity of his name to the name of the old landholder in Boston, and in looking at that I struck his title. A suit has been instituted, within a fortnight, by my direction, and I am morally certain—and will stake my professional reputation—the ten years not having yet elapsed, that Miss Singleton, who is my housekeeper, will, in less than a year, be in possession of an estate worth from two to three hundred thousand dollars. If that isn't the most marvellous history you ever come across, I'd like to hear the one that beats it. What do you think of it?

Now Mr. Groatorex, who had not heard a word of Mr. Ogden's story, but had been absorbed in thinking of a demurrer he was to argue the next morning, the success of which would be probably twenty-five thousand dollars in cash in his pocket, his client being a wealthy cloth house, which had been arraigned, at the suit of government, for alleged frauds upon the revenue, was brought up short by the cessation of the story.

'I think, Ogden,' he said, 'that you have a good case, at least I hope so. Let us join the ladies.'

CHAPTER IV.

ARCANA COELESTIA.

Tom Frear has stolen away while Mr. Ogden still spins his legal yarn below. He lingers outside the drawing-room until he can arrive at some idea of the position of the particular lady he would seek, for he does not care to wander around too much in the search. But he catches sight of a portion of pink silk presently, in a bay window, and he strikes boldly in and up to it, and sits down alongside of it.

'I was growing mad at you, sir,' Mara was first to speak.

'Pon my soul, Mara—I mean Miss Ogden—I was the first man to leave.'

'The first! No indeed, you were not, sir; that dear blessed old Bishop has been up here half an hour.'

'I mean, I was the first layman,' said Tom. 'You wouldn't have a layman precede his bishop, would you?'

'I wouldn't have a layman make a beast of himself at any rate. I don't see why men sit down-stairs all night drinking.'

'And smoking,' said Tom. 'We smoke part of the time.'

'Don't interrupt me, Mr. Frear—I say I don't see the sense of it—and leave us women up here all alone—'

'There!' said Tom, 'how you've mentioned sense of it. If the ladies are allowed to withdraw to sit by themselves, and tear us to pieces, why shouldn't we men be allowed to sit by ourselves, too?'

'And get intoxicated and silly,' said Mara.

'Am I intoxicated and silly?' said Tom.

It was dark in the bay window where they sat, and it was a very narrow bay window. When Tom asked her if he was intoxicated and silly—he asked it much as if he were asking her to take him for better or for worse—his voice sank to a very low pitch, and he laid one of his big hands over hers.

'Yes, I believe you are. You are very, very silly, at any rate, Mr. Frear,' said Mara.

'Just now you called me Tom,' said he; for his memory was not accurate.

'Indeed I didn't, sir. I wouldn't for—'

'Wouldn't for what?' said Tom.

'Wouldn't for anything; and besides I couldn't, even if I would.'

'Yes, you could.'

'No, I couldn't. I'm sure I couldn't say.'

'Say what?'

'Say Tom.'

'There you've said it! O Mara, Mara, if you'd only call me Tom that way always—And so forth, and so forth.'

It does not look eloquently on paper, nor do we, who report it, find much intellectual stimulant in taking it down. And yet, reader, these are the burning words we whisper in our mistress' ears in the nineteenth century.

'Fair goddess of my life and soul, the beauty of the moon that broke anon but through yon rifted cloud, fadeth be-are thy peerless charms.' That is the way Tom would have said it in the year nine hundred and odd: and that is the way Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, would have made him do it (except that W. S. would have rhymed it) if Tom had been anywhere near the Lady of the Lake. But you and I, reader, know how precious are those conversations; and—silly as it may look on print—how nice it all is.

As we said, the bay window was very narrow, and quite dark. Moreover, it was at the end of the library which opened out of the drawing-room. And, as the guests were mainly in the drawing-room, there was very little outside of the bay window to attract

Mr. Tom's and Miss Mara's attention, so they were obliged to talk about themselves. The bay window, about this time, became so small that Mara was obliged to sit with her arms folded behind her, as if she was at a Kindergarten; otherwise Tom would have been obliged to take the little hands attached to those arms right into his. Indeed, the window was so small, as it was, that Tom could only find room for one of his big hands in front of him, and was forced to stow the other away back in the rear somewhere. Very inconvenient and cramped it was, and they were very good-natured, we think, to sit there so quietly.

'Mara,' said Tom, after a while.

'Yes, Tom.'

'Mara, do you remember the first time I ever saw you? It was just fourteen months ago—I know, for I've counted every day—and, by Jove!—'

'There, that's twice you've said that. Do you imagine you're down-stairs with your cigars and your claret, and your horrid stories, yet?'

'By—— upon my word, I mean, I just don't—However, you've spoiled it all now. I can't say what I was going to—'

'Undoubtedly—it was so nice, and you were saying it so fast, too!'

'Mara!'

'What?'

'Do you want to give me pain? If you do, go on.'

Perhaps Tom's other arm grew uncomfortable to Mara just then, for the next words that came from the bay window certainly were hers.

'O you horrid! Don't! you're as rough as a bear!'

There they are in print. And they look sublime! Sir Walter Scott, above alluded to, would have made the lady say:

'My lord, thy arm has wandered far,
Thy handmaid bids thee have a care.'

—or rhymes to that effect. But Tom didn't mind it. So when, in place of the pretty rhyme, she only said:

'O you horrid! don't!—you're as rough as a bear!' it was actually sublime in his ears.

'Do you know what day it was when I met you first, Mara?' said Tom.

'No! Fourth of July, wasn't it?'

'No—it was April Fool's Day, Mara, and I went home that night all in a sort of daze.'

'Well, then you were a fool, I should say,' said Mara.

Mr. Tom Frear behaved very badly at this juncture, and we regret to chronicle that Miss Mara was obliged to repeat her observation about 'horrid' and 'bear.'

'And I thought what if you should be fooling me, Mara; and since then I've seen you everywhere I've been, by day or night, and every picture I've painted has had your face in it.'

'Oh, I wish I could see them,' said Mara.

A change must come over every dream, even so sweet a dream as we fear poor Tom was dreaming. The next time his unruly arm pressed heavily around Mara's waist, or wherever it was, she said nothing about 'horrid' and 'don't,' but she said instead, 'Mr. Frear.' Poor Tom's arm seemed to lose its tension, but he let it stay where it was. He said nothing.

'Mr. Frear,' said Mara again.

'Why am I Mr. Frear?' he said, haltingly; for whatever courage we men possess, whether we are bears, or wolves, or lions, for that matter, a very slight change of tone in the voice of the woman we love, will make sheep of us in an instant.

'I called you Tom, I know I did. I should not have done so, I know; but you seemed just at that moment to be such a kind friend—'

Tom's arm grew tighter around the arm it twined.

'—so like a dear, kind—brother—'

Tom's arm grew very limp again.

'—that I couldn't help it. I know I did wrong—I know I ought not to have done so'—and Mara gave a little sob.

'Mara,' said Tom.

'Please don't call me Mara—it makes me cry.'

'Why?'

'Because—because—you have no right to call me Mara, and—I—wish you had.'

'Then give me the right.'

'No, I can't.'

'Why not?'

'That's what I'm coming to—so please listen. I hope you don't love me, Tom—I mean Mr. Frear.'

'Mara, I do love you with all my life, and I'd die for you, indeed I would.' Not only did his arm tighten, but a soft indescribable noise like a rustle of rose leaves, only rather louder, was heard just after the word 'would' left Tom's lips, and somehow interrupted the rest of the next sentence.

'O, please don't do that, please don't! O, I hope you don't love me—because, because, because—'

'Because why, Mara?'

'Because I do like you so much, Tom, and I do want you to be my friend always, and to stand up for me, and fight for me when people abuse me. But I—I can't love you except as a sister, you know—I know I—I'm sure I could love you like that.'

'Mara!'—Tom's voice was as heavy and hollow as if he had been sitting in a barrel, instead of in a bay window.

'Mara, tell me why you can't love me better than that. I don't want you to love me like a sister.'

'You don't!' (Sally on the part of Mara)

'No, I don't!' There was a positive tone to this declaration that carried conviction.

'No, I don't,' said Tom again. 'I've got three sisters now, and I don't want any more; but Mara,—when a man can't live without thinking about you, why can't you love him?'

'A man ought always to be thinking about his sisters—'

'But he isn't—there's plenty of other fellows to do that. If you were my sister, do you think I would be sitting here with you now? No! I wouldn't come near you.'

'O Tom, I shouldn't—like—that.'

'Then you do love me, Mara?' and another rustling sound was just discernible.

'Now, Mr. Frear! I shall never call you Tom, and I shall never like you even as a sister, unless you promise me never to do that again. I am wrong, I am wrong to beat about so, and to be so long coming to what I am to say. Mr. Frear—well, then Tom, I love you as a dear sister, and there's my hand on it, if you'll take it. I'm afraid I almost began to like you better than a sister, and was—even if I was not very foolish and very vain to think you would do such a thing—almost—oh, I don't want to say the word—*encouraging* you. There, I've said it; and I'm so ashamed of the word! All I mean to say is that—even if you ever thought of me that way—which I'm very silly and very vain to suppose, for you are a man that any woman might be proud of that—that—'

And here poor Mara broke down completely. Then, after a moment, she recovered herself, and with a little sob went on—

'What I am going to say must be said. I can't love you or any man, for I love—somebody else.' Yes, she said, for she felt Tom's arm drawn quickly away—'Yes, I am strong enough to say it. I love somebody else better than all the world, and you have almost made me disloyal to him, Yes, you have made me very disloyal to him.'

There was a stifling sort of sound from Tom's direction. There seemed to be plenty of room for them both, in the bay window now.

'Tom, dear Tom, don't feel so badly. O, I am not worth it! O, I wish I were dead! there!'

Not a word from Tom.

'Tom, dear Tom, please listen to me. I want to tell you a story. I want to tell you what nobody knows in this whole city, outside of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden and the boys—except one. I know I can trust the story to your honour and to your—'

—'to my love,' sobbed Tom. 'Yes, you can trust it to my love.'

'Well, then. O, Tom, are you a man, and cannot be brave enough to hear my story? Why, I am only a poor weak girl, and I am strong enough to tell it.'

Tom seized her hand, and held it so tight she almost shrank from him. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'yes, you are strong enough to tell it. But that one you love, supposing he had just told you in an instant, with out any warning, that he didn't love you the least bit—would you have strength to tell it then?'

'I am a woman—no, not even a woman—only a poor, weak, little girl.' And she began to cry.

If a man strikes a woman he can look upon her tears and laugh, perhaps; but if she sobs from grief, you will very rarely find one strong enough to endure it. Tom was on his knees in an instant.

'My darling,' he said, 'if you cry, I shall go mad.' Then he stood up and took her in his arms and kissed her many times. 'Whether you love me or not,' he said, 'I love you, and I shall not live without you. If you are not mine, I shall not live to see you another man's.'

And so he thought, no doubt; and so probably we have all thought, at least once. But the great master said that though men have died ere now, and worms have eaten them, it was not for love that they died, and we are wiser now than to have any other ideas; and if there is any shooting to be done, it certainly would not be ourselves we should shoot.

It was some time before the two were able to compose themselves. If the scene we have been describing had taken place in a closed room, or where the two were free from interruption among rocks or woods, they might have been in this state for hours, and perhaps both ended by going mad. But, no matter how genuinely crazy a woman is, at the slightest suspicion of interruption, her sense of propriety will overcome all other emotions, and she will straighten herself out in no time. This time there was a rustle of silk as Miss Van Tier and Mr. Burlhurlt approached.

'Upon my word I think you two have sat there quite long enough,' shouted Fanny.

'I don't think it's safe to disturb them, Miss Fanny,' said Mr. Burlhurlt. 'Upon

my soul, if I were you I wouldn't be so rash!'

Mr. Burlhurlt was approaching fifty, and a bachelor still. The charms that should conquer him were being nourished in a cradle somewhere, if they had even got so far as that.

But Fanny gave him her archest smile. 'Don't you see they have the only bay window there is?' she whimpered.

'Ah, but there is a precious little conservatory just out of the music room. Sha'n't we go and look at it?' And, nothing loath, without having extracted a word from the culprits in the bay window, they moved away.

When they had gone, 'My dear Tom, my dear brother Tom,' said Mara, 'we have been very foolish, but the storm is over, and now I want you to listen to my story. Once upon a time there was a little girl who, when she first remembers—'

'Mara, Mara! I want you to play the Traumerel to Lord Hardwigge. Come here this instant,' cried Mrs. Ogden. The summons from his lordship was too imperious to be slighted, so Mara went and sat down to her piano; but, for the first time in her life, Mrs. Ogden thought she saw signs of a storm in Mara. Her brown cheek was quite red, and she looked as if she were biting her lips to suppress a 'scene.' Instead of the Traumerel, she stuck up Tam O' Shanter, and pounded and plashed away until Lord Hardwigge really looked as frightened as if all the devils from Alloway Kirk were grinning at him.

CHAPTER V.

MR. STRASBURGER'S CLUE.

When, after two years of impotent endeavour on the part of the Metropolitan Police to track the murderer of George Brand, Mr. Strasburger had been resorted to, that gentleman, with the distrust of his brethren's sagacity natural to his profession, blocked out his own line of investigation upon a track apparently neglected by them. The newspapers, by this time, had ceased to lash themselves into a fury over this last and most memorable proof of Police inefficiency, and now only alluded to the subject in a mildly humorous or social tone. The *Imperium* would inquire gently if any of the detectives had been sent to Auburn—(the State Insane Asylum) from hopeless insanity brought about by their endeavours to track the 'Brand murderer'; and suggested that a strong guard should be stationed to watch nightly the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, since, should they be

stolen, the Metropolitan Police would never be able to trace them and the cost of ten millions expended in construction would be irrevocably lost by the tax-payers—or, when the force took its annual parade, hinted at the danger of a conflagration of the Hudson from the intense brilliancy of that department. The *Weekly Busybody* and *Illustrated Newspaper* published a cartoon representing a desperado who had just murdered a man, kneeling at his victim's side, and calmly plundering his person. The revolver with which he had done the deed, lies smoking at his side, while the murderer is calmly detaching his victim's watch from its chain. A body of Metropolitan police in a hollow square march by. Within the square is a poor, ragged old woman, and the body is headed by a very fat and clumsy officer. The murderer pauses in his work, and accosts the officer: 'I say, George, what have you got now?' to which the response is, 'We've got a woman here that says that we aren't the finest body of police in the world; and by Jove, sir, she'll hang for it, too!'

Occasionally, too, a long list of unavenged murders was published by the *Herald*, including 'the St. Jude's murder,' as the *Herald* persisted in styling it, and asserting that had the *Herald's* plan of pursuit been adopted, that particular mystery would long since have been opened to the day.

The *Herald* is not a Private Detective Office, it would inform its readers, 'but we cannot refrain from remarking, that had the *Herald's* suggestions been acted upon, the soul of the St. Jude's murderer would have long since rested in the limbo of devils awaiting their doom, and the shade of George Brand been appeased. It will be remembered that the *Herald*, within twelve hours after the murder, had discovered the presence in the city on the day of the murder, of a strange man calling himself John A. Grant, of Carondelet, Mississippi, who paid for a passage to Europe on the Scythia, of the Cunard Line; that such name and residence were wholly fictitious; and at the earliest moment, when the Scythia could be reached and searched (namely:—upon her arrival at Queenstown), the *Herald* was able to confirm its suspicions, by laying before its readers evidence that no such passenger, or no passenger answering to his personal description, was on board of the Scythia. In fact that this particular state-room, secured and paid for by the mysterious stranger, was not occupied during the trip, nor was it ever intended to be, since no luggage had been placed in it, and no place at the table secured.

'Now, it is not our business to go further, but if the detectives had followed up this man as they should have done, this case at least, would not have been added to the long and disgraceful list of their incompetencies.

And, to a greater or less extent, the press of the country—especially those suburban sheets who spread before their readers, a "Metropolitan Correspondence," (upon which New Yorkers rely for new and startling information about themselves)—backed the opinion of the *Herald*. But Mr. Strasburger had a clue and a theory of his own, and proceeded to work it. It will be remembered that no money whatever had been found in the murdered man's pockets, and that a heavy gold watch chain—with no watch attached—had been about the only valuable upon his person.

Mr. Strasburger had, however, concluded, by an inspection of the murdered man's vest, that he, in life, had habitually carried a watch. The left hand pocket of the vest showed unmistakable traces of a watch, and from it the detective was able to ascertain, not only its actual size and shape, but to draw pretty tolerable conclusions as to its appearance. The pocket of this vest, indeed (which he had carefully cut out and still retained in his possession,) might be fairly denominated Mr. Strasburger's clue.

Certain detectives—as he took occasion to inform himself—had started off to trace the artist in Italy, who was intimate with Brand, and in whose studio Brand had been murdered. Another had carefully investigated Brand's early history, in search of family quarrels, love affairs, rival inheritances, or money difficulties which should reveal some motive for the mysterious deed.

One of the strangest features of the whole case, was, that the particular pistol, from which the two slugs had been projected into the dead man's brain, could not be traced. True, the Non-Detonating Arms Company had manufactured some forty thousand of that particular 'series,' all, or nearly all, of which had been disposed of, and were beyond the company's possession. But, within a year of the murder, the company had introduced a peculiarity into their manufacture. This new style of pistol had required slugs of a form slightly different from those in the possession of the detectives, and the company were positive that the particular pistol in question—one of the sort—must have been purchased—it purchased within a year of the murder—at their Broadway headquarters, since only there had any of the former pattern been procurable—their agents throughout the country taking only

small supplies, and being at that date only in possession of the improvement. All these details had been carefully ascertained. The cartridges to which the slugs belonged, were of a sort manufactured by a firm in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and their sales had reached millions. Still Mr. Strasburger could not get over the impression that it was wonderful how barren a clue the clue of the slugs had been.

All previous detectives seemed to have adopted the plan of searching, first for a motive for the crime (a method, indeed, having the approbation of most legal minds, as witness a well-known maxim). But Mr. Strasburger's principle was to discard all such things as motives, from his mind. He cared nothing for them. His was the pure inductive system, of slowly proceeding from fact to fact, incident to incident, and circumstance to circumstance. He never speculated, never theorized, never guessed. He simply put this and that together. That was the secret of his successes. Other detectives there were, who had not scrupled to involve the aid of clairvoyance, and to summon 'mind readers' and 'psychologists' without end to their assistance in their quest.

Nor had this case been free from the intrusion of that wonderful sort of general hallucination, which not infrequently accompanies the knowledge of capital crimes, awakening great public interest. The *Herald*, and other great city dailies, had from time to time, since the murder, published long revelations from men confined in penitentiaries in various parts of the country—some as far away as the Pacific Coast—pointing directly to the murderer, indicating him by name, and even detailing the exact plan followed by him in the fatal work. Dozens of men, in State prisons, and out of them, had confessed to be accessories to the deed, and demanded the full penalty of the law to be visited upon themselves. One, cleverer than the rest, a life inmate of a prison in San Francisco, had procured for himself a variation of the monotony of his incarceration, in the shape of a trip across the continent to New York and return, by contriving to impress the authorities with his absolute knowledge of the whole affair—which knowledge he absolutely refused to reveal anywhere, except in the city where the deed was done.

But of all this Mr. Strasburger took neither note nor heed. The deed had been done—by physical means—those physical means must somewhere exist. The weapons of its accomplishment, must—since matter

is indestructible, in some shape or other, be still visible to the naked eye.

The company who manufactured the weapon which carried the slugs, as well as the manufacturers of the slugs themselves, employed hundreds of workmen; each of these had passed through hundreds of hands, from those who shaped the metal, to those who had packed them, registered them in books, and so on, down to the salesman who had handed them over to the counter to the purchaser. Some of these hundreds must be equal to identifying them.

As to the pistol—after it had done its work, it still remained a pistol, and consequently, must be still in existence. If thrown into a furnace, the metal must still be metal, and might be recognized by the artisan who used it first. If the wood, or bone, or ivory, or rubber of its butt were burned, or hacked or broken, fragments would still remain. If sunk in the sea it could be recovered. If hidden, it could be brought to light. The assassin was a man who did not drop from the clouds, or enter upon the scene of his crime through the key-hole. He was a man, and came in by the door in broad daylight. He must, therefore, have been seen to enter by somebody. He went out. There must have been those that saw him go out. He must have either walked to and from the scene of the crime—or have been conveyed in public or private conveyance—upon the public streets, and in broad daylight; in either case, he must have been seen by innumerable people, and, in either case, others must have been concerned in his movements. If he eat anything on the day of the murder, those that waited upon him, or provided his meal, must have known something of, and about him. In short, there is no detail of a man's daily routine so slight, or so trivial, but that others of his fellow-men have been directly employed in some way or other, in their proper duties or vocations, in reference to that detail. There is no act of a man's life that can be forever concealed. If it should become necessary to establish in a court of justice that a certain man, on a certain day, in the privacy of his closet, buttoned the fourth button on his vest, that fact could be established beyond the peradventure of a doubt. How much more surely must the murder of a human being, the release of a human soul by violent hands, from its tenebrous, sooner or later come to be known, without any belief in Providence, in chance, or fact, or fate, or destiny, without any faith in Justice or Divinity, the Divine order of things or the purposes of a Creator?

Mr. Strasburger, who was a plain materia-

list, believing in nothing he could not hear, or see, or touch—had three maxims, under which he evoked, and by virtue of which, at least so it seemed to him, he had never yet failed in a pursuit. These maxims were: first, that 'Murder will out.' That is to say—for so indeed he interpreted the old saw—there is a tendency in all wrongdoing to seek the knowledge and disapprobation of society; second, that 'matter is indestructible'—namely, as we have seen—that nothing material can ever successfully and eternally disappear. Mr. Strasburger's third maxim it is hard to put tersely. It related to the human memory. Perhaps it might be expressed by the proposition that 'the memory of man is practically infallible.' Mr. Strasburger held that this wonderful faculty retained, in its storehouses, every sound heard by the human ear, every picture once printed upon the retina of the human eye, every sensation experienced by the human touch or taste. Whatever the sensuous experience, however minute or instantaneous these senses, that experience is taken up by the human memory and stored; once so stored, that experience, so long as the storehouse exists, this side of the grave, can be referred to. He held that while the process of storing experience, was one wholly unconscious and beyond scrutiny, (though not necessarily so—since efforts to remember, might be, and commonly are successful)—the processes needed to discover and bring out for use the experience so stored, were often the most delicate and subtle; involving only effort on the part of the possessor of the memory, but careful and minute examination and cross-examination on the part of third persons; but, nevertheless, it was Mr. Strasburger's opinion, that if properly worked, it was possible that the storehouse of the human memory should be not only at the service of its possessor, but actually at the service—even against its owner's will—of others: of, let us say, Mr. Strasburger.

By a gentle process, the vest pocket of which we have spoken, was, under Mr. Strasburger's scrutiny, approximated to the form it must have taken when dilated with the watch it once carried; and, when so dilated, a mould of particularly delicate and sensitive plaster, which should almost exactly express the form and size of the watch, was obtained.

Diligent, but always cautious, inquiry was not lacking as to the late curate's watch—however, in other directions. When a detective works a clue, he always works it cautiously. A clue cannot be patented; once suggested, it is of course equally at the service of any other detective, or another who chooses to pursue and bungle it by clumsy

pursuit. Each is therefore chary of disclosing the particular scent upon which he works. Mr. Strasburger was not above the jen'ousy peculiar to his calling. He regarded the past and present record of this watch as the possession which would undoubtedly lead to the murderer's conviction; but it was necessary, in order to so lead, that it should be arrived at by himself alone—little by little, shred by shred, morsel by morsel.

Although Brand, in his life-time, had possessed many friends; strange to say, so far, Mr. Strasburger had been unable to discover one of them who plainly and clearly remembered anything about his (Brand's) watch. Some indeed, could remember, that he had, in the course of conversation, taken it from his pocket and consulted it, as a man will. But no one could be discovered who could describe it. The detective knew of the existence of Olive Gray, the dead man's betrothed, but she had lost her reason, and was, for the present, at least, beyond his reach; though he regarded her—even in her present state—as a last resort, should all others fail. Neither Mr. Gray nor any of his family, however, though solicitous of affording every assistance to Mr. Strasburger's labours, could furnish any details as to the watch. Failing utterly in his inquiries, there, he was obliged to rely upon his own ingenuity and resources. About this time he therefore began to diligently study, or, as we say, to 'cram' upon the subject of watches and watchmaking. He did not, however, read up the subject in encyclopedias or treatises. Nothing was further from his instincts than a book.

It may be doubted, whether he had opened a dozen in the whole course of his life. But he hunted watchmaker's shops; ingratiated himself with the proprietors of some by plausible stories, and with others, where plausible stories would not avail, by telling the truth. There are some men, whose minds are so attuned by their profession or trade, to absolute exactness, that, although notoriously immoral in their convictions about what we call religion or ethics, the least moral obliquity is repugnant to their training, and they would—while admitting no responsibility to a Divine power—as soon contemplate a deviation from exact commercial honesty and truth, as they would contemplate making a watch whose rachets would not articulate, or whose parts would not lie snugly together. By his model, Mr. Strasburger was able to ascertain that the watch was of a now obsolete fashion, such as had ceased to be generally manufactured about forty or fifty years before. Its edges were rounded, and the shape and style of the

whole a double convex, which might be expressed by 'fat.' Now the modern make of watches is undoubtedly of a style rather flat than 'fat'—and the edges are more or less bevelled. From close scrutiny of the mould, Mr. Strasburger concluded also that the watch had been an open face, with a bulging crystal. This also confirmed his earliest suspicions, as to the age of the watch, since the modern open face watch is apt to have a flat crystal, with edges bevelled, to agree with the bevel of the edge of the patch itself. Furthermore, he was enabled, by much study, to ascertain that the watch worn by George Brand—probably an heir-loom of greater or less antiquity—was of gold, of the style known as the 'English lever.' The size indicated by the model he discovered, usually carried a certain number of jewels, necessary to reduce a certain amount of friction; being thereupon known to the trade as 'full jewelled.' These watches were almost invariably from the establishment of one maker, a Liverpool house, that at a certain period—which, compared with George Brand's birth, and the probable age of his parents, corresponded—had flooded the American markets with its wares. So confident did he grow, at last, that he himself drafted the following advertisement, which the *Herald*, in its 'Lost and Found' column, spread one day before its millions of readers:

LOST.—An open faced gold watch, English lever, full (19) jewelled, manufactured by Robert Roskell, Liverpool, 1832, and numbered 27,846. As the same is valuable to the owner, chiefly on account of its associations, a liberal reward, to at least the market value of the watch, will be paid (and no questions asked) for its recovery. Address Z. Z., Herald office. f. w. c. n. H.

The result rewarded his time and research, and proved the accuracy of his calculation. At the end of three days, the following communication reached him in due course:

'Office of Jimmerson & Co.
Licensed Pawnbrokers,
No. — Bowery, New York,
—th 18—

'Z. Z. is informed that the watch advertised for in the *Herald* was received in pawn at this office, about two years ago. As the time allowed by law has expired, any person interested can have the same by paying amount of advance and interest.

Respectfully,

JIMMERSON & Co.
by K.'

The watch in the Messrs. Jimmerson's possession, upon being examined, proved to be

the very counterpart of Mr. Strasburger's advertised description—which he had written, as we have seen, with no guide except a plaster mould of the inside of a vest pocket. On being applied to the vest pocket it exactly filled the bulge indicated by the worn portion; but even Mr. Strasburger smiled at his own infallibility, when on the inside of the under cover of the watch, he read the inscription, 'George Brand, from his Father, March 3rd, 1846.'

It was the Messrs. Jimmerson's custom, on taking an article in pawn, to make duplicate tickets for the same; and retaining one, to give the other to the pawnier. In the present case the ticket attached to the watch was as follows:

JIMMERSON & Co., No. — Bowery.			
187— Nov. 9.		\$	OTS.
20,756	ENGLISH LEVER. F.	80	
Mr. Brown, 184 Broadway.			

The form of the duplicate was, therefore, easily ascertainable. And Mr. Strasburger again resorting to the invaluable *Herald*, inserted the following:

INFORMATION is wanted of the whereabouts of the below described pawn ticket:

JIMMERSON & Co., No. — Bowery.			
187— Nov. 9.		\$	OTS.
20,756	ENGLISH LEVER. F.	50	
Mr. Brown,			
25 per cent per annum, according to law. Not responsible for damage by fire or moth.			

Will be liberally paid for. Address P. E. K.
Herald office. I. f. 2t w. p. n. K.

CHAPTER VII.

'AS MAN NEVER LOVED WOMAN BEFORE!'

Tom woke up in the gray of the morning after Mr. Ogden's dinner, and lay tossing and thinking. He had held Mara in his arms and covered her face with kisses. 'What right had I to do that?' he thought. He had never asked her to be his wife. Never, until a moment before, had he told her that he loved her. Much less had she told him, by any look or sign, that she

loved him. In fact she had distinctly told him that she loved somebody else. In the face of that positive statement he had taken her in his arms and kissed her many times. It seemed as if he had broken recklessly into the Holy of Holies, and sacrilegiously tasted what angels dared not covet, the lips of a pure maiden unvisited of lover man. As he lay there he shuddered at his temerity. But, after he had risen and had his bath, he felt better about it—nay, would not have scrupled to repeat the trespass had the occasion presented itself. That he was not all unforgiven, moreover, witness this note, which was borne to his door an hour or two later:

'My Dear Mr. Frear—

'You did very wrong last night—that is, we were both very naughty indeed—only you were the worst. We must never do so again.

'I was provoked to be interrupted in the long story I had settled myself down to tell you. If you have no better place to lunch, come to luncheon with us, at 2, and stay an hour with me afterwards. I know you lazy artists have no business hours, so you have not that excuse. Do come.

'Sincerely, Mara Ogden.'

Friday.'

Perhaps few men do not know the rapture of the first note of the girl we love. Tom gazed at the oblong envelope and the square paper, and the inevitable uncharacteristic fashionable English hand which every New York young lady is taught to scribble. It was almost precisely the same hand as appeared upon bushels of notes scattered around his studio, stuck in his mirror, and bunched in the corners of his bureau drawers. There was nothing in the note that Mara might not have written to the newspaper; but it was a letter from the girl, that, just now, Tom was in love with, and he hugged it rapturously to his vest. He did not stop to recall the hundreds of precisely similar circumstances under which he had received girls' first notes. After all, Mara was only the last, the last of a long line of favourites. But there was this perennial freshness about Tom that he could be madly in love a dozen times a day, if necessary. In his relations with women, Tom's very brilliancy and attractiveness were his curse. All women liked him at first sight. He could take a woman's hand the first time he met her, and hold it as long as he pleased without demurrer on her part. He might say the softest and most stereotyped things, and women would take them for gospel. But

somehow—such is another of the inconsistencies of women—they liked him so violently at first that they exhausted their liking very rapidly. On the whole, if one could claim to understand anything about a woman, perhaps it is tolerably safe to say that the woman who detests is lost. The man who is detested but persevering, is the man who wins a woman now-a-days.

Tom had, for all his flirtations, seen many girls in his life-time he would have cared to marry. But, although welcomed and coddled, as society coddles everywhere, some speechless, solemn-visaged man, who 'sat around' while Tom flirted with the girl or squeezed her hand—some man who was 'horrid' where Tom was 'just lovely'—some man who came when he wasn't wanted, and stayed until he was sent home—was the man, in the end, who bagged the prize and married the heiress.

Women are dogs—so we said before—but they also are cats. They grow accustomed to inconveniences, and, by and by, to be in love with them. They must like a man better and better, not worse and worse, before they marry him. The man who improves upon acquaintance is better than ten men of whom you know just what to expect—however nice that expectation may be—that is, if you are a woman.

Moreover, Tom was a genius. If he found a girl loved 'society,' he, too, was in love with 'society.' If she liked books, (i.e., novels,) Tom had read all the books she had and could tell her of a hundred more she would enjoy. If she preferred classical music, he worshipped Wagner, and spoke of the Flying Dutchman, and the Bridal March in Lohengrin. If, on the other hand, she admired opera bouffe, he would go into genuine ecstasies over that marvellous French invention, in which French women sing, talk, and laugh all at once, with such marvellous inspiration, and the fascinating melodies of the Grand Duchess and Madame Angot's Child, only he could talk better about it than most men. As to German and Italian music, he loved it, as who does not? Of course he had seen all the pictures in the world, and knew Rafael and Andrea del Sarto by heart. If she adored poetry, he could recite it so, and had upon certain occasions, a very creditable impromptu, as may appear. If she was religious, he could talk religion by the hour.

In all this he was anything but a humbug. For he was a genuinely well-read man. He did love 'society,' he did love books, he did love poetry. He had a masculine enjoyment of the sentiment, at least in re-

higion. He did love Offenbach and opera
Loffe—and could endure even classical
music at an occasional philharmonic, without
winking. Of course he was a genius in every
other attribute, namely—he forgot his door
keys, left his pumps and umbrella behind
him, once in a while, kept his bank account
irregularly, neglected appointments, was late
to dinners, went up-stairs to smoke a
cigarette when it was his duty, instead, to
dance with the lady whose name was on his
card—but in a young unmarried man, es-
pecially in a genius, these things are not
damning. He had a pew at St. Jude's, which
was his diploma of respectability, and Miss
Fanny Van Tier had an exquisite little
prayer-book, carried, hidden somewhere in a
small mass of fragrant Russia and ivory, in
which Tom's masculine hand had written
these verses:

"When thou kneelest, beauteous lady,
In yon chapel, dim and statelily,
And the vesper service faintly
Chanted is, and far:
Let these links of sainted teaching
Be a chain of silver, reaching
Him who stands without, beseeching
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi !

When the sunset, red and golden,
Through the painted window olden,
Falls upon thy fair hands, folden
On the page of prayer,
Let some thought of him—the giver—
Faint and fitful, howsoever,
In thy gentle memory quiver,
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi !

Mid the cloister arches lowly,
Suffer him to wander slowly,
Marring not thy visions holy,
In the censored air—
Though beneath the cold stones laying,
His dead heart would beat, obeying
Each petition of thy praying—
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi !

There were no cloisters at St. Jude's, open
to outsiders, nor had Miss Fanny any holier
visions than balls and dinners and spring
suits in the air (which was not 'censored')
but Miss Fanny thought the lines were
'lovely,' for all that.

Tom sometimes seriously wondered
whether he would ever get further than
groomsman or usher at a wedding. But he
couldn't imagine it, and, moreover, just
now—and—so far as he could see—forever.
he couldn't afford it.

Tom dressed himself very laboriously and
carefully for Mara's luncheon. She wel-
comed his card with delight, and tripped
down-stairs in a way that set him off his
legs. A man who waits in the parlour with
the hall door partly ajar, can tell exactly
what his reception will be, from the patter of
the young lady's feet upon the stairway, as

she descends. If she comes down slowly,
he may well be dubious. If she pauses at
the door before entering, he is lost.

'I'm so glad you've come. There's no-
body to lunch but mamma.'

During lunch not a word was spoken ex-
cept for Mrs. Ogden's ear. Nor was Tom's
heart cheered to find that Mara did not lead
the way to the little cosy window of the mem-
orable night before. They sat, however, in
the library, not far from it, and Mara began
to 'fill in' a pattern for a hassock, destined,
when completed, to excite surprise at her
marvellous skill in upholstery. Tom, man
of the world as he was, had nothing to say.

'I'm going to tell you a long story,' said
Mara.

Tom would have liked to say something
sweet, beginning, 'Why tell it to me, unless,'
etc.—but his heart was in his mouth, and he
only said 'yes,' instead.

'Perhaps you think it's funny that I
should want to tell it to you.'

Here was an opportunity. But although
Tom had held this girl in his arms the night
before, he could only say 'yes' again.

'I don't want you to think better of me
than I am.'

'Impossible!' said Tom.

'Please don't be complimentary. I hate
compliments, any way,' said Mara; 'be-
sides, I thought you were going to be my
brother.'

Nothing was further from Tom's intention
at that moment. He was convinced that if
ever the Platonic relation did exist, with the
bewitching little brunette before him, it was
impossible.

'Well then, I won't,' said Tom, finding
his tongue, 'you shall see how literal I will
be. Please go on.'

'You know that Mr. and Mrs. Ogden are
not my papa and mamma?'

'Yes, I believe I have heard so.'

'They are nothing more to me than the
kindest and dearest friends. Yes, and the
only friends I have in the world,' said Mara
(the last half of the sentence sadly).

'I thought I was your friend?'

'No father nor mother could be kinder
than they are. They don't even correct me
when I am bad, and I am often very bad
indeed.'

Tom did not quite like the direction the
interview was taking, but, although con-
scious that it was his own fault, he did not
quite see how to divert it.

'I don't even know who my father and
mother were.'

At this rate, Tom must say something.
There were pauses enough in Mara's narra-

tive for him to improve, certainly; but he sat there like a stick instead.

"I only know that I was not cared for at all, and was allowed to run in rags. We lived in a great waggon, with a big cloth top."

Tom did begin to get interested.

"I don't know how, I'm sure. I suppose by stealing."

But Tom only sat quietly and said nothing.

"I know you begin to see all regard for me, Mr. Frear."

"Miss Mara, how can you dream of such a thing, when you know so well how I?"

"Well, we lived that way—in summers going from place to place—in winters we lived in a sort of shanty made out of a piece of a freight car, near some railroad. I never knew what it was, for all my life, until I was sixteen years old, to have a bed to sleep on, or a decent dress, or a kind word. Nobody cared for me."

"Mara!"

"I suppose I was stolen from somewhere. I could not have belonged to the people who carried me around. Still, bad as it was, I could not help seeing that I was better cared for than they cared for themselves. There were two men and a woman, and one or two dirty girls and boys, who all huddled together, nights. But I always had a pile of straw to sleep on; and, if they happened to have anything particularly nice to eat, it seemed to be given to me as a sort of matter of course. I imagine now that they must have been expecting a reward or something of the sort for being good to me. I don't suppose that I was ever called for, however. Nobody ever came to see me."

"One night I was lying awake on my straw in the big waggon, when I heard the man and the woman talking. Somehow I fancied they were talking about me, and so I listened. I heard the woman say, "She's old enough to get her bread at any rate;" and then I was sure it was me they were talking of. I don't remember all they said, only I drew enough to find out that I was to be set to earn my own living, and that some woman, at some place in a city, had offered to take me. This was a hot autumn night, and the waggon was standing in a sort of grove. I did not sleep all night, for I was sure some evil was in store for me. As soon as it was daylight, I got up and climbed quietly out of the waggon. I ran as far as I could go, and hid myself. All that day I stayed in a little glen by a little brook. The glen was so dark and deserted that I felt safe. At nightfall, however, I started out. I had not a morsel of anything to eat that

whole day, except a few wild blackberries that I found left on some bushes, which had evidently been long stripped of their fruit. That night I wandered a long ways, and, finally, found myself in a large garden near a great house. Near the house was a trellis covered with grape vines, and the grapes were nearly ripe. I could not resist the temptation, starving as I was. I eat until I could eat no more, and for two or three nights afterwards I visited the trellis regularly and eat all I could. This was actually all I had to eat in those days. One night, however, as I was eating the grapes, I felt a man's arms thrown around me. That man spoke the first kind word to me, Mr. Frear, that I ever heard in my life; and I shall never forget it. If I could serve him by dying this moment, I would die for him.

"I was taken into the house, and he brought me food. He was a young man, perhaps ten years older than I was. He was strong and large—at least to my eyes—but his voice, when he spoke to me was so kind and gentle that I thought he must be an angel. I thought if I could only live to be near him I would work my fingers off. There is nothing I would not have submitted to. While I was eating, I overheard of their conversation enough to find out that the house I was in was not his home—that the gentleman was his uncle, and that he—my angel—was going away the next morning, and my heart sank. I was treated with every kindness the two men could think of. I was put, for the first time in my whole life, into a bedroom with a real bed, but I could not sleep. If he—my angel—were to be there I could stay; but I could not, I felt that I could not live even there if he were not by. So, in the early morning I stole out of the house and went back to my glen. For a long time—it must have been a great many weeks—I lived in the glen by the brook, while at night, I would find my way to the house where they had been so kind to me. At this time I lived upon thieving. There were many other houses with magnificent grounds near the one I had been taken to, and I took apples, peaches and pears from the trees when I could get them, or corn from the gardens. I had not the least idea what to do when it came winter, nor had I even given it a thought. But I thought of the man I had seen, and watched every night to see him again. At last one night I did see him. I went up to him and touched his arm. I cannot tell you anything more. I was in a dream; but he brought me to the house of his uncle—the gentleman whom I had seen with him before—Mr. Ogden's—and then to

my dear, kind friend, Mrs. Ogden. It is to him I owe the home that I have—to him that I owe everything. I would die for him I would die for him!

Mara had dropped her work and was sitting with her small hands clasped upon the table, and her face raised upwards. She was not looking at Tom, but she repeated intensely, as if oblivious of his presence, 'I would die for him—I would die for him.'

'Poor girl,' was all Tom could say.

The words brought her back again.

'I have told you this, Mr. Frear, because I admire you and like you; and because I know Mr. and Mrs. Ogden and all like and admire you. I want you to consider me your sister, Mr. Frear—Tom—and—and—to believe that—you will do me a great favour if you will promise me one thing.'

'What is it, Mara?'

'Promise me that you will never speak to me again as you did last night. I do not deserve it—as you see from my story—I am not worthy of it; but even if I did, and if I were, I love one man so well that all days and nights I think of nobody else. I could not love you or any other man than he; and—' She thought she saw a tear in Tom's blue eye, and so she put her hand on his—'I do like you Tom—I do so like you—won't you promise me?'

'I will promise nothing of the sort,' cried Tom, 'but I will promise to die for you, or live for you—to be your slave, and to love you as man never loved woman before, forever;' and he fell on his knees at her feet.

'To love you as man never loved woman before! Poor foolish boy! Who of us has not thought that he could love as man never loved woman before. But, ah, who can do it? As well think that we alone, of all men, have lived. For is not 'to love' the perfect of 'to live'? And is not 'life the sum of love, and death the loss of it all?'

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BLAU.

The pawnbroking establishment of Messrs. Jimmerson & Co. was situated upon the Bowery, and consisted of two large stone buildings, each five stories in height. It is safe to say that nobody's 'uncle' had ever before attempted pawnbroking upon so vast a scale. And, in reality, the Messrs. Jimmerson & Co.'s business was nothing less than immense. The first story or ground floor of the largest of these buildings was fitted up as a shop for the sale of Jimmer-

son & Co's unredeemed pledges; and it would have required much cogitation and experience to inquire therein for an article not producible from the motley assortment it contained. The very air was dark with the chattels, large and small, which hung from its ceiling; while the shelves lining the long room, the windows and the floor—saving and excepting the little strip allowed for purchasers—were piled with almost every conceivable variety of what Mr. Wemmick would have called 'portable property.' The upper stories of the two buildings were crammed—as also were their cellars and sub-cellars, with such pledges as, having ascended the 'spout,' awaited the expiration of their legal limbo before entering the shop below. But upon the ground floor of the narrower building the Messrs. Jimmerson's stony-hearted business was chiefly transacted. This ground floor formed a long, narrow room, divided lengthways by a counter, breast high. The customer reached through a swinging door in a low doorway, the half in front of this counter, which was divided, by rude board partitions at intervals, into stalls, where customers who wished to hide their faces or their pledges could deal with the man across the counter in privacy. A fraction of the counter nearest the door, however, was open for those fortunate pawnors who feared neither scrutiny nor interruption. Behind the counter was a long low desk, upon which the stock in trade—i. e., the cash which Jimmerson & Co. were anxious to dispose of for about six times its value in merchandise—in tempting heaps of gold, silver, greenback, nickel and copper, was displayed to hungry eyes. The wall above it was hung with innumerable placards and posters, headed 'Stolen,' 'Lost,' 'Reward,' etc., for the guidance of the operators. Above these was a shelf where some dozen varieties of clocks, watched, with white, timeless faces, the remorseless trade of misery and crime.

The methods of an ordinary pawn-shop have been often enough described. But Jimmerson & Co's was no ordinary pawn-shop. At least five men, constantly behind the counter, transacted its business in this wise: Supposing a trinket of gold were offered in pawn. The principal (suspected of being old Jimmerson himself), a harsh, vulgar-looking man, in a cardigan jacket, examined it, and tossed it to a subordinate, who weighed it. Upon its being tossed back, the principal would demand of the customer, 'How much?' And upon being told, would mention a sum—usually about one-fourth that demanded by the customer. If this sum were accepted, a third subordinate took

charge of the pledge, while a fourth prepared certain duplicate tickets. These, upon completion, were handed to a fifth, acting as cashier; who, tearing them apart, handed one with the money to the unfortunate, and gave the other to the man holding the pledge. The person who had pledged George Brand's watch must have passed under at least the inspection of five pairs of eyes; and rumour, besides, asserted that a sixth pair, from some hidden corner of vantage, scrutinized every nephew of my uncle Jimmerson—and all who called were nephews—and that, to this pair of eyes, was attached a memory that was as infallible as History. Whatever truth there might have been in this latter rumour, and whether or not he was the silent partner of this sixth pair of eyes, Mr. Strasburger, once certain that George Brand's watch had been entered through the door, and been passed across the counter, knew that the remainder of his work was only a question of time.

In all ordinary pawnbroker's establishments, customer and proprietor deal with each other at arm's length. The proprietor on his part, well knows that he may be parting with his money for articles which are not the customer's property, to begin with; that, sooner or later, most stolen property gravitate to his shop; and, therefore he trains his eye to catch, and his memory to retain, the face of the man he deals with; while the customer, for his part, knows that his face might as well appear in the Rogue's Gallery on Mulberry Street, as in the retentive memory of 'his uncle.' In dealing with Jimmerson & Co., however, the chances in favour of the detective were multiplied by at least five. Although, George Brand's watch, now in his possession, therefore, had lain two years or more in pawn, Mr. Strasburger did not despair of speedily identifying the person who had pawned it.

At half past nine o'clock one evening, Mr. Jimmerson, Sr., was sitting over a glass of brandy and water, in his own parlour. He was a man of sixty, and was reputed to be worth five millions of dollars, made out of his vast business—(he probably was worth about a third of that sum)—when a note was handed him. He knew the writing well enough. It was very short, and ran thus. "Jimmerson, I want to see you in a hurry, come with bearer. S."—He knew that S. stood for Strasburger, in this instance. It might have been that, at some period of his life, that he had been intimate outside of his legitimate business with Mr. Strasburger; at any rate, Mr. Jimmerson felt under obligations to drop his brandy and water, and to put on his hat.

On reaching the headquarters at Mulberry

Street, he was ushered directly into Mr. Strasburger's private room, and Mr. Strasburger motioned him to a seat.

'Jimmerson,' said Strasburger, 'we took this out of your shop to-day,' and he laid Brand's watch upon the table: 'that watch belonged to the young parson who was murdered on the ninth day of November, two years ago, and was left with you that same day.'

'Two years is a long time,' said Jimmerson, 'a long time to remember a face.'

'Yes, it's a long time.'

'I'll tell you what we'll do. Give me that watch, and give me three days. By that time I'll examine every boy in the shop, and ten to one, will tell you something to help you.'

'Take it,' said Mr. Strasburger and George Brand's watch passed a second time into the possession of Mr. Jimmerson.

The rest of the conversation was conducted in so low a tone, that this chronicler is unable to report it; but possibly the above fragments will satisfy the reader.

The publicity which an advertisement inserted even in the remotest corner of the *Herald*, receives, is something immense. For not only do many thousands of individuals, in the city and without it, scrutinize its columns daily, but thousands besides, all over the land, actually transact their business through them, actually requiring no other capital for their trade than the *Herald*, taken crisp and fresh with their coffee. Three days after the last advertisement—the one our readers will remember, asking for information as to the pawn ticket—Mr. Strasburger had another caller.

This caller was an unmistakable child of Israel—a tribe that learned, very early in its history, to grow rich out of the miseries of others. Moses himself, (not the Moses of Chatham street, but the great original Moses,) was not unaware of the tendencies of his race, and in the nineteenth verse of the twenty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, endeavoured to regulate their ruling passion, by forbidding them to fleece each other. And indeed they seem to have succeeded in satisfying themselves upon the Gentiles, until the time of their return from captivity, when the sufferings of their own race were too abject not to be taken advantage of, and they began, as Nehemiah in the opening verses of his fifth chapter tells us, to take mortgages of each other, not only upon lands, but upon wives and daughters as well. The present child of Israel was a dog, who relished dog equally with other flesh. His name was Blau; he was fat and dirty as any of his tribe are capable of be-

coming. His dirty hands were tipped with a rim of jet black under his long nasty nails, and covered with diamond rings. His face was a perfect hawk's face, and his stubby hair and unkempt beard added to its repulsiveness. Mr. Blau was a money lender, of course. He was a pawnbroker, without a license, whenever expedient. He was, in short, anything except—what he invariably described himself to be—an honest man. His ostensible business was that of a broker in Messrs. Jimmerson & Co.'s pawn tickets. At least every caller upon the establishment was mutely proffered, upon going out or coming in, a card setting forth Mr. Blau's willingness to serve in that capacity. He was a small flea, upon the back of a large flea, and his aim (although we mix the metaphor) was to suck another drop from the orange which Jimmerson & Co. had already squeezed dry. So long as Messrs. Jimmerson & Co. adhered to their practice of selling money for five times its value in merchandise, Mr. Blau—who was pretty sure—sure enough to take any chances—that they would, could safely advance a few pennies for the ticket calling for that merchandise, and find his profit in it. His place of business was in as unholy and squalid and stinking a garret as Baxter street possessed; and he carried his valuable pledges upon his own vile and nasty person.

Mr. Blau brought a bouquet of villainous stench into Mr. Strasburger's presence: but that gentleman allowed no personal considerations to interfere with his calling. He, Blau, had been sent—he said through his nose—by Jimmerson & Co., and his narrative, as translated for the assistance of the reader was in this wise. He had seen the *Herald's* advertisement, an unrecognized description of the pawn ticket. Although an honest man, standing within pale of the law, he had been too shrewd to communicate his valuable identity to the initials used, and had called on Jimmerson instead. Jimmerson had sent him here. He proceeded to state then that he was a public benefactor, in that he enabled unfortunate persons, who called on Jimmerson & Co., to obtain from five to ten per cent. more for their personal property than they otherwise could. He transacted his business personally. Except the boy mentioned, he had no agents or assistants. Of course he shared with Jimmerson & Co. the risk of receiving stolen goods. In the course of his business, a person, some time ago, had called upon him and offered the ticket in question. He had stated, however, that he did not wish to sell it; that he had the money necessary to redeem the watch it called for, and plenty

besides. What he wanted was only that Mr. Blau should go through the form of redeeming the watch from Jimmerson & Co. in his stead. The stranger was quite willing to pay Mr. Blau for his services, whatever he might ask—in any event, as much as he could possibly make by buying the ticket outright. Upon being asked why he did not redeem the watch himself, the stranger had said that he was sensitive—that he was afraid of being seen going into a pawn shop, and so forth; although he admitted to having himself, in an assumed name, pawned the watch in person. Mr. Blau, however, as he stated, had declined so unusual a proposition. He understood his own business, had calculated the chances, and was willing to undertake the risk involved therein. But he thought he snuffed mischief, and had, at first, utterly declined the business; confident, from the man's manner, that there was some trap or trouble involved for the presenter of the ticket. He had not calculated the chances of any other sort of business than his own, and was not prepared to enter any other. Subsequently, however, he had offered to redeem the watch if the stranger would leave his real name and address, giving Mr. Blau a day to verify it. But this the stranger had declined to do; and had finally gone away, taking the ticket with him. Upon being asked for a description of the man, Mr. Blau had been very positive that he was a short man, say about five feet two or three inches in height, ruddy face, brown hair and eyes, short brown side whiskers. He had worn a high black hat, and black broadcloth clothes, and had impressed him (Blau) as being a little bit 'seedy.' His manner, especially, was noticeable as excessively nervous and timid. Mr. Blau seemed disappointed upon finding that he was to receive no adequate reward for his information, as he maintained; but was finally disposed to take fifty dollars down, and he, in case any further sum should be forthcoming, left his address.

Scarcely a day elapsed before Mr. Strasburger received the watch by the hand of a messenger, together with a note or memorandum, as follows:

'The person who pawned a gold open-faced watch with us, November 9th, 18—, was, we think, a young man, about five feet three inches high, red face, with short brown side whiskers, brown hair and eyes, clothes very much worn—seemed nervous and frightened while doing the business—left money upon the counter upon going away, but returned for it. J. & Co.'

Upon reading this memorandum, Mr. Strasburger allowed himself a second little smile. At this rate the murderer of George Brand would be in the Tombs in twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER VIII.

'I PAWNEED THE WATCH.'

'At this rate the murderer will be in the Tombs in twenty-four hours,' Mr. Strasburger had said, and he rarely was mistaken in his prophecies. In this case, however, he was at fault. When the twenty-four hours he had given himself had elapsed, the man who had pawned the watch had been in the Tombs fully sixteen hours. But, as the reader has known all along, he was not the murderer. The note from Jimmerson & Co. had reached Mrs. Strasburger at ten o'clock of a Monday morning. At eleven, a District Telegraph boy had brought him a line to this effect:

'Come at once, as quick as you can. Bring or send for Frear. OGDEN.'

Mr. Strasburger touched a bell upon his table. 'Send Doyle here,' he said to the man who answered it.

Mr. Doyle was a tall, black-haired Irishman. We generally beware of black-haired Irishmen, and certainly Doyle was a man to beware of. In the almost innumerable paintings of scenes from Goethe's poem, one observes that artists have contrived to give Mephistopheles his expression of serio-comic-devilishness, by a certain drawing down of the inner corners of the eyes. Now the inner corners of Doyle's eyes pointed down. His face and grin would have been invaluable in one of those middle age masques, of miracle plays, wherein the Devil was always the clown. It would not have required much attention to believe that such a malignantly wicked grin—such a thin cut, sharp-pointed nose, such oblique and desperate looking black eyes, such cold, compressed and sinister lips, such a long black moustache, with skyward pointing ends, and such straight coal black hair, could only frontispiece a man to whom murder, arson, rape, burglary and theft were daily and familiar tasks. And yet, many a time this face had stood next outside the felon's dock, as an embodiment of law and justice; while, within it, a mild angelic looking man, whose countenance beamed with love and good-will, rested there, on his journey to dungeon or gibbet.

When the devil appeared to M. Cuvier,

and said, 'Monsieur, I have come to eat you,' Cuvier replied, 'Pardon me, Monsieur, but you have horns and hoofs, and therefore you are not carnivorous.' But we have allowed man's features to mean one thing, and birds' features and beasts' features, to mean another. A fish in the sea, whose tail is divided into unequal flukes, like a shark's, is always a ravenous fish. A flying thing, whose wings are scoloped outwardly, like a bat's, is always a loathsome and noxious thing. The brute creation never lies; but who has not seen ugly and sinister-looking men, the very embodiment of the justice and mercy of the States?

Upon one of his own cards Mr. Strasburger scribbled a line, and handed it to Doyle.

'An artist named Frear, Number 36 Studio Buildings. Take him to Mr. Ogden's office, No. 12 Jauncey Court. Witness.'

The accustomed understrapper was to draw from these instructions that Frear was to be carried, whether he would or no; but to be led to consider himself as going quite of his own accord. Doyle had executed many such missions in his time. To tell the truth, Mr. Strasburger was not quite sure that Mr. Tom Frear might not be of service at some stage in the St. Jude's Investigation.

When Mr. Strasburger arrived at Mr. Ogden's chambers in Jauncey Court, he was ushered into the lawyer's private apartment. He was not alone, however. In a corner, by a dim window opening upon the Court itself, sat the man who had pawned George Brand's watch. Mr. Strasburger knew him in a moment.

'Good morning, Mr. Strasburger. Where is Frear?' said Mr. Ogden.

'Sent for,' replied the detective, who rarely ever wasted words upon understood and trite civilities between man and man.

'Will you wait until he comes, or will you hear this man's story now? It is very strange,' said Mr. Ogden.

'I will have it before the witness gets here. So make haste,' said Mr. Strasburger to the man. 'What is your name?'

'Lucius Core, sir.'

Indeed he was a nervous man, 'Fidgety,' would have expressed it better. His fingers twitched, his eyes winked, his feet drummed alternately on the floor.

'Did you pawn this watch on the ninth day of November, 18—?' demanded the detective, producing George Brand's watch.

'Yes, sir, and—'

'Well, go on with your story.'

'I am a very poor man, sir. I am in the insurance business; that is, I go around among men I know, or whose names I get out of the Directory, and into offices, and ask if you want your life insured? If you say no, I go out. If you say yes, I go and get you a policy—and the Company pays me a percentage out of the premium. It is a very poor business, sir, very poor, indeed—I have come as near starving to death as a man can come and live.' And he wiped his forehead with a large and not over clean handkerchief.

'Go on,' said Mr. Strasburger who was looking out of the window into Wall street.

'Yes, sir. I say I'm in the insurance business, but I do anything in the way of business to make a living. Sometimes I get a commission to buy things, or I sell things by sample. Oh, sir, I have had a hard life these ten years.'

'Go on,' said Mr. Strasburger, again.

'Yes, sir. As I was saying, sometimes business would be so bad that I couldn't get anything to put into my mouth. Nobody wanted insurance. When people saw me coming on the street, they would begin shaking their heads a block, or, may be, two blocks off. Well, sir, in such times as these, there was only one thing to do. If I wanted to live, I used to beg. Not on the public streets—oh, no, sir, I don't mean that. I had one friend, George Brand, the man who was shot, sir—who was murdered, I mean.'

Mr. Strasburger looked round abruptly. 'Who said he was murdered?' he said, in a harsh voice, that added no composure to the countenance of Mr. Lucius Cora.

'I think he was murdered, sir.' Then, after a pause, he proceeded. 'Very often I used to go to George and say, "George, I haven't eaten anything for twenty-four hours." He knew how poor I was. God bless him, sir! and he would always give me something. Often he would go himself to a restaurant with me, and give me a great dinner. He was so good to me, sir, that I would almost rather have starved than trouble him so much; and I never went to him unless I could actually get nothing in any other way. Well, sir, it happened that in November I had done pretty well. Among other things, a young man in the Club, on Fifth avenue, named Ogden, the same name as yours, sir, (turning to Mr. Ogden) had given me several commissions to attend to; and one day, when I brought him something he wanted—for I do most any-

thing, sir, sell stationery, neck-ties, suspenders, soap, most anything on commission, sir—I think this that I brought young Ogden at his Club was a box of stationery—he said to a friend of his, another young man, "Polly, this fellow is a very useful sort of person. He'll buy you almost anything on a commission." This man he called Polly—whose name was Pollard Curtis, took a very curious scarf pin out of his pocket and showed it to me. "I'll give you a hundred and twenty-five dollars if you'll duplicate that for me."

'I think the head of it was about an inch square, and flat; and it had the design of two cranes standing among reeds—the background was of one sort of gold, and the design of another, and some of the design was worked out in small diamonds. At any rate, sir, I happened once to see, in a jeweller's store—a small store, sir, where one wouldn't look for such costly things, in Brooklyn—I used to live in Brooklyn, that is, I slept there for a time; I live most anywhere, sir—and as I thought he meant what he said, I told him I would do the commission for him. Well, as to the pin, I had been in the habit of looking at the jewellery displayed in the window in Brooklyn, sir, and I was certain I had seen the same thing. The young man assured me that he would take it for a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and I believed him. I examined the pin carefully, but, as I could see, Mr. Curtis didn't want to let me take it away with me—people don't confide in persons who wear seedy coats, sir—and as I am very sensitive about being refused, I didn't like to ask him. But I looked at it carefully, and then went over to the store in Brooklyn. They offered me that pin for a hundred dollars. Twenty-five dollars was an object to me, I can assure you, sir. I hadn't had so much money at one time for years, sir. Well, I told the jeweller that I wanted the pin to sell again, and that I would give him a hundred dollars, but I wanted three days to raise the money. He laughed. "I won't give you three hours. I may sell it in fifteen minutes to somebody who is on the way here now." But I thought of the profit I was to make, and I persevered. "Well," said I, "I want the pin and I haven't got the money—I can't get it to-day (it was four o'clock)—but I'll come round at nine o'clock to-morrow, and if you have it, will you give me half an hour to raise the money." "To-morrow's election day," says he, "and we shut up at 9." "Well, then," said I, "can I have it at five o'clock to-night?" It was then just about striking three, as I saw by the regulator before me. I don't think the shopkeeper thought I meant business, but

he said, careless-like, "Yes, you can have it for one hundred dollars at five o'clock;" and turned off to do something else.

"I had nobody to go to but George. It was a push to go up to Tenth street and back in two hours, but I thought I'd try it. I found George, luckily, at the studio in Ninth street—I told him what I have told you, and that I had a chance of making twenty-five dollars, enough to live on for a month. "My boy," says George—I remember his very words, as indeed I ought to, since they were the last I heard him speak, "I haven't got that much money, but I'll give you all I've got." He had only six dollars, and that took every cent, even to pennies, he could find in his pocket. "But," says I, "that's no use to me, unless I have more." Then he thought a minute, and took his watch out of his pocket. He took it from his chain, and handed it to me.

"There," said he, "you might be able to raise the rest on that. You can take it up with what you get on the pin." I was in too much of a hurry to thank him, for I wanted to get down to the pawn shop before it closed, and then get over to Brooklyn.

"Well, sir, I pawned the watch. But I didn't get to the jeweller's in time. When I did get there, a boy was putting up the shutters; but he said the proprietor would keep open on election day from two to four. So I determined to buy the pin yet. On the afternoon of the election day, I bought the pin and paid a hundred dollars for it, and started for the Club. When I got there, I waited two hours for Mr. Curtis, but he didn't come. I couldn't find him that day; and the next morning I heard of the murder. I ought to have come right up and told all this before, sir, I know, but I was afraid. There was such an excitement at the time that I was afraid I would be arrested for the murder, and so I kept putting it off, and off, until—well, to be frank, sir—until I had to pawn the pin itself, as I had the watch. I didn't mean to be dishonest, sir; but, you know, when a man is starving, if he has money in his pocket he can't resist buying something to eat with it, sir. Well, I kept on and on, hoping to be able to take the watch up and return it to the authorities, but I never did; and the longer I put it off, the more frightened I grew; and the thought of telling this would throw me into a cold perspiration. One day I did have money enough to take up the watch, but I was afraid to go for it myself, and tried to get a Jew to do it for me, but he wouldn't, and that chance went like the rest. But I saw

the advertisement in the *Herald*, and I knew people were on my track. And now I've told it, and I feel better."

The weak, miserable, vascillating man, leaned back in his chair and wiped his face again. Nobody seemed to notice him. Mr. Ogden and the detective were in consultation. When at last Tom arrived, and entered, followed by Doyle, Mr. Ogden greeted the young artist warmly. Doyle himself sunk into a chair between the door and the poor creature by the window.

"My dear Frear, we regret our obligations to trouble you. But Mr. Strasburger has one or two questions to put to you," said Mr. Ogden, in his pompous, good-natured way.

"I beg pardon of Mr. Strasburger," said Mr. Tom Frear,—whose sufferings under the silent surveillance of the horrible Doyle had nerved him, to his own surprise, "and, if necessary, I will also beg pardon of the fellow that brought me here; but, as I haven't killed anybody, or set fire to anybody's house, I don't propose to be hounded in this sort of style any longer. The next time anybody is to be murdered, I'll murder 'em myself and hang for it, if convenient to everybody; but d—n me if I'll hang for nothing, any more."

"Well then, Frear, I believe I know all that is required of you; so I'll ask you if you ever happened to see that person before?" And Mr. Ogden pointed to the abject form of Mr. Lucius Core.

Tom looked at him carefully. "That's the man that followed me down stairs from the fourth floor of the Studio Buildings the afternoon before Brand was murdered," said he, confidently.

"You know him?"

"Perfectly."

Mr. Ogden bowed. "I believe that's all, Mr. Strasburger," said he.

Mr. Strasburger bowed.

"Good-morning, sir," said Tom, and in an instant the door had slammed behind him.

"Doyle, you stay here with this man," said Strasburger. "Mr. Ogden and I have business;" and accordingly they passed outside. When the door was shut, Strasburger said in a tone of illy-concealed contempt, "That man couldn't murder a cat. He must be arrested, though. If necessary, we can hold him for the larceny of the watch."

"Or of the money," said Mr. Ogden.

The verdict of the lawyer and the detective evidently was unfavourable to Mr. Lucius Core's worthiness to behave for murder. Had he been the murderer they were seeking they would possibly have respected him; as he was innocent, they despised him. And

so it is everywhere. Better be wicked than weak. But he must be arrested, nevertheless. Two years had passed. The Brand murder was invariably alluded to when a synonym for the inefficiency of the New York Police was required. At least it must appear that they were not idle. Mr. Strasburger wore on his watch chain, a tiny steel whistle. He put this to his lips, and blew gently. At that instant the horrible Doyle, catching the sound within the private room, rose and laid his hand upon Lucius Core's seely shoulder, 'You are my prisoner,' said he.

CHAPTER IX.

JOB PIERCE.

The same shambling nervousness and unmanliness which had kept the wretched Lucius Core from presenting himself and accounting for George Brand's watch, at the time of the murder, had led him to call upon Mr. Ogden and make a clean breast of it, as soon as he found that the watch was being traced. The world is full of just such men, who have not moral courage enough either to lie or tell the truth. They dare be nothing else than spaniels. Let a man be of this sort and he may as well calculate on a spaniel's fortune. Nothing will go well with him. He who fears the worst will always experience the worst. The man who lays a wager it would cripple him to pay, or who dreads losing it, as sure as fate, will lose that wager. It is only brave men who win, in this world.

It might be supposed that, after the long and patient circumstantiality of Mr. Strasburger's pursuit, the ultimate result of his clue would have disconcerted him. Not in the least. To be sure, he had believed that the man who pawned the watch would ultimately turn out to be the murderer of George Brand. To be sure, he had been wrong in his speculations, but not wrong in his clue—wrong in his guess work, but not in his facts. More than ever was he convinced that he was reaching the right track. He never despaired. If, instead of the poor emaculated specimen of humanity he had caused to be locked up in the Tombs, his clue had developed the object of his search, he would have been satisfied, as expecting no more. As it was, he had been equally prepared for loss. For it must not be supposed that, in his search for the watch, he had overlooked other opportunities for his detective skill. Upon the first narration of the circumstances he was to trace their sources, he had seized upon the fact that the murdered man had a betrothed. It was, there-

fore, a matter of course that he should have acquainted himself accurately with the early history of the betrothed girl. When, in this history, he had met the name of Paul Ogden, he had been guilty of no laches in learning the story of Paul Ogden's life. In ascertaining the antecedents of the murdered man, he had aimed to know of his acquaintance—of his friends and his enemies. Mr. Strasburger knew nothing of that attribute of humanity called Love, except as he was obliged to meet it in his daily experience—its material phase of lust, or, let us say, passion. But he was as well aware of its omnipotency, as he was of the power of compressed air or of steam. It was merely a fact in natural philosophy to him. It was nothing new to him, then, to associate Paul Ogden's name with the name of the murdered man; and, in the classification of the murdered man's acquaintance, he had set down Paul Ogden as a man who ranked among his enemies, rather than among his friends, as naturally as he would have carried ten units to the tens' column when he added up his disbursements for a collection from a client. Nor had he, by any means, overlooked the name of Paul Ogden, or of Paul Ogden's Club, in Lucius Core's narrative.

Lucius Core was in the prisoner's room of the Tombs, one day. He was not man enough to calculate the small chance an innocent man stood of swinging, in a community where not one guilty in five hundred ever meets his deserts, he felt himself already doomed to the gallows, and wept and moaned, as no guilty man ever did yet. The burglars and murderers with whom he was compelled to meet, in that dismal holiday of despair, despised him for a spiritless apology for a prisoner and a brother, unworthy of the Tombs and of their society; and the general impression in that precinct, which had witnessed so much of the mere animal in humanity, as had been Mr. Strasburger's, was, that he was far too little of a man to do anything, good or bad. One day, as he sat upon a bench in the assembly or reception room of the prison, drumming listlessly with his fingers upon his knees, Mr. Strasburger himself stood before him.

'I want you. Come with me,' said Mr. Strasburger, very curtly, for he could not waste words, at least upon a man of such calibre.

It was not the nature of the man Core to demur to any direction. All his life-time, anybody's word but his own, had been law to him. He rose and followed the detective. Mr. Strasburger led the way, through a slit

in the wall, where a turnkey stepped aside to admit him, along a narrow corridor, between rows of grated cells, until another turnkey admitted them into a small room, a cell itself, to all intents and purposes, except that it was about eight feet square, had two grated windows, and was furnished with a table and several chairs. Lucius sank into a chair at a motion from the detective, and the door was closed.

It was not a chamber of duress, but a chamber of torture, in which the miserable wretch found himself. He was only summoned to a cross-examination; but with the small black eye of the detective upon him, that was, as we have seen, even under the most favourable circumstances, an ordeal to be coveted by none.

'On the morning of that election day two years ago, the day this murder took place, where were you,' said the detective, carelessly, as he locked the door, and, stuffing his hands in his pockets and spreading his legs apart as far as they would go, steadily regarded his shrinking victim.

'I was at my room in the fourth storey of No. —, Market Street, sir.'

'Did you breakfast that morning?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Where?'

'In my room. I made my own coffee, and I had some rolls in a cupboard.'

'When did you leave your room?'

'At about nine o'clock.'

'Where did you go?'

'I went up to the Mercantile Library.'

'Did you go on foot?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What did you do at the Mercantile Library?'

'I went into the reading-room and looked over the papers.'

'Are you a member of that Library?'

'O no, sir; but I go in there and read, just the same; nobody ever asks any questions'—

'How long did you stay there?'

'Until afternoon, sir; about half past twelve, or may be one.'

'Where did you go then?'

'I went out on Broadway and took a South Ferry stage going down. I was going to Brooklyn, after the pin that Mr. Curtis of the ——— Club was to purchase from me.'

'Was there anybody you knew in that stage, when you entered?'

'No sir; except'—

'Did anybody you knew get into the stage before you left it?'

Lucius Core paused to think. After a moment, he said, 'Yes sir, one man.'

'Who?'

'His name was Paul Ogden; he was the

man who had introduced me to Mr. Curtis; and, besides, I had often executed commissions for him.'

'Did you speak to him?'

'We nodded, and he might have addressed some remark to me.'

'Where did he take the stage?'

'I think it was down-town, somewhere; but I don't think I knew precisely, even at the time.'

'About where?'

'Down-town somewhere; about two-thirds of the way to South Ferry, perhaps, sir. I really can't remember any nearer than that. O sir, what are they going to do with me? When are they going to try me? I haven't done anything, except'—

'Don't speak, except to answer my questions. I have no time for yours. Are you sure that you met Ogden that day?'

'Yes, sir, because I saw him twice afterwards, on that same day'—

'Where?'

'Why you see, sir, after I had got up to the Club with the pin, and found that Mr. Curtis was not there, they let me stand in the hall and wait for him. While I stood there, this same Mr. Ogden rushed in, with a large parcel done up in brown paper under his arm.'

'What sort of a looking bundle?'

'Well, it was of an irregular shape. I couldn't tell—it was about as large as *that*, and he placed his hands about a foot apart.'

'What colour of paper was it wrapped in?'

'A sort of light brown paper.'

'Could you tell the colour of that paper again if you saw it?'

'I—I think—yes sir. I think I could.'

'Did Ogden say anything to anybody in the Club?'

'He asked if some room was vacant, I think. I think he mentioned some room by the number.'

'He mentioned a number?'

'Yes sir.'

'How did you know it was a room?'

'I got that impression.'

'Well, go on.'

'The hall man told him that it was empty; and he ran up-stairs. Pretty soon afterwards—it could not have been more than ten minutes—he came down again with the same bundle under his arm, and went out. I have never seen him since that day. He is a relative of—that is, his name is the same as the name of'—

'That is merely a coincidence of names. Do you know that he is a relative, of your own knowledge?' said Mr. Strasburger, who did not care to involve matters at this juncture.

'O no sir, I only—'

'Well, you can get out now,' said the detective, turning the key. They passed out, Strasburger first, and mingled with the crowds in the large reception room of the prison, where the less dangerous inmates are allowed to congregate at certain hours of the day. Mr. Strasburger moved rapidly through these, and was about passing out of the doorway, past the armed turnkey, when a large heavy man stepped immediately in his path and confronted him. This man was dressed in a very old and shabby pair of trousers, and a coarse blue flannel shirt. For the rest, he was barefooted, and bareheaded. His hands were huge and hairy. The hair of his head grew down and mingled with his unkempt beard, and his throat, which was bare, was also a mass of black grizzly hair. He was almost a foot taller than Mr. Strasburger, who looked like a pigmy beside him.

'Get out of my way, Job Pierce, and let me pass,' said Mr. Strasburger, calmly.

'Ay, an' if I let you pass now it will be the last time you'll ever be let to pass, John Strasburger.' He did no stir his great frame, but continued: 'Are you going to say the word that let's me out of this, or not?'

'You are a fool, Job Pierce,' said the detective; 'you know as well as you need to know, that I have no power to let you out. I can put men in here, and so can you, for that matter; but neither you nor I can take them out. The law must do that.'

'You lie,' muttered Job Pierce.

'Turnkey, will you move this man so that I can get out?' said Mr. Strasburger, raising his voice.

The turnkey made a pass at Job Pierce with his club, and he slunk away, and mingled with the wretched crowd beyond. When Mr. Strasburger stepped out upon Centre Street, he hailed a Fourth Avenue car, and rode down to the City Hall Park. Having reached the Park, he ascended the iron steps of a large brown stone building which adjoins that unfinished pile of rotten marble which perpetuates the memory of a wicked Tweed and certain innocent taxpayers—(a sort of Abelard and Heloise, over whose story tears are yet shed). In the second storey of this building is the office of the District Attorney; and upon entering this, Mr. Strasburger's well-known face procured him an immediate audience with the great public prosecutor himself, who was munching a sandwich in a small private office.

When Mr. Strasburger had anything to say, he went and said it. He had never

written, up to this time, a letter of more than a line in length in his life.

'Mr. Kay,' said Mr. Strasburger, 'I want to see you about the man Lucius Core, arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the Brand murder, two years ago.'

'There is such a man, is there?' asked Mr. Kay: and he pressed a finger bell upon his table. 'Send Cobbler here,' he said to a boy who answered it.

'Cobbler was a sixteenth assistant deputy District Attorney's seventeenth clerk. It was understood, however, that Cobbler was Memory Man in General to the Department of Public Justice of the city of New York, and at everybody's service. Indeed, the duties of the other overworked assistant deputies and clerks of that Bureau were supposed to consist chiefly of calling for 'Cobbler' from 10 A. M. until 3 P. M. at the top pitch of their lungs. Not infrequently, however, their duties were lightened by the abbreviation of 'Cobbler' to 'Cobby' and 'Cob.'

Cobbler, a small, thin, wiry-looking man of sixty or thereabouts, on answering his chief that such a man was confined in the Tombs at that moment, was dismissed, and Mr. Kay bent his head to listen to the detective's speech.

'Mr. Kay, there is not the slightest evidence against this man Core. He is a poor, weak, drivelling thing, who isn't worth wasting prison fare upon. But he is just now valuable, and, if possible, we must keep him where he is—'

'We can't keep a fellow in the Tombs unless he's done something, or somebody makes a complaint against him, you know. You see we have to be pretty careful now. Everybody is howling for Reform, and the Comptroller looks up the accounts pretty sharp. We can't afford to board people at the city's expense, unless they've done something to justify it,' said the great man, with his mouth full of sandwich.

Mr. Kay's office was supposed to net him, in salary and perquisites, from thirty to forty thousand yearly; and to pay this sum, it was necessary that nobody should board at the first class hotel, maintained by the city treasury at seventy-eight cents a day, unless the boarder had remunerated the city that amount in crime of some sort.

'Nevertheless, the public safety must be made to justify it; and,' lowering his voice, 'if he can be kept there one month, I undertake, upon my professional reputation, at the end of that time to give you the name of the Brand murderer. I can't say as much for the man himself. He may have

to be extradited, for all I know, but at any rate I'll give you his name.'

'I guess we can manage it somehow,' said Mr. Kay; and, indeed, it is to be guessed that he could, too. One was merely to manage to do nothing long enough, and a guiltless man, once passed the Egyptian portal of the Tombs, might rot in perfect peace. But as for Lucius Core, he was of a contented disposition that thrived well on any fare, provided it came regularly three times a day, an average which, so far, precarious meals earned in his general commission business had hardly equalled—so let us hope he did not rot.

'And now, Mr. Strasburger, what can we for you?'

'One thing. There is a man in the Tombs named Job Pierce—only larceny—loaf of bread or pie, or something of the sort; but he appears to believe that somehow or other, I am hunting him down. He is an unscrupulous man; he has already threatened me personally, and I am convinced that if he were set at large, my life wouldn't be worth an hour's purchase.'

This was serious. Mr. Strasburger was the Infallible Detective of the Force, and nobody knew it better than Mr. Kay.

'We will see to that, you may be sure. Good morning.' And as Mr. Strasburger passed the door, Mr. Kay made a memorandum with his pencil upon the surface of his desk, which was covered with a large sheet of yellow blotting paper, and drew a second sandwich from among the last batch of indictments stuffed away in his table drawer.

CHAPTER X.

FIRST TRIAL BALANCE OF MR. STRASBURGER'S LEDGER.

If any of Mr. Strasburger's associates had met him, as he left the Public Prosecutor's offices, they would have been surprised to notice symptoms of personal excitement quite unknown in his usual stolid demeanour.

Once or twice before reaching the street exit of the brown stone building, he stopped, hesitated, and began to reascend. He finally turned, however, and continued on his way. In short, the placid, taciturn Mr. Strasburger was excited. Perhaps, it was that he had staked his professional reputation to Mr. Kay upon the hazard of the new die he was about to cast; perhaps he had fears of his own personal safety from the ruffianly-looking man who had threatened him. At any rate, for the first time in his life, he showed symptoms of considerable personal

excitement. At the corner of Centre and Chambers street, he hailed a Fourth avenue car going up; but after riding a short distance he grew restive at its lumbering gait. Although London, the most conservative of cities, possessed an underground railroad which, practically, annihilated all distances within her borders, at this date, New York, the most radical and progressive of cities, had, absolutely no rapid transit at all. The difficulties in the way of rapid transit in the latter city, were not theoretical: the want was one acknowledged to be vital on all hands. Neither were the difficulties financial. The needed millions had been proffered over and over again. Neither were the difficulties practical. Engineers had submitted plans without number, which other engineers had pronounced accurate and feasible. The difficulties were rather—if we may so express it—legal. As we are told in the fifth verse of the fourth chapter of Ezra, that, whenever the children of the Captivity undertook to build up any needed improvement, their adversaries 'hired counsellors against them to frustrate their purpose,' so also, from motives either of private cupidity and greed, or otherwise, whenever rapid transit, so far, had been suggested in New York, there were sufficient counsellors hired against its projectors, to frustrate their purpose.

There are times when the swiftest lightening express train ever moved by steam on an iron track, will travel too slowly for one rapid brain. No wonder that the lumbering Fourth Avenue car was too slow for Mr. Strasburger. He stepped out, and hailed a coupe.

Arrived at the headquarters in Mulberry Street, he bade the driver await him, and ascended to his chambers. Then, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, he sat down to draw off a first trial balance from his books, that he might know exactly how far he had gone upon his errand of detection, and apprehend his own bearings for the future. Although the clue of the watch had failed to develop, in the person of the pawnor, the murderer of George Brand, yet the pursuit of that clue had afforded another, which Mr. Strasburger had caught upon at once, as invaluable. That clue was Paul Ogden. Do what he would, turn where he might, the name of Paul Ogden confronted him. According to Mr. Strasburger's Journal and Day Book, the prisoner Lucius Core had three times seen Ogden upon the day of the murder. Now this Ogden had been a sort of rival of the murdered man's; that is, he had been a lover, a rejected lover of the girl to whom the murdered man, at the date of his death, had been betrothed. Ogden had

probably smarted at his dismissal by his lady love. Few men care to receive their conge direct from a lady, however apt to get up from their knees and walk away on their own account. There Mr. Strasburger stuck a pin, and made a memorandum to fully ascertain the circumstances of the broken engagement. It may be safely affirmed, that no engagement between young people is ever broken without pain to at least one of the parties. At least Mr. Strasburger believed that such were the probabilities, and he determined to probe even hearts to the bottom, and find out which had suffered the pang.

Now each of these three occasions had been peculiar—not wonderful, or in the least more than ordinary—but, in the detective's eye, they were peculiar. For, in the first place, it was undeniably peculiar that a young man without business, a gentleman of lazy leisure, who, if sauntering aimlessly, would be more likely to saunter in localities where he would meet friends or acquaintances, should be riding down town on a public holiday, when no banking-houses or other offices were open, and in a district where no known attractions for a man of leisure are to be found. In the second place, it was peculiar that this same man, who had been going down town at this time, should, within a very short interval, appear at his club up town, with a large package, such as messenger boys and retailer's clerks, rather than elegant gentlemen (who are, on the whole, averse to carrying their own bundles) are to be seen transporting. In the third place, that he should inquire if a certain room was vacant, should seek it, and, in a moment more, be seen a third time to return again to the fashionable avenue, where his acquaintances would not be unlikely to meet him, with the same awkward parcel under his arm, was, at least, peculiar.

Moreover, on that day, at about the time Paul Ogden had been going down town, a man whose personal description of Ogden himself, had purchased a passage for Europe at the Cunard office, under an assumed name, and for, as it had appeared, a fictitious purpose—seeing that the passage purchased had never been used. Again the portier of the 'Studio Buildings,' No. 51 West Tenth street, had, upon close questioning as to the young man who had called upon Mr. Frear, occupant of the next room to that in which the murder occurred, and who had been 'impudent,' pronounced upon the caller's personal appearance; and this, again, in general, might pass for a tolerable description of Paul Ogden. At all events, Mr. Strasburger was in possession of several

contrary and singular movements, made upon the day of the murder, by this Mr. Paul Ogden, which, unless accounted for, he had a right to inquire into. To cap the climax, this very Paul Ogden, a week after all this, and before a telegram from Queens-town, announcing the arrival of the steamer upon which the fictitious passage had been secured, had himself quitted the country, and been last heard from in Brussels, a city known to be a sort of cave of Adullum, for the rest of the extraditable world. No one of these circumstances, nor perhaps their total, would justify anything like a suspicion of guilt against a young man of unexceptionally amiable manners. Mr. Strasburger had, perhaps, no idea of discovering anything but a clue in the personality of Mr. Paul Ogden. But upon occasions when great crimes are committed, it is only proper and just to the community—whose safety is compromised by the liberty of the criminal—that individuals should be asked, not only, but should be anxious to explain any unusual feature of their own conduct, or any proceeding of their own to which comment could possibly be attached.

Here the entries ceased, and Mr. Strasburger put down his second pin. The large paper bundle or parcel must be traced. Lucius Core must affirm to the colour of the paper—merchants using that colour of paper must be interviewed—and—

Mr. Strasburger bit his cigar vigorously and started to his feet. He went hastily to a shelf and took down a large blank book. He opened it as he stood before the shelf, spread his legs apart, and chewed the cigar violently. An idea had evidently entered his brain, so novel as to perplex him for the instant. He turned to the record of a certain memorable murder, which, some thirteen years before, had been committed at Irvington on the Hudson, and which had been most labouriously but successfully worked by a certain Mr. Burton, now dead, who, in his time, had been considered, as Mr. Strasburger now was, infallible. Mr. Strasburger had a great respect for the memory and attainments of this Mr. Burton. Mr. Burton, to tell the truth, had been his Gonnaliel. It was at his feet and in his faith and system that he had been graduated.

Now when Mr. Strasburger, as we have seen, started abruptly and rushed to the large manuscript record he held in his hand, it had been because he had suddenly remembered a remarkable fact connected with this same Mr. Burton, and Mr. Burton's connection with the Irvington murder, Mr.

Burton, in working up that murder, had completed, as we might say, two perfectly distinct chains of evidence—one backward from the date and act of the murder itself, and the other forward, towards the date of the murder—from a given point which he had fixed upon in the career of an acquaintance of the murdered man. For a long time all his researches had negatived the existence of a connection between those two chains, until, at last, by means of which seemed to be supernatural or miraculous agency, the missing link had been procured, and the two chains formed one—but one so strong, so perfect, and so convincing, that its extremities, touching the murder and the murderer, had led to his confession and suicide, which although not public Justice, is certainly Expiation; at any rate is death, and therefore Capital.

The supernatural resource of Mr. Burton's had been nothing less than a resort to the mysterious power of clairvoyance—he having succeeded in inducing a mesmeric sleep upon the person of his own little daughter, a frail, sickly girl, with a highly nervous organization, under the influence of which she had seen and described scenes and things which actually furnished the key to the detective's search. 'Clairvoyance' is the word employed by the French to express an alleged faculty manifested by magnetic somnambulators, of seeing with invisible eyes things at the most remote distance from the body, hidden by millions of opaque barriers from the sight of persons awake—or even separated from the period at which the subject is under operation by long durations of time, either past or to come. According to Mr. Deleuze, a recognized authority, it consists of 'an inexplicable change which occurs in the functions of the nervous system, in the play of the organs, and in the manner of receiving and transmitting sensation.' Under the influence of this change, the soul of the subject might easily leave the body and travel through space or time—through solids or fluids—to wherever the operator willed it, and speak through the natural lips of its body of what it there beheld. As in most other sciences, the converts of clairvoyance find ample Bible instances of the workings of their philosophy. So when in the sixth chapter of 2 Kings, Elisha's servant perceives his master's house surrounded by the warriors of the King of Syria, and exclaims, 'Alas, my master, what shall we do?' Elisha answers, 'Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them;' and he prays 'that his eyes—(i. e. his spiritual eyes, for plainly his mortal eyes could not have served him)

—may be opened to see the mountain full of armed men and horses. And in the twenty-eighth chapter of 1 Samuel, an unmistakable experiment in clairvoyance is narrated, when Saul, King of Israel, entered the cave of the witch of Endor. She was evidently ignorant of his identity, and it was only upon a strong pledge that she consented to employ her art. No sooner, however, had she entered the clairvoyant state, than she became aware of the rank of her visitor, and exclaimed, 'Why hast thou deceived me—for thou art Saul!' Thereupon the woman proceeded to describe the person whom she saw—for it is evident from the chronicle that Saul himself at no time saw any actual vision—and only 'perceived,' i. e. comprehended—that it was Samuel, from the woman's description. Through her lips it was that the dead prophet told the king of his sin and of his nearing doom. Upon the woman's awakening from her trance, she had so little recollection of what had passed as to be totally unaware of Saul's rank, and to persuade him to eat in her house, and recover his exhausted strength. That the physical process by which a mesmerizer produced the sleep in his subject was one familiar among the Greeks, is apparent from a passage in the *Audira* of Plautus, where Sosia says, 'What if I stroke him gently with the hand, so as to put him to sleep?'

But Mr. Strasburger, without troubling himself about either the Bible or Plautus, was rapidly convincing himself, that, by employing this magnetism of personal influence he was not deserting his own materialism, that materialism which had, so far, brought him the reputation of infallibility. Professors and expositors of the science of Animal Magnetism or Clairvoyance, habitually introduce the experiment of inducing their subjects, in the coma of the mesmeric sleep, to read from closed books; through opaque objects; to read the contents of sealed letters; to travel in thought or mind beyond the room in which their body sleeps, and to give, through their lips, descriptions of other localities, of rooms, of furniture, of houses, etc.; but the science is not without its practical side, and physicians have not infrequently resorted to clairvoyant subjects for information as to the condition of the internal organs of invalids.*

*See a volume, 'Exposition of Animal Magnetism,' by F. C. Durant, New York, Wiley and Putnam, 1857, page 48, giving an extraordinary account of a Dr. Brownell's inducing his subject to describe the condition of a diseased spleen. 'The patient lived more than a quarter of a mile from my house,' said the doctor. 'I requested a somnambulist, then at my house, to see if she could find such a man, at the same time pointing out to her the situation of the

Such being the theory—or, according to Mr. Burton—the fact which Mr. Strasburger encountered there, appeared to be no reason why, in this case, he should decline to avail himself of any information he might so procure. If a man's intestines may be searched by magnetism—a fact in nature which, at this age, nobody disputes—why not a man's mind? at any rate, said Mr. Strasburger to himself, a second time, there appeared to be no reason why, if such a thing as clairvoyance existed, he should not avail himself of it.

Mr. Strasburger would have smiled at the idea of his becoming a convert to the doctrine of the clairvoyants—or indeed to any doctrine at all. We have seen that he did not believe in, or trouble in the least, anything like doctrine or speculation. We have seen, that in his operations, he was a remarkably practical, slow-thinking, minute and patient man. Other people might leap at

house, which was not in sight from the room, where we continued all the time. She saw him. On being asked in what room, she replied in the third room back from the street. She was then requested to describe the situation of the furniture in it, in order to discover whether she had got into the right place, and whether her clairvoyance might be trusted to at that time; she described it very exactly.

I then told her my patient had been sick a long time, and desired her to examine him and tell what the disease was.

She said, 'He looks so bad, I do not like to do it.' I replied, 'Never mind that; it looks bad to you, because you have not been accustomed to looking at the interior of a body.'

As I supposed him to be affected with a diseased liver, and with indigestion arising from a diseased state of the stomach, I asked her to look at the stomach to see if that was diseased. She answered, 'No.'

Is the liver diseased? 'No.'

Well, examine the whole intestinal canal, and see if there is any disease there. 'I do not see any,' said she.

Examine the kidneys. 'Nothing is the matter with them.'

Not knowing what other part to call her attention to, I requested her to look at every part of him.

After some little time, she says, 'His spleen is swelled; it is enlarged.'

His spleen? said I; when we speak of a person who is spleeny, we suppose he has an imaginary complaint. What do you mean?

She said, 'The part called the spleen, is enlarged.'

How do you know it is enlarged?

'It is a great deal larger than yours.'

Do you see mine? 'Yes.'

How large is his spleen?

'It is a great deal longer and thicker than your hand.'

I then asked her to put her hand where the spleen is situated. She immediately placed her hand over the region of the spleen.

I then asked her what the shape of the stomach was; she replied that it was like a flower in the garden. I was not acquainted with that flower, and do not recollect the name she gave to it.

conclusions—he crept towards them. We have seen that he was a particularly practical man, who would have as soon searched in the sea for eagle's nests as sounded the depth of the supernatural for mundane fact. But, just now, the point to which he had arrived in his case he perceived to be almost precisely identical with the stage where Mr. Burton had invoked the aid of Animal Magnetism. Here also, there were two fragments of chain—one leading from the murder towards a supposititious murderer; the other from a day in the career of an individual supposed to have been a rival of the murdered man. It did not militate against Mr. Strasburger's new clue that the individual aforesaid was a nephew of the lawyer employed to ferret out the murderer's; stranger things than that had happened without causing the detective to marvel.

Should Mr. Strasburger follow in the footsteps of his master, and invoke the aid of Clairvoyance? That was the question which had made him pause. There was the rub that had rubbed him to his feet. Mr. Strasburger felt that he must connect the brown paper parcel with the murder of George Brand; and as this was the result of his deliberation, he would not scorn to take a hint from any source.

CHAPTER XI.

'FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE; FOR RICHER, FOR POORER.'

If we left Tom on his knees before Mara; it was because we felt it to be no place or situation upon which chroniclers should intrude. We have no scruples however, about coming upon them suddenly, beneath an umbrageous tree (for it is summer once more, the Ogden town-house is closed, and the Ogdens are at Malcolm), not far from the spot where Mara had touched Paul Ogden's sleeve the night before he had sailed away. Mara liked Tom better than any man she met in society; and he was so far a favourite with the family, that he had been invited down to Malcolm. But this is not, now-a-days, a step forward for a young man seeking to advance in his mistress' favour. That papa and mamma should manifestly approve of a young man's attentions to their daughter, is perhaps the worst thing that could happen to him now-a-days. Woe to the true love whose course runs smooth! Apart from the rule that each man and woman values most for which they, he or she, most strive and endure and battle, the tendency, in the modern American young lady, is to marry against papa and mamma:

and it is enough to easily prejudice the daughter against 'the best man living,' that papa and mamma *do* approve. To make a man love a woman or a woman love a man, a fair quantity of abuse is the thing. To sing the praises of our lady love or our lover in our ears, is to damn him forever. One does not like proper people or proper things in this nineteenth century. The man who has not sowed any wild oats, is no man for a woman. The man who pays his debts in cash at every shop, can get no credit, should he happen to want it, because, forsooth, his name is on nobody's books, and nobody knows or cares whence he cometh or whither he goeth. Tradesmen are curt and sharp with him. It is the desperate character, the dissipated man whom ladies love and sue to—it is the man deep in the tradesmen's books, to whom the tradesman extends credit, and to whom he is obsequiously civil. We love most those whom we forgive most. We are most grateful to those who unexpectedly pay us our bad debts. Ah, poor snubbed ninety and nine! who would be one of you?

But, in this case, Mara really liked Tom, and sometimes thought she loved him. Could she have forgotten Paul Ogden, there was no vow of love or loyalty she would not have made to Tom. But, although she rather imagined that Paul Ogden, if he thought of her at all, thought of her only as a child whom he had befriended, she still felt she belonged to him; and without his authority and permission, she could belong to no other man. Tom had not taken no for an answer, and women like persistent men. Tom had taken her in his arms and kissed her, and had repeated the offence, in spite of her protestations—and women worship audacious men. 'L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace!' is the Napoleonic motto for him who would conquer women. Tom had these two elements in his favour, at least.

Well, they were sitting under the trees; Mara watching Tom, and—although she was working at some sort of worsted fancy stuff—keeping one arm free to prevent his too ardent misbehaviour.

When Tom had entirely destroyed the flower he was pulling to pieces, he looked up, and said quietly, 'Mara, you are a flirt.'

'No, I'm not,' said Mara.

'I've been a long time making up my mind,' said Tom, 'But I've made it up at last. You are a flirt, and you are keeping me here for your amusement, and as a foil to some other man, Mara.' And here he took her hand, and held it so tight that she screamed a little. 'Why can't you be

honest with me, as I am with you? If you had a friend you cared for only as a friend, you would not suffer him to rush to destruction, if you could stretch out a hand to save him. You ought to think I am your friend—unless that I am so much more than a friend, is a sin in your eyes—and I ask you, if you cannot make me happy, if you cannot love me always, for God's sake to let me go!'

'I like you very well, I'm sure,' said Mara, pouting. 'I've had to tell you that, you horrid—'

'How much do you like me, Mara—so much?' And he held his thumb and finger about an inch apart.

'Oh dear, no—not so much as that; about so much' (half an inch, with Mara's thumb and finger).

'There might be a good deal in that much,' said Tom, hopefully.

'Are you satisfied?' said Mara.

'No, by Jove, no; I shouldn't be satisfied if you loved me more than all the world besides. I should even then want you to love me more and more,' said Tom.

'Well, you are the most presumptuous man I ever met,' said Mara. 'Besides, I said nothing about loving you at all; it was only about liking you. I'm sure I couldn't love you more than I do papa or mamma, even if I loved you at all.'

'But you must, Mara. I wouldn't take your love as a gift unless you loved me more than you loved your father and mother.'

'That isn't fair to ask of any girl.'

'That's scripture, anyway,' said Tom.

'Does the Bible say that?' said Mara.

'Indeed it does.'

'Where?'

'In the—in the—well, in the Bible somewhere.'

'I must look—that up when I go home,' said Mara. 'But stop,—I don't think it says anything of the sort. I know there's something about a man leaving father and mother and cleaving to his wife; but nothing about the wife leaving her father and mother—'

'And they twain shall be one flesh,' said Tom. 'That's it. It's the same thing; the translators of the Bible always put he for a person. In the Hebrew it's—'

'In the original Hebrew it's it, I suppose,' said Mara, and 'it means a baby.'

'Babies don't get married,' said Tom, who knew as much about the original Hebrew as he did about the centre of the planet Jupiter.

'Besides,' said Mara, 'I've told you that I love somebody else.'

'Who?' said Tom.

'I think you are very rude and impertinent to ask questions that you have no right to,' said Mara. 'I tell you more than I do anybody else, as it is; and you shouldn't—indeed you shouldn't be—do you know that it's broad daylight, sir, and that I know everybody here? Take your arm away! I declare you don't seem to care the least bit about me, or you wouldn't act so. It's all very well for you, who go away to-morrow, and who are a man; but I've got to stay here and be talked about, and—oh dear, oh dear, nobody cares anything about me!' and she burst into a flood of tears.

All this was because Tom's arm had strayed around her waist; but when she began to cry, instead of taking it away, he only pressed her the tighter—nay more, he began kissing her passionately.

'Why shouldn't I put my arms around you?' he cried; 'can anybody say more to you than I have? Have I not asked you to be my wife? Have I not told you that I love you more than all the world besides?'

There was a rustling in the bushes, and Tom had not time to recover himself before Mr. Ogden stood before them. Tom comprehended the situation, and, thoroughly in earnest as he was, could think of no better time than the present to speak to the old gentleman. So, without releasing Mara he said:

'Ogden, I love your daughter, and I want to make her my wife.'

'Yes?' said the lawyer, dryly. He paused, and then added, 'and what does Mara say?'

'Say? I say that I hate him—there!' And freeing herself from Tom's arms, Mara bounded away and disappeared in the direction of the house.

'Frear, I have just started for a walk—will you come?' said Mr. Ogden.

Tom would rather have done anything just then than take a walk with Mr. Ogden, but he did not dare to refuse.

'What do you think of my windmill?' said Mr. Ogden.

'I—I only just noticed it for a moment,' said Tom; 'I think it is very—very picturesque, sir.'

'What I look at is its utility,' said Mr. Ogden. 'It will pump two hundred gallons of water a minute into my reservoir. I had looked everywhere for what I wanted, and finally had just determined to invent one myself, when I chanced to hear of a fellow who had just the thing I wanted. Wonderful!' continued he, musing: 'Wonderful, what fellows those Yankees are for inventing. I'll lay you a wager, Frear, that

you can't suggest in a year, a desideratum that some Yankee won't be found to have provided a contrivance for. Why, when I was a young man, I boarded with a doctor. He was poor, and had to combine and contrive to make both ends meet; and one day he said to me, "Ogden, I've been thinking that I could get a cabinet-maker to make me a table so that you could lift the lid and have inside a wash-basin and a little zinc reservoir to hold water, with a place below the wash-basin to let out the water."—

"Hold on," said I, "don't do anything of the sort. Somebody down East must have invented that sort of thing. It's like a case—if you have a case with a question that's new to you in it, you may be sure that, at some time or other, that question's come up before; and, if you're only diligent enough you're safe to find it." And do you know, he took my advice. He hunted around a day or so, and at last he found a table that not only had a lavatory in it, but a step-ladder, a sofa, and a place to black boots. And I remember too—

'But, if you will pardon me, Mr. Ogden,' said Tom, 'I want to talk with you about Mara.'

'Yes?' said Mr. Ogden, again. There is something about the monosyllable 'Yes,' spoken interrogatively, that may chill the stoutest heart. Tom apprehended precisely the discouragement it was intended to convey, but he pushed on. 'Mr. Ogden, I love Mara, and I know she likes me. She has liked me a long time,' (Tom did not quite see how he was bound to say anything about any other man than himself.) 'I want to make her my wife, Mr. Ogden, and I want your consent; can I look to win that, sir?'

'Mr. Frear,' said the lawyer, somewhat pompously, as was his wont—though he had usually called Tom by his nickname, and relaxed much in his company—'Mr. Frear, when I was a young man, and proposed to my wife's father for my present wife, the estimable gentleman said to me, "My young friend, my daughter will most likely marry, as did her mother before her, I have nothing to say as to that; but, as her father, I conceive it my duty to see that she marries a man who can at least afford to give her those comforts to which I have accustomed her, and which, therefore she has a right to expect. She must choose for herself as to disposition and character; that is, I suppose she will not choose other than a gentleman." I do not know that I can say more to you.'

Tom was nonplussed. He had no income to speak of, and he was not likely to forget

that fact. He sold a picture occasionally, and lived upon the profits until they were exhausted. But he dressed, dined, subscribed to a Club, drove in the park—in short, did everything that he had done in the days his father had controlled millions. He was, therefore, as a matter of course, not only poor but heavily in debt. It was useless for him to think of marrying, unless he could marry a fortune; and here he was proposing to marry a girl who, so far as he knew, would have nothing—no home, no money, no expectation! Still here Tom was: he had proposed for the girl, and he loved her.

'I suppose she must take me for better or worse, Mr. Ogden,' said Tom; 'but I love her, and I can't help it. Yes, I suppose we must take each other for better or worse.'

'And for richer, or poorer,' said Mr. Ogden. 'Well, my boy,' said he, relaxing into his kindly way again, 'there are many things to be said in a negotiation of this kind. In the first place, Mara is not my daughter'—

'I know it, she has told me all about it,' said Tom.

'If she were, I should feel bound to see that she wanted for nothing, whoever she married; but, as it is, my responsibility for her will probably cease at her marriage: therefore, all the more, I cannot suffer her to leave my roof until she enters another that will shelter her, at least as well as my poor one has done. But we will speak of this again. I want to show you my Kerry's. Joe just received a bull calf this morning. I gave a cheque for \$2,000 for him yesterday, and I think I've got a bargain.'

As they emerged from the grove and crossed the lawn on their way to the barnyard, a young man, a clerk in Mr. Ogden's office, met him and presented a letter which had been deemed too important for the lawyer to miss seeing at once.

When Mr. Ogden had entertained Mr. Greatorex over his Burgundy, with the story of Miss Isabella Singleton's claim to a considerable tract of land in Boston, he had already caused a writ of ejectment to be filed and served against the present incumbents of the property. The case had been—as he prophesied—decided in her favour; and an appeal was promptly taken by the other side. The letter which Mr. Ogden now opened, as he was lugging Tom off to see his Kerry bull calf, was a letter from a certain eminent gentleman of the Suffolk bar, announcing a decision of a bare majority of the judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature of that State, affirming the

judgment at Nisi Prius. This welcome intelligence, however, was accompanied by the remark, that, upon the fact that a minority of one of that learned court had recorded their joint opinion against the plaintiff's claim, a motion for a re-argument had been made, and would doubtless be granted. The stakes were worth playing for. Should judgment be ultimately given for Isabella, she would become possessed of a property of from forty to fifty thousand dollars a year; so Mr. Ogden determined to send his eminent Massachusetts brother the cheque desired, and to direct the motion for the re-argument to be strenuously resisted, and made a memorandum to that effect in the clerk's note book. After this interruption they proceeded to inspect the bull calf, and let us hope that Tom was both entertained and enthusiastic.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MIND-READER.

The result of Mr. Strasburger's cogitations was, on the whole, favourable to the experiment he had contemplated. As he had yet an hour before dinner, he proceeded to utilize it therefore, by a visit to a certain Mr. Gloster.

Now, this Mr. Gloster was a man concerning whom there was a wide difference of opinion; many, perhaps, most persons holding him a charlatan and a quack, while a respectable minority affirmed him possessed of certain marvellous and peculiar gifts. In judging of unusual phenomena of any sort, it is always safe to pronounce them humbugs; and if one only doubts assiduously and habitually, he rarely misses a reputation for wisdom. Doubt is, after all, the only solid foothold we can have in judging of things out of the common and the natural. And, not only does a doubter risk nothing by doubt, but, upon a demonstration of that which he doubted, can always cover himself with glory by a frank confession of his error, and carry the public sentiment by his reluctant but candid conversion.

There was much about this Mr. Gloster to command approbation, at any rate. Although styling himself a 'Mind-Reader,' he inserted no advertisements in the newspapers—promised no infallibility—authorized no statements as to his prowess, and claimed no supernatural gifts of any kind. Nobody knew, indeed, exactly how he first became known; who first discovered his presence in the city, or could put their finger upon any great practical benefit which he had been in any case. But, somehow or other, his name

began to be noised about, and hundreds of people, believers and unbelievers, flocked to his apartments. His plan of doing business, at any rate, was said to be simple enough. Upon payment of a consultation fee, you entered his presence, when, if he could be of no assistance he would tell you so at once, and turn to the next comer.

Mr. Gloster's fame had not missed the omnivorous ears of Mr. Strasburger; and, therefore, when he found he had an hour to spare after posting his ledger and drawing off his first trial balance, he again entered his hired coupe, and ordered himself driven to 191—Broadway.

Broadway, as far as the nineteen hundreds, is not, as yet, a thickly built street; but, here and there along its sides, far-seeing men, who are able to wait for their incomes, have erected large and tolerably spacious edifices. No. 191—was one of these, a large five-storey structure of red brick, faced with brown stone. Upon the street door of this building were five bell knobs, ranged one above the other. Over the fourth bell from the bottom, indicating the fourth floor, was tacked a small printed card, bearing the name 'Mr. Gloster.' This fourth bell Mr. Strasburger pulled; and, as the door swung open before him, ascended. Upon the fourth landing was a door bearing a large paste-board placard, upon which the name of Mr. Gloster, while the additional words, 'Mind-Reader,' appeared beneath. Upon the door opening, with a ring which could be heard in the adjoining room, a small young man accosted him with, 'Do you want to consult Mr. Gloster, sir? Your card, and ten dollars, please.'

Mr. Strasburger handed the small young man a ten dollar bill and a card he had procured for the purpose, upon which was written, 'Mr. John Bell.' The small young man thereupon disappeared for a moment, but immediately returned with a 'walk this way, if you please, sir.' Mr. Strasburger was then ushered into a large front room.

Several open trunks were standing upon the floor, and a stout, bustling woman was evidently engaged in packing them, as she went from one to the other, depositing articles in each. A large chiffonier stood in one corner of the room, its many drawers being pulled half open, and two or three tables were piled up a profusion of such nondescript articles as come prominently to the surface at house-moving. Mr. Gloster was evidently about to emigrate from his present abode, and Mrs. Gloster—the stout, bustling woman—was evidently entrusted with the operation. At a small desk between the two front windows sat a rather

stout, good-looking gentleman with brown curling hair, and moustache and imperial of the same colour. He was dressed in black broadcloth; and, had he been standing, would have been quite tall. As Mr. Strasburger approached him, the Mind-Reader—for this was Mr. Gloster himself—turned and said quietly, 'I can tell you nothing, sir, unless you give me your true name.'

'I cannot consent to give you that unless this room is emptied of all besides us two,' said Mr. Strasburger; then, lowering his voice, he added, 'I am a detective, and this seems to be imperative.'

Mr. Gloster made a motion to his wife, who, up to this time, had gone with her packing—and she graciously withdrew.

'Will you sit down in that chair, if you please?' said the Mind-Reader, after she had gone. 'Your first name is John, as the card says, I know. What is your last?'

Mr. Strasburger took another card, his own, this time, from his card case, and handed it to Mr. Gloster, sitting, at the same time, in the chair indicated.

'I cannot tell you what you desire to know, Mr. Strasburger,' said Mr. Gloster, 'myself; but the lady of whom you are now thinking, will, under my direction, go in spirit to the studio you have yourself visited, and see for you all that you would wish to see. But, in order to do this, she must be brought here, and within two days. I shall not be here on Friday—this is Tuesday. If she be brought here in a carriage, blindfolded, and seated in this room, at four o'clock on Thursday afternoon next, she will tell you everything. For myself, except in this way, I can tell you nothing. That is all I have to say this afternoon, Mr. Strasburger.'

He ceased speaking. Mr. Strasburger waited for him to resume. But he waited in vain. At last, after about five minutes of expectation, he said, 'Am I to hear no more?'

'There is nothing more to say. There will be some objection on the part of friends to the young lady's being transported here, but, unless she be placed in the chair in which you now sit, it is hopeless for you to expect any aid from me. The friends will perceive this and consent. As for myself, the business you wish of me it is not my habit to do. I am myself a Mind-Reader, and am continually in the state of sleep in which you see me now. I sleep myself—I do not induce sleep in others. But in this case I will do what you require. There is nothing further that I can tell you now. Good morning. As you have requested that my wife withdraw, will you

yourself ring the bell to be shown out?' and with his long white and delicately shaped hand, he indicated a bell-pull upon the wall near him.

Mr. Strasburger touched the bell indicated, and Mrs. Gloster appeared, but, as she turned to leave, Mr. Gloster, who was holding the card very near his eyes, said, 'stay. There is a widow lady now upon a train of cars moving towards this city, who will be of much service to you. Her name is Melden. She is dressed in black, and carries a white canvas satchel.'

Mr. Strasburger had entered the Mind-Reader's presence a thorough sceptic. He left it convinced. As he approached Mr. Gloster, the thought had really been uppermost in his mind of suggesting the name of Olive Gray as a lady whose highly nervous organization had once, as he had ascertained, given expression to clairvoyant symptoms; but the fact of her present hopeless state of mental derangement, had occurred to him, and checked the words upon his lips. Now he has assured that she could, through this man—this man, who had in an instant disarmed all the detective's doubts, and read his own thoughts—be again put into a clairvoyant state—could see, in retrospection, the veriest details of the crime he was unfolding, and give him, at last, a solution of all his labours. He ordered his coupe back again to Mulberry street. Arrived at the Headquarters, his first act was to summon the faithful Doyle. Upon his sinister face appearing, Mr. Strasburger gave vent to the following order: 'A woman named Melden, a widow, dressed in black, with a white canvas satchel, will arrive in this city in a few moments, either at the Grand Central or at one of the Jersey stations. She must be taken to the House of Detention for witness at once. Lose no time. Do all by telegraph.'

The Adeptistophilian subordinate made neither sound nor sign, but disappeared; and Mr. Strasburger lighted a gas burner, for it was now dusk, and rang for his dinner, which he usually had sent in to him from a neighbouring restaurant. But before it was spread, there was a low knock at his door.

CHAPTER XIII.

'WE HAVE FOUND IT.'

'Come in,' said Mr. Strasburger. The door opened, and the form of Mr. Jimmerson, the pawnbroker, whom we have once before seen in the detective's room, appeared.

'Come in, Jimmerson, sit down;' said the detective.

Old Jimmerson sat down heavily at the table.

'I'm just ordering the dinner. You've dined, I suppose?'

'No, I haven't.'

'Then I'll order something.'

'As you please. I should like something to drink,' said the pawnbroker.

Probably there existed no two men in the city with fewer friendships and less friends, apiece, than the two now hob-nobbing in the dusky room. Their avocations in life were not congenial to friendships. A man may be hail-fellow-well-met with his dentist, or even on terms of intimacy with his undertaker; but one scarcely would like for his bosom friend either a detective or a pawnbroker. Then, again, the natural effect of the two trades is to cultivate suspicion. The one a suspicion of persons, the other a suspicion of things. Suspicion is clearly the business of each. Your detective looks at every man as a possible felon. Your pawnbroker looks at everything as fruit of a possible larceny, or, as it were, a Deodand, of which he, in lieu of holy Church, must take in custody.

But, pariahs as they were, a sort of strange, unaccountable friendship—or perhaps it was only an attraction—had grown up between these two men. Or, it might have been that each, illustrious in his own calling, felt the need of the other; and that their friendship was only an alliance offensive and defensive. But surely, without confessing, nay, without suspecting it themselves, each, in time of doubt or stress, would have called upon the other as his next friend, his *prochein amy*.

The two men finished their cover of soup while a waiter was in attendance. Then, by direction, the joint was served, the table spread, the caviar uncorked—the dish of fruit, which was to form their simple dessert, was put within reach, and the waiter withdrew.

The pawnbroker was first to speak. Drawing a heavy plain gold ring from his pocket, he laid it by the detective's plate, as he said, 'It came in this morning at eleven o'clock. We gave him a dollar and thirty cents on it.'

Mr. Strasburger lifted it, examined it, and put it in his vest pocket. 'That is the ring. I knew it would come to you. I have not seen it for seven years, but I knew you would take it sooner or later. What sort of a looking man left it?' said he.

'O, a tramp—a head and face and neck all covered with hair. His breast, which was open, was a mass of hair, like the rest.'

Mr. Strasburger gave a start.

'I could pick out that man anywhere. He is a perfect giant. Barnum ought to have him, he ought!'

As this was Mr. Jimmerson's only joke, he reached for the claret, and filling his water goblet to the brim, gulped it down.

'Pass me that,' said Mr. Strasburger.

He emptied the remainder of the bottle in his own glass, and swallowed it. Then he paused a moment, looked at the closed door, and said to Jimmerson, 'Then he is at large. They told me he should never leave the Tombs.'

'What is he? a tramp?'

'Yes, a tramp—but a tramp that will be a murderer if he ever finds me out. Jimmerson, do you know my life is not worth a shilling a day while that man is outside of a jail? I am not a timid man as you know well enough, but I call you to remember and to witness here, that if ever my body is found streched on this floor, with a knife in my heart, that man, Job Pierce, drove the knife home. And he'll do it—he'll do it!'

Brave man as he was, he shuddered. 'I see it before me, my man,' he went on. 'I see myself sitting here alone some midnight, as I have sat many times before. Maybe I have maps and plans on this table—maybe an old glove or a shoe, or a scrap of a letter, which are mostly the tools I work with. Then I hear a rustle over my head. I don't look up, but go on with my work. Then I hear the rustle again. I feel—I know who is in the room. I reach to press the knob that calls Doyle, when two great hairy hands seize my wrists, and the devil who pawned that ring holds me in his power. I tell you, Jimmerson, that all the power of the city, all its law and magistrates, all this police force of ten thousand men, every one of whom are at my service when I want them, cannot keep my blood from being drained by that man. Remember, when you hear of my murder, remember Job Pierce is the name of the man that did it.'

Jimmerson had never seen his friend in this mood before.

'What has come over you, my man?' said he.

'O, I think I am growing to be a clairvoyant,' said the detective with a laugh. 'I went to one to-day, and we're going to search for a hidden clue through him on Thursday. I believe I am one myself, and might have saved the expense—that's all.'

'Who is this Pierce?' said Jimmerson, after a considerable pause, in which the two men went on with their dinner.

'Who is he? He is a ruffian.'

'What has he done?'

'Nothing—that's it. If he only would do something I could shut him up; but he won't steal, and he won't break any law. I have had him held three months on suspicion, and understood, from the office, that he would be kept there indefinitely. But he's out. I suppose I could have him held for threatening my life, but it wouldn't do for Strasburger to show himself trembling at a tramp's menace—nor yet the menace of any man that lives.'

He took the ring out of his pocket, and looked at it long; he held it to the light and read the inscription engraved inside. He seemed communing with his own thoughts. So the practical Jimmerson went on with his dinner, and did not interrupt him.

'Twenty years ago,' said Mr. Strasburger, at last, but speaking more to himself than to his companion, 'twenty years ago a girl—a married girl—took her wedding ring off the finger where her husband had placed it, and gave it to me. To-day you take it for a dollar and thirty cents, and it comes to me again. God! Jimmerson, you and I don't have any time to fall in love, do we, old man? Ha, ha! Love! There's such a thing—I know it—I've seen it—it's the surest fact of all the facts I have to deal with. It grows up in a man's heart or a woman's heart, until it's as much a part of their life as their hearts' blood. It's there! Why, man, I might love you—you, Jimmerson—and if I did, without your asking me to, or having anything to do with it, or even knowing me or caring anything about me, that love for you would be as much a part of my life as my blood—or my pulse, or my breath. It would be a part of my nature, and you might as well expect to learn the habits of an eagle by studying them on the supposition that it was a hawk, as expect to learn anything about me, without taking my love for you into account. When I find a man dead by the stroke of a left-handed man, I look for a left-handed man—when I find a man killed by a heartless man—killed from no motive of robbery, or intrigue, or succession, do you know what I look for? Why, I look for a man who has no life in his heart, who has loved a woman against his will and her own—who has a bootless love put into his heart by the same Power or the same Chance or the same Fate—or whatever you call it, that put blood vessels there; and I am never wrong. If you place a man in an air pump, and pump away his breath, he will put his mouth to the crevice through which the air is flowing away. If you take the last loaf of bread from a starving child, that child will follow the bread that you tear from its hand. I took from

that great hairy giant, Job Pierce, the love of the woman he loved—and he is following me with a scent and a purpose that is inevitable and inexorable; and you will find me dead upon this floor, Jimmerson, with a long slim knife in my heart, some day. I only tell you to remember that his name—the name of my murderer—is Job Pierce?

Did the detective, as he spoke, think of himself alone, or did he see, in his eager eye, the dark studio where the murdered form of St. Jude's Assistant knelt as if in prayer, one day? Did he see the blighted household—the crazed girl, the outcast soul reddened with a brother's blood, the primal eldest curse, the curse of Cain? Let us be sure he did; for, in the hitherto unsuspected terror of his own soul, the detective lost no sight of his lure. He felt, that, wide apart as they were in life—wide as the hemispheres—the doom of George Brand was his doom. In tracking the murderer of St. Jude's Assistant, he knew that he was tracking his own murderer. He was the greatest detective that had ever lived. He had detected the hand that should let out his own life!

Mr. Jimmerson, in his trade, was used enough to the relics of tragedy. He was familiar enough—God knows—with wan and faded cheeks, with hollow and bleared eyes, hollow and bleak with desperation or despair; but he never witnessed the tragedy itself. He was a little disconcerted with the turn things were taking, but he went on eating and drinking.

'The girl that twenty years ago, took her wedding-ring—this ring, Jimmerson, off her finger and gave it to me,' proceeded Mr. Strasburger, in the musing voice—'was the wife of my murderer. She loved me—I don't know why. I saw her on the stage. She was an actress, with a beautiful bust and pretty ankle. I took her for what I supposed she was, like most actresses—to be enjoyed. I sought her to enjoy her, nothing more; but she clung to me, loved me, as I never supposed any woman would ever love me. When I found that she was a married woman, of course I only enjoyed her the more. It was an additional spice to our intrigue; but, while I don't pretend to any conscience upon the subject, and while the fact that she had a husband wouldn't have in the least interfered with my appetite for her, yet, it so happened, that I *did* tire of her, and tried to prevail upon her to back, but she wouldn't. I tell you, from first to last, I never sought her love, never dreamed of desiring it any more than I dreamed of inspiring it. When my appetite was satisfied she could have gone

where she would, but she clung to me, as I told you, and she was my slave until she died. There was a child—she died in giving birth to it—it was a girl. I had it taken care of, of course, and I put around its little neck a chain, to which I attached this ring, its mother's wedding-ring. Well, the child grew up, and wore the ring around its neck. Even when a mere baby, it looked strangely like its mother—she was a beauty, there is no denying that. I used to visit the child occasionally, and leave money for its keep. She was then in charge of an old woman, who lived in the suburbs of Newark, New Jersey, in a portion called Roseville, where I had placed her. One day, as I entered that old woman's cottage, I caught sight of this man, Job Pierce, watching me. I knew him by sight, as the husband I had wronged. We did not meet. Soon after I heard that the child had been stolen away. I was not sorry to be relieved of its maintenance, for I didn't love it. I looked at it only as the bill sent in for my entertainment, which I was to pay, that was all. So I paid it. But, by-and-by, as time went on, I began to feel a sort of conscience in the matter. More than that, as I grew older, with no living thing in the world to call mine—with no home, no friends, nothing that cared whether I lived or died, I began to think that if I could find this child—for it was mine—nobody could gainsay that—I might make a home for my old age. I set about tracing my child just as calmly as I would set about finding a murderer. I felt confident, that sooner or later, the man who had the child would use that ring to raise money; and I was sure that it would come to you. That is how we came to know each other—and now the ring is before me. I am usually right in these matters. But—but Job Pierce must have been very hungry indeed to have parted with this.

At this moment a small bell in the wall was heard to ring. An instant after there was a knock at the door. Mr. Strasburger rose and opened it.

The ugly face of Doyle first intruded, and then a portion of his body. 'The woman Melden is all safe,' he said.

'All right; there is nothing more to-night.'

And the confidence between the detective and the pawnbroker, thus interrupted, was never resumed.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. MELDEN.

Our readers must, by this time, have drawn from these pages some conclusions as to the power and scope of authority held by the great Mr. Strasburger. A man who can detain persons, accused of no crimes, within stone walls and barred windows, and carry innocent women to Houses of Detention, must be a person whose friendship is valuable and whose animosity is dangerous. But to no less than this, amounted the prerogative of Mr. Strasburger. A long career of uninterrupted success had so impressed his chiefs, that their standing order was, 'Do as Mr. Strasburger orders'; and so, in effect, he was omnipotent. But outside of the police and their professional correspondents, it is to be added, Mr. Strasburger was entirely unknown. Outside of the Force he had scarcely a nodding acquaintance. He might have walked up and down Broadway, from sunrise to sunset, for a week, without being recognized by a civilian, and, with the exception of the old pawnbroker, Jimmerson, he certainly had never opened his heart to a living man. This being understood, it will excite no surprise when we say that, as he stood before Mrs. Melden, that worthy lady was conscious, for the first time in her life, of meeting a person whom she had not only never seen before, but of whose ancestry, reputation and previous career, she had not the slightest information.

For Mrs. Melden, reader, was a lady whose forte it was to know everything about everybody. Given any person, living or dead, she could tell you who his father was, and under what circumstances, after how many repulses and rejections, he married that person's mother. Nay, she could inform you (and would and did,) where the father first met the mother, what induced him to fall in love with her, how many times before he had been engaged, and the moving cause for each breaking off. And to his worldly condition, whether rich or poor, whether his paternal home was mortgaged, and for how much, whether he had been wild or quiet, healthy or delicate, she knew everything accurately. Of contemporary record she was a walking chronicle, a peripatetic newspaper—a Burke's or anybody else's peerage, only Burke's never went further than the nobility and gentry, while Mrs. Melden took in the commonalty and yeomanry as well. There never was a wedding spoken of but she knew all about the parties and the parties' genealogies, back to the primal gorilla or ape. She would feel no demerit to descend to par-

ticulars about the bride's tresseau, and find no impropriety in introducing the most sacred secrets of the bridal bower, and bed among the details of the gifts, the tour, and the settlements.

Mrs. Melden, for the refreshment of the outer world, was possessed of a pair of lungs that many richer and wiser persons might have envied her. She never passed five minutes without dispensing information, and she never dispensed it except at the very top of that same pair of lungs. She habitually addressed you, even if you were sitting within a yard of her, in tones as if you were in the fourth storey of the house across the street. She talked incessantly, and, strange to say, she not only talked, as a habit, but talked as a trade. Her tongue was her fortune; and by it she lived and thrived. But this last statement may need explanation.

We do not mean to be understood as saying that people actually subscribed for Mrs. Melden, as they did for the *Herald*, by the week, month, or year—although it cannot be denied that they took her for longer or shorter periods, as the case was. We would not so far forget our duty to that lady as to insinuate that she went from house to house for so much a year, in money, and thereby earned her bread. She was not, however, we are bound to say, so very different in that respect, from her contemporary, the *Herald*. Like the *Herald*, she entered every house; like the *Herald*, she was consulted on every hand; like the *Herald* she was referred to in every dispute; and, like the *Herald*, her decision was beyond gainsay.

The great difference was that the *Herald* had a cash capital, and was edited. Mrs. Melden had no cash capital and no editor. Although Mrs. Melden had talked three husbands to death, no fourth husband, up to this time, had sought martyrdom at her hands. Neither of the three had left her any fortune, and she was obliged, at this time to support herself by her tongue alone. She did it in this wise: Say, on the first of January, she would arrive at the Jones'. If the Jones' guest rooms were all occupied, a shake down in the store-room, or on the servants' floor, would do for her. She usually obtained her entrance by pushing past the servants, it is true, but, once inside a threshold, nobody dared to turn her out. Once within the street door, with her valise, she was morally certain of the best the house could give her, and the most respectful treatment, until she chose to depart. Of course the reason for this was obvious. In order to be so universal a dispenser of information, she must be constantly collecting informa-

tion. She had the most marvellous memory for the minutest details, that mortal ever possessed. (In fact, if Mr. Strasburger had only known it, he stood before a living example and exposition of the extreme of his theory about the human store-house.) Her eyes and ears and nostrils were wide open and on the alert, and not the most trivial circumstance escaped her. Therefore it was, that a family once saddled with Mrs. Melden, treated her thenceforward, and as long as she chose to make their roof her home, with the most studied and even abject civility. They knew that their reputation was in her hands. The Joneses—as they listened to her report of the doings and goings on at the Browns, across the street—shuddered to think what the Robinsons, in turn, would hear of the Jones's, if the Jones's were not careful. So they loaded her plate with the delicacies of the table, and could not do too much for her. She usually gave a fortnight of her valuable time to a family. But there were houses where a month, or even six weeks was not too long for her sojourn. If the Jones's came into class A of her acquaintance, it was not until late into February that she bade them adieu, and moved over to the Robinsons. If the Robinsons were class B, a bare fortnight of her capital time she lavished upon them before she went to the Billings's. And so her years are divided. The Smiths, the Browns, the Jones's, the Robinsons, the Billings's, the Bakers, the Adams's, the Clarks, the Dodges, the Harris's, the Parkers, the Williams's—Mrs Melden had her letters addressed to any of these places, and woe to the unhappy family who, on receiving one of them, did not make gala preparation for her reception.

It will be remembered that Mr. Gloster, the mind reader, had not indicated, or even hinted at the key to the particular information in Mrs. Melden's possession, which the detective was to seek. Had Mr. Strasburger known Mrs. Melden's reputation, he might have either declined to see her himself, and sent a substitute, or have proceeded to beat generally, in search of some spot in her discourse wherein to check her and insert his magnet. As it was, while undecided as to what course to take, he happened to stumble upon precisely the opposite correct course; and to find out all about Mrs. Melden herself first, before seeking to suck from Mrs. Melden's ample comb any information about others. In this he might have been very unhappy. Mrs. Melden knew everything. She was used to cross-questioning about estates, weddings, elopements, child-births, mortgages, failures; and why not

about murders? But, if the detective had been posted as to her identity, he could not have struck more accurately upon the character of the woman, or on the track of the very information he was searching for.

Mrs. Melden, upon her arrest, had been conducted to a carriage and conveyed by Doyle to the House of Detention, in utter silence. That is to say, he—Doyle, had utterly refused to open his lips on any subject any further than ascertaining her name and assuring her of the impotence of any attempt to escape or protest—had preserved his habitual dumbness. Arrived at the House of Detention, she had been attended to a very tolerably furnished room, with a clean bed, facilities for washing, dressing, etc., and her valise had been handed in to her with as much ceremony as if she had put up at the Windsor, or the Fifth Avenue. Moreover, she had been served with a fair supper of cold chicken, white baker's rolls, a dish of berries, and unlimited tea. Beyond the disagreeable iron bars that intervened, at a distance of about a foot, between her window and the daylight, the thick walls, and the disagreeable click of a key in her door, she would have had nothing of which to complain. To tell the truth, she had been exhausted by her journey, and had slept well. Her breakfast had not been unwholesome, and, saving and excepting that she had had actually nobody to talk to for some fifteen hours, she was inclined to be anything but savage. She had slept in many worse beds, and eaten much worse fare in the course of her sporadic conversational life. When, therefore, an attendant asked her politely to follow him to the parlour of the matron of the establishment, she might have been in a worse mood than she found herself.

Mr. Strasburger was afraid of women—so he was polite to them. He never had, in his trade, much call to be polite, but he could be, if he tried.

'We are sorry to have been so unceremonious with you, Mrs. Melden,' said Mr. Strasburger, 'but it was late, and we couldn't telegraph your friends for bail.' (Which was uncandid. No effort or intention of the kind had there been, on the part of the authorities, to ask bail. In fact, it was an old trick of Mr. Strasburger's to thus obtain for himself an interview with a witness beforehand, at the cost merely of an apology, which, upon occasion, he well knew how to make.) 'If you will give us any address, a carriage is at your disposal, and we are only ordered to ask your friends for their personal security that you will appear when you are wanted.'

'Wanted for what, if you please, sir?' said Mrs. Melden; for the deference of the

oily detective had already made her forget her unceremonious incarceration.

'A man named Core is soon to be tried for burglary,' said Mr. Strasburger.

'Not the Cores of Rondout, I hope,' said Mrs. Melden. 'I know those Cores so well, and I never knew a more Christian family! Why, they have family prayers twice a day; and Dr. Fales, pastor of the Presbyterian meetin' there—it was he as married for his second wife, Miss Rivers of Hudson, you know; she was very rich, and an old maid. And now her oldest son, Rivers Fales, will have it all, because that girl she had adopted died of the scarlet fever only a few months ago!—'

'You have been at Hudson, then?' said Mr. Strasburger, who caught at the first lead, and determined to maintain it.

'Yes, often. I visited the Henrys and the Bogerharts there, two years ago. Mrs. Bogerhart was a Newhouse—her father used to be a lawyer here, and he grew very rich; but when he died they found that everything was mortgaged up to its!—'

'Well,' Mr. Strasburger succeeded in interrupting; 'there was a great robbery at Hudson the other day, and Mrs. Bogerhart lost her watch. Among other things now, upon this man Core, we found a watch, which we think is Mrs. Bogerhart's; you would know it and be able to identify it, wouldn't you?'

'Know it! I should think I would know it among ten thousand! Why, I was saying at Mr. Ogden's once—you know Mr. Ogden, he's a great lawyer; in summer he lives out at Malcolm; but when I was there he lived at Malcolm summer and winter. Well, once I was staying there, when someone got into the house—'

'How large a family has this Mr. Ogden?' broke in Mr. Strasburger.

'Well, there's Mr. Ogden, is one; and Mrs. Ogden is two; and there's the three boys is five'—Mrs. Melden checked them off on her fingers as she spoke—'And then there's that poor little gypsy girl they took from the tramp and educated, only she's quite a lady now, and very beautiful, they say—not as I've seen her since they moved in town—Mara they call her—Mara Ogden—that's six; and then perhaps you might count Paul. He's always there when he's at home—is seven—he's in Europe now—and then there's that lean Miss Singleton, who looks after the house—though they do say she's very rich or going to be—that's eight. Eight.'

'Do you know Paul Ogden?'

'Slight. I know him by sight. I see him at the table when I was at Malcolm,

at Mr. Ogden's—three or more years ago—and then I see him once since.'

'When was that?'

'Only about a year after. I remember it was in the Indian summer, and a beautiful day it was. The Woods, on Fifty-ninth street, had just had a great wedding reception for their daughter. She that married a Captain Joyce of the army, that afterwards was killed by an awful old Indian named Setting-Cow or Setting-Bull, or something like that; they have got his sword hanging up in the library over his picture, where I often seen it; and on Decoration Day they always perfectly cover it with flowers.'

Mr. Strasburger knew Mrs. Melden very well by this time; and, moreover, he knew that he was on the right track. So he did not interrupt her flow of words until she came to a full stop, when he said, 'Mrs. Melden, the carriage will be here very shortly. Would you care for a glass of porter, or some claret, or what would you prefer, before you started?'

'Indeed, and you are very kind, sir,' said Mrs. Melden.

'You are the guest of the city of New York, my dear Mrs. Melden, and we cannot allow you to be uncomfortable.'

Mrs. Melden might have reflected that 'the city' was a little unceremonious and pressing in its hospitalities; but, possibly, she remembered the great man in the Bible, who, when he gave suppers, went out in the highways and hedges, and compelled his guests to come in; and rejoiced that 'the city' followed such a high precedent. So she exclaimed, 'Well, then, sir, as you are so good, I believe I would like some sherry, if I'm not troubling you too much.'

Mr. Strasburger nodded and rang a bell. 'I think you were speaking of the Woods' wedding, Mrs. Melden,' said he.

'Oh, yes. Well, they had the most beautiful presents I ever seen in my life; all spread out in the second storey front room. They said they was one hundred thousand dollars—though, to be sure, the presents of Mrs. Phapen's wedding was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—but then one hundred thousand dollars of that old Mr. Phapen gave them in a cheque on the Chemical Bank; and as I was going over to the—Here the sherry came in, and Mrs. Melden helped herself plentifully.'

'And I was saying, I was going over to the Ogdens'. So I took a Sixth Avenue car and rode down to Fourteenth street, and then I took the little blue cars that run across—those cars that you never can stop, you know, when you want to get on, unless

you send a boy around to shake an umbrella at the driver. And no wonder, for they only have one horse and driver, and the driver isn't allowed to touch the money—but it goes in a little glass box; and what does he care whether he stops or not? I suppose he gets his pay for driving, just the same. I remember what a time I had getting in to that car. And so I went down to Christopher street on that car, and on to the boat. It was very warm, and so I stood outside. But there was too much breeze in front, so I stood at the back of the boat, and that's the last time I saw Paul Ogden.

'Take some more sherry, Mrs. Melden,' said Mr. Strasburger, as he filled her glass. 'You say you saw Paul Ogden. Are you sure it was he himself?'

'Sure,' said Mrs. Melden, drinking. 'I can't be mistaken, because I remember his face; and then it was so funny to see those oranges appear one at a time in the water.'

'Oranges!—Mrs. Melden,' said Mr. Strasburger, 'what oranges?'

'Why, you see, Mr. Paul Ogden was standing very near me, leaning on the rail; and he had a large paper bundle of oranges. He had bought them to take out to the children, I suppose, and all of a sudden, as he was leaning on the rail and was looking out on the water, the bundle dropped off the boat. I heard him laugh, which was what made me look up. There were some common looking men on the men's side of the boat, and one of them asked Mr. Ogden if there was valuables in the package; but he said, no, that they were only some oranges he was carrying; "and," says he, "wait a moment, and you'll see them." And sure enough, in a moment more, we see little yellow oranges a bobbing up all along after the boat. And I remember watching them until the boat had almost touched her slip, and thinking how the Ogden boys would go without their oranges that night. I don't know what became of Paul, sir; he moved away, most likely while I was watching the oranges, for I never saw him again.'

Mr. Strasburger hardly breathed as he heard these disclosures. But he saw it all now, as plain as day-break. The pistol which had done to death George Brand, had been concealed in the package of oranges; the package had been carelessly dropped in the Hudson river. Of course the pistol had sunk, and as the water disintegrated the paper, the oranges had risen to the surface, thus accounting to any spectators of the circumstances for the contents of the lost parcel. He admired Paul Ogden as a consummate organizer, from that moment; and

almost regretted the part he must take in hanging him.

The sherry—which had hardly lasted to this denouement—was now gone; and Mr. Strasburger rose.

'You have said something, Mrs. Melden, about a gypsy girl whom the Ogdens adopted. Where is that girl now?'

'She is living with them now. Her name is Mara Ogden. They do say she is engaged to Mr. Frear, the young artist, whose father was so rich, though when he died, he didn't leave one of them a cent; and there's his wife, and his two daughters, and Tom, and only Tom to support them all. And much he'll support them, painting pictures! I'd like to know who'll buy his pictures! This Mara, as I was saying, sir, she was stolen by tramps from somewhere—at any rate she was taken from them by the Ogdens—by Paul Ogden himself, some say, and treated kindly, and educated, and she is very beautiful, and has no end of attention; though they do say—that is, some do—that she loves Paul Ogden better than she does Tom Frear. But Paul is in Europe, and all I can say is that he'd better come home and look after his lady love.'

Mr. Strasburger had heard enough. The next thing to do was to get rid of Mrs. Melden as quietly as possible. Not only was the information of which he was possessed, of incalculable value, but it was also necessary that nobody should suspect his possession of it. So he said:

'Mrs. Melden, the carriage is at the door.' I have only to say that, had the authorities been aware of your being an acquaintance of Mr. Ogden, you would never have been troubled. I can only repeat the apologies which the city has to offer you for your unceremonious treatment; and to say that we will not trouble you to give anything more than your word to testify in the matter of Mrs. Bogerharts watch when the government requires you. The carriage at the door will carry you wherever you desire, and is at your service as long as you may wish it. Should you ever think it necessary to mention this affair to Mr. Ogden—though it is quite unnecessary—you might say that Mr. Dorchester presents his compliments. Your valise has already been placed in the carriage.'

And Mr. Strasburger, with the grace of a gentleman usher at a church wedding, placed the old lady in her carriage. As it was not often that Mrs. Melden found herself in supervisory possession of a carriage, she improved the occasion to pay sundry little calls in state, for the general benefit of her reputation—to make sundry little purchases at

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Stewart's and elsewhere—to pull over much costly silk at Arnold and Constable's, and, finally, to be driven to the Grundy's on the avenue. But she could not forget Mrs. Bogerhart's watch, and determined, as soon as settled at the Grundy's, to be the first to acquaint Mrs. B. with the glad news of its recovery. People always remember pleasantly those who first tell them good news, and it might be worth a month, next summer at the Bogerhart's delightful river residence. Neither did she forget the sherry with which the city of New York had regaled her. But most of all did her mind dwell upon the piercing black eye, the dark handsome face and elegant manners of Mr. Dorchester; and she determined to lose no time in ascertaining if he were any connection of her old friends, the Dorchesters, of Salem.

CHAPTER XV.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

Mrs. Melden was, as usual, accurate in her information concerning Mara's engagement to Tom Frear. Mara liked Tom, and Tom liked her; and, moreover, Mrs. Ogden had set her heart upon the match. Three such causes, propelled violently at one effect, carried their point. As to details, there was very little to arrange. Tom certainly had no money to bless either himself or Mara with, and Mara had no money to bless Tom with, so it was not necessary to waste much time on settlements. As to the other and minor matters, of love, etc., Tom was well nigh crazy with his good fortune, and ran up vast bills at the florists for bouquets, and at Maillard's for bonbonnières. A bouquet every morning and a bonbonniere every evening, was the correctest of correct things for the newly espoused, just at this time in New York; and Tom was nothing if not correct. He saw, indeed, in his mind's eye, a pay day; but he felt that the present was, just now, more palpable to him than even pay day, and he determined to make the shining hours his own. It is but small justice to say that Tom always paid his bills when he could. Most people do. The pleasure of paying a bill is second only to the pleasure of incurring it. At any rate, there is very little peace in the world for the man who does not pay his bills. It is not those long parallelograms of paper, all ruled in black, and thickest with figures, that the Bureau of Vital Statistics issue weekly—but the little bills—the little four dollar, and five dollar, and seven dollar accounts for flowers, and bonbons, and neck

wear, and carriages from the theatre, that are the true bill of mortality which hound us to our tombs.

Tradesmen have long memories, and the longer their memories, the shorter the pleasures of their impecunious or doubtful patrons. Once or twice, indeed, it had occurred to Tom that he ought to say bravely to his sweetheart, 'Mara, I am so poor that I cannot buy you a bouquet flower or a box of chocolate;' and, if he had, the chances are that she would have stopped his mouth with a kiss, and never accepted from him, thereafter, one of those little attentions. Women like brave men—and cling to misfortune where they fight free of good luck. But Tom did not dare. 'She does not love me enough for that,' he said. Poor foolish, loving boy! If she does not love you enough for that now, she will not love you more because you deceive her. What if you should tell her some day that you could not afford to buy her bread! But then, thought Tom, people don't starve to death, now-a-days. And so it went on. No words were ever spoken to put Mara on her guard, and poor Tom, even when in the seventh heaven of her presence, with his arm around her waist and her little brown hand in his, could not help feeling ashamed of the imposition he was practising. He treated her like a queen. Her feet never pressed the ground. There were her bouquet every morning and her bon-bons every night. He fitted a magnificent solitaire upon her pretty finger, and sealed it with a kiss. He brought her bracelets, and necklaces, and lockets, and—wondered who the devil would ever pay for them. But he wondered alone. He did not ask Mara to share his marvel, at least.

As for Mara, although she had become engaged, with misgivings as to her own heart, she grew more and more used to Tom daily. She grew to listen for him, to distinguish his ring, and to long for the alternate evenings, upon which only, so far, he had been allowed to see her. Under their joint finessing the alternate evening arrangement soon experienced an innovation. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at first, had been settled for Tom's visits. Soon Saturday was added, as the lover's night, and Sunday evening it was but proper that Tom should spend with his lady love. For the other evenings, little plots were mutually arranged. As, for instance, on a Monday evening, Mara would say, 'Tom, I have got the loveliest letter of congratulation from Molly Dewey, and she says she is dying to see you.'

'Let me see the letter,' says Tom.

'Oh dear, it's clear up in the third storey.

Come in to-morrow evening, on your way from dinner, and I'll show it to you ;' and Tom would be in on Tuesday to see the letter, and being in, could not well tear himself away. Then, on a Wednesday Tom would say, 'Mara, the Vokes play in "A Bunch of Berries" to-morrow evening for the last time, and you must see them in that. It's their best piece, you know.' And Mara would consent, and so the upshot was, in time, that the seven nights in a week were compassed, and were all too few for the lovers, even then.

Then, too, Tom was fortunate in having the affair 'out' at once. When a young lady is known to be engaged, her male callers drop off—she is thrown more and more in the company of her intended, and comes to rely upon him as she can rely upon nobody else—which is to the intended's advantage. There are too many young ladies in society, and society life, at least, is too short, for men to try and break up each other's matches. And, besides, men, as a rule, are generous enough, when they hear that a fellow-man has become engaged, to let him possess his girl in peace. If the young lady is disposed to question her own choice, and is prone to compare her lover with other men, the only safety for her lover is in a publicity which will keep other men from getting in her way. So Mara and Tom prospered in their betrothal.

Mara had written to Paul of her engagement, but she had trembled much, and re-written again, in doing it. There had not as yet been time for her to receive an answer. Paul had never seen her since she had grown beautiful. Paul might have loved her himself, she thought, and was he not entitled to the opportunity? To some girls the idea that a man possessed, as it were, a refusal of their hearts, would have been endurable; but to Mara there was only a justice about it. Had it not been Paul, and Paul alone, who had brought her out of a miserable existence—an existence that, with her beauty, could only have led to one fate—into the peaceful happy home she now inhabited? Had not his been the first kind word her ears had ever known—the first gentle hand that had ever taken her own? Was there not his image in her heart, and was there room for another? Fonder and fonder as she grew of Tom daily, she yet distrusted herself. Sometimes she felt that it was better that Paul should not come home. And then again she would pray wildly that Paul might come home and put her to the test, before, at the altar, she would swear a lie to the man who idolized her. All this time she loved Tom too, but she felt that,

wherever she might be, married or single, pledged or free, when the sweet manly voice that had bade her await his coming home—that had called her 'Mara' for the first time, should sound again in her ears, it would have power to draw her whithersoever it would; and that no vows she might make to another could withstand the mesmerism of his touch. She felt that she was sinning; but somehow, before she could ask advice or decide for herself, she found herself engaged to the handsome young artist, and the fetters that bound her began to grow so sweet that she could not lift her hand to strike them asunder. Tom was all devotion; her home was all smiles, her friends were all congratulations. Everything seemed going on for the best, and to be regulating itself. So Mara, though she could not cease to think about Paul, ceased to pray about him, and determined, in her own mind to let things 'take care of themselves.' She repeated to herself the old proverb about a man's wooing whom he will but marrying whom he's wised; and made up her mind, that, whatever happened, she could be happy with Tom Frear.

Not the least joyous in the household, over the betrothal, was our old friend, Isabella Singleton. She was as full of love and good-nature as a woman could be, and, removed from any matrimonial prospects herself, was thoroughly happy in those of others. If she had ever held any sour milk in her composition it had no excuse to stay there now, for latterly, everything had turned out luckily for her. Not only had she found a kind home, but the great law suit had ultimately resulted in her favour. The re-argument, which had been granted, had resulted in the re-affirmation of her judgment by a larger majority of judges than before and she was a very rich woman. She could now undoubtedly marry if she would, but she knew, if she did, she would be married only for her money, and the kind friends all over the union, (friends in the Lord, whom she had never seen, but whose bowls yearned for her all the same) who sent her daily bundles of addresses, circulars, appeals, and college and grammar school catalogues, seemed preferable even to such a sale as that.

One has to become suddenly rich to realize how many colleges and grammar schools there are in this great and glorious country of ours. The number of catalogues of fresh water colleges and Dolly Varden grammar schools which Isabella received about this time, was something almost incredible. By a strange coincidence, all of these colleges and grammar schools

were 'authorized by law to take money by Bequest,' and contained a blank 'Form of Bequest,' upon the inside of the back cover, as follows:

'I hereby give and bequeath in the Lord
—the sum of—'

CHAPTER XVI.

'THE MADMAN WHO TRIED TO SHOOT HIMSELF AT NIAGARA.'

Considerable time has elapsed since we last encountered Paul Ogden. Meantime, he has been roaming aimlessly over the Continent, with the ennui of an accustomed traveller, the nonchalance, which there are so many—in that great mad range of school-boys at perpetual play—to admire. When Mr. Strasburger supposed him domiciled in Brussels, he had been misinformed. Paul had mostly travelled from one station to another, on the beaten routes, caring only to exhaust the hours and days that dragged so heavily upon him.

Time is the stuff of which our lives are made, but Paul, even in better days, had never enjoyed a Present. No matter what the fruitage in his grasp, some possibility beyond had lured him to discard it. Like the dog in the fable, he had, all his life, been dropping the bones in his mouth to strain for the shadows in the water. Invariably looking forward to indefinite and prospective happiness, it is to be doubted whether he ever had been, even reasonably happy; but now, in his dogged, wayward unrest, his listless premonition of approaching horror, that very horror seemed fascinating to him; and the days dragged until it should come home to his realization.

In short, Paul's insanity had assumed the not unusual symptom of an utter callousness to, or insensibility of, any moral responsibility. The idea of the awful revenge he had accomplished, of the life he had taken, of the blood that stained his hands and soul, was ever present to him. Indeed, he knew—or at least there was within him a sensibility to the fact that the law must—at some time or other, exact from him a penalty for the deed; but for all that, the omnipresent dread, the horror of remorse, the intense striving of a guilty secret upward to the light—these companions of the murderer, that counsel have so often described to juries, and that have drawn cheers or tears from court-room audiences from time in-

memorial—were utterly wanting in his case. That Paul was insane, there could be very little question. We are told by a very high authority—by no less a student of insanity and insane symptoms than Dr. Maudsley, that 'melancholic depression, morbid suspicions or actual delusions,' are a species of insanity. 'It will be found,' continued the doctor, 'that many of the suicides and homicides done by insane persons, are done by persons labouring under commencing melancholia, before the disease has developed into the stage of intellectual derangement; though overwhelmed with a vague fear or distress, dejected, sleepless, and feeling themselves overlaid with the heavy burden of their miserable lives, they manifest no actual delusion, and are not thought by their friends or medical attendants ill enough to be placed under their control.'

It happened that in Rome, where Paul had found himself one April day, there happened to sit opposite him at his table d'hôte, an English family—paterfamilias, mamma, one son and two daughters. Besides them, the guests at Paul's hotel were mainly Americans.

When an English family find themselves at a table d'hôte composed mainly of Americans, they recognize an opportunity for asserting their national and peculiar importance, which they are not slow to improve. The idea of one's dignity, birth, breeding or familiarity with high people, and general importance, is very hard to impress upon one's neighbours if they happen to be foreigners, and do not understand your native tongue; which, of, course, is to be employed socially among themselves. But when our English are surrounded by low and vulgar Americans, who have the temerity to use a common language with the lofty Britons themselves, the occasion is improved with eclat.

The father of the family who dines *vis-à-vis* to Paul, is long, lean and metropolitan (the bucolic Englishman is invariably round); his nose is thin, his eyes mild and gentle, his hair sparse and straight; and—what is much more prominent than nose, eyes or hair, in your conventional middle-aged Englishman—his choker or dickey is starched to the last degree, asserting itself even to interference with the movement of cheeks and chin, rendered necessary by the process of dinner.

Madam is stout, heavy, hard to manoeuvre. Her lord is spare and wan. Her cheeks are of the standard colour of English feminine cheeks—the colour of underdone roast beef. Her chin has disappeared in folds of neck, and her eyes are all but hidden in folds of face. She dresses conceitedly, as do all of her race, in tawdry and glaring colours,

while bust and bosom are lavishly bandaged with white goods of a lacey pattern, secured by a brooch. Papa and mamma sit between two daughters. The son does his dinner in silence, as an outpost.

The young girl of England, from nine to nineteen, is pretty. It may be a blonde and Amelia style of prettiness, impressing you with an idea of amiability, goodness, and honey, that we rapid transatlantic people meet with very rarely at home and are not apt to appreciate. But it is, or ought to be, all the more attractive on account of its novelty. It is a national characteristic that she dress dowdily; and therefore not her fault, nor does it militate against her attractions. She is pretty, let us admit, up to nineteen. But, unhappily, at just about nineteen, the beer she is taught to drink and the beer she is taught to manage, begin to show their traces. She loses the English lily from her cheek, and its place is taken by the English rose, which is too apt to be of rarely-done viand hue aforesaid.

The two types of English females sit before Paul in mamma and daughters. When the daughters grow up to mamma's years, they will be mamma over again. Blonde hair is very pretty over blonde cheeks, but when those blonde cheeks become robust and florid, the effect is indescribable. But what surprises Americans most in English women, is the absence of what we are accustomed, on our side of the water, to account as feminine. The delicacy of male attentions seem hardly to be called for when their object is larger, heavier, ruddier than you; when she can outstrip you in walking, riding, hunting and fishing; and so, it is one bad Anglo-American taste, that young men from this side are rarely attracted by English women, and rarely bring home English wives. Something in the transatlantic air, we are vain enough and patriotic enough to imagine, purifies and rarifies a woman's charms.

When a typical English family strives to imbue the American mind with the vastness of its superiority in all the amenities of life, its plan is to hold converse among its members, one with another, at as high a key and as loudly as possible. The impression thus created, is, that the Britons ignore the very presence of their humble cousins from over the sea—which is the very impression intended—that the hotel which they honour with their presence is built for them, and is only, by sufferance of their grace, at our humble service. That our humble selves are welcome—you know—if you want to say, of course; and—and—all that sort of thing; but then—ah—you—you can't expect

anybody to notice you, and all that sort of thing, you know. It is a great mistake on our part to suppose the money that is spent on the Continent is spent by tourists from the United States; that about all the wares sold in the shops are purchased by them; that all the equipages, turn-outs, dresses, display, (vulgar, low and absurd, undoubtedly; everything an American does abroad is vulgar, low and absurd,) are paid for by Americans. That Continental landlords count on the generous extravagance of our countrymen to enable them to entertain Britons at all; and to compensate for time wasted in disputing the Britons' hotel bills—(your Englishman always fights a windy warfare over his account, note and *Rechnung*. Rome would be no Rome to him if he could not have a wrangle with the landlord, whenever debited with a bougie).

The conversation by which the aforesaid air was maintained in Paul's ears every evening, at half-past six, was something as follows:

1st Daughter. Paw!

Father. My deah?

1st D. Do you remember that young Lord —, son of the Duke of —, that danced with me at the county ball?

Father. No, my deah. Did he?

(*Mental memorandum, to be made by the neighbouring guests:* This young lady dances with milors, and it is so common a thing, that the family don't remember it.)

1st D. Yes; and I saw in the paper that he's registered in Florence.

F. I suppose that you'll see him there, come next Tuesday.

1st D. O la! I hope not, Pav. He isn't nice, at all.

(*M. M., to be made as above.* This family will have nothing to do with peers of the realm if they're not 'nice.')

Mother. Have you acknowledged the Honorable Mias —'s invitation yet, Gwen-doline?

2d D. O la! no mamma. You know it's such a bore to write, when one's travelling, you know.

(*M. M.* High people, these!)

M. But you really should—you know, my dear!

1st D. O la! she is scribbling us notes all the time. I don't suppose she imagines that we can be answering them all you know —. And so forth, and so forth.

Paul would run against this family, too, at the galleries. Now your countrymen and countrywomen are very undignified in Italian picture galleries. Who is not ashamed of them? Who has not seen a family of three daughters, with papa and mamma,

perfectly wild with delight over a picture whose name perhaps wasn't printed in small capitals on the catalogue, or even noticed at all in the guide book! Who has not seen them frantically over an Andrea del Sarto, or quiet and absurdly rapt before a little bit of Carlo Dolci. Everybody ought to know, by this time, that the guide-book tells them what to admire; that Murray mentions the ten pictures in the Pitti that are not to be noticed, and that, while you may just be a little daft in the Tribune, you must keep your insouciance in the long corridors of the Uffizi.

And then, in Rome, the idea of going into raptures over a del Sarto! We cannot express ourselves too emphatically about such an American family. Why, papa will be enthusiastic over one lovely face, and mamma over another, while Kittie will go wild over a Rubino, Madge over a Mater Dolorosa, and Ruth over a sad St. Jerome. These five indiscreet individuals will each insist on all the others admiring their particular admiration. Their delight will know no bounds. They forget the solemn dignity that befits the Eternal City. They forget that they are observed. They are oblivious of everything except those marvellous faces, those divine lips, and eyes, and features that look down upon us, from the aureole and the nimbus, as from heaven itself. What would the artist say to see his work admired by such chits! Really, my countrymen, you should observe your manners, you know! Observe the English family on the other hand.

They walk—papa, and the two blooming blondes—in close and solid square. Papa holds the catalogue—

P. No. 315. My deahs—ah—there is a—a— (consulting the catalogue) a picture by Rafael—a Madonna.

Mamma. Ah.

1st Daughter. Ah.

2d Daughter. Ah.

They move on to another. No. 252.

P. Ah, my deahs, this is a—a—a— (consulting the catalogue,) this is a picture by St. Jerome—no, by Andrea del Sarto.

Mamma. Ah.

1st Daughter. Ah.

2d Daughter. Ah.

The syllable *ah*, in the British English, is not an interjection—it is a gasp; a kind of expiring, long breath. In this connection, it is meant to express the sense of relief afforded by the fact that there is one less picture to look at to-day.

Only occasionally is this formula varied. Let us suppose that the picture before our family, is a treatment of that very common subject which is set down in the books as

'Roman Piety,' i. e., the filial and admirable conduct of a certain damsel to her starving father.

The dialogue will then be—Number 614. My deahs—ah—ah—ah. Yes—yes.

Mamma. (Interrupting and tugging at papa's arm to hurry him off.) Yes—yes—we see.

The daughters are then expected to say:

1st Daughter. What a vulgar-looking American girl that is, racing round with that catalogue.

2d Daughter. Yes, my dear, they are all vulgar, you know.

(Or, the picture is the Borghese Danae.)

Papa. This is by Correggio, my deahs, my deahs—No. 40.

1st Daughter. Oh! see that little cherub!

2d Daughter. Yes, but—

Mamma. Yes, yes, my deahs—what is No. 43, my deah?

And so forth, and so forth.

A sort of excusable intimacy grows up from constantly meeting the same faces, even when they are English faces; and in spite of their insularisms, Paul was not sorry, one evening, in Bingen on the Rhine, three or four months from Rome, on feeling a tap on his shoulder, to look up and recognize the young Englishman, son and hope of the family he had faced in Rome at the table d'hôte, brother of Gwendoline and her sister fair.

Tourists will recall pleasantly the little hotel 'Victoria,' at Bingen. It is not over clean; it has not even a tolerable cuisine. It is not well kept, but it is the best in Bingen, and in front, and overlooking the yellow river of Fatherland, there is a delightful little green lawn, oversprinkled with small tables, where one can sip and enjoy his Rudesheimer and cigar, with the broad Rhine sweeping before him, the terraced hill-sides opposite, the House Tower to the left, and, over against, Rhinestien, whence Bishop Hatto embarked, that legendary night, when unpleasant rats were marshalling for his delectation. Paul was sitting at one end of these tables, in the early evening, when his friend, who was dressed in the coarsest possible suit of tweed, the coat of which was made like a blouse, only somewhat longer and gathered in at the waist with a belt of the same material, accosted him.

'Glad to see you,' said Paul.

'Thanks,' said his friend.

'Nice night,' said Paul again.

'Yaas.'

'Now if the soldier were only here,' said Paul.

'What soldier?'

'Why, you remember the Soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers?'

'No, I fancy I don't remember him. I never did Algiers, you know.'

'O, but you remember Mrs. Norton's "Bingen on the Rhine," don't you? I used to speak it when I was a lad in school when I little expected that I would be here.'

'Mrs. Norton! No, I can't say I ever met Mrs. Norton.'

'But you recall the poem?'

'No, I can't say I do. What's it about?'

'About a soldier from Bingen.'

'Oh, I daresay.'

This operated as something as a damp on Paul's romance, and he resumed the Rudesheimer he was sipping. But he of the tweed had evidently become interested. Paul had forgotten him, and was falling into his accustomed state of listless thinking once more, when the Englishman left his seat and tapped Paul again on the shoulder.

'I say, now,' he began, 'about that soldier—you know.'

'Paul didn't care to talk, so he simply said "Well,"'

'But I want to know, you know.'

'Well.'

'Who was the soldier?'

'How should I know?' said Paul.

The more you won't talk to an Englishman, the more he is determined you shall. The more you show that he bores you, the more of a bore he becomes. His face was now a broad and genial grin.

'Well, but you know, you said you knew him. He died in Algiers, didn't he?'

'Yes?'

'What did he die of?'

No answer.

'I say, did he catch the fever there?'

Paul began to wake up. After all, one sees all sorts of people, and one might as well get all the sport one may out of them. This was Bingen—this was the stately river whose children had worshipped her for centuries; the river whose every castle had its legend, every hillside its fairy, and every vineyard its romance. Gaul and Tenton had shed their blood to possess her. The echo of the last cannon had hardly ceased. The French and German blood had hardly dried, since they were at each other's throats, in a struggle, born of nothing else than this Rhine-love. C'er against Paul was the remnant of a 'Wacht am Rhein, and the swelling minor of the song that he had heard so constantly, seemed drumming in his ears yet. But a truce to it all—a truce to the moonlight, the vineyards, the

river. 'Take the good the gods provide thee,' here's an Englishman beside thee—'I will give him his full rope,' thought Paul.

'I say, did he catch the fever there?'

'Yes.' Paul was bound to humour him this time.

'I dare say it's very unhealthy down there?'

'Yes.'

'I was thinking of doing it, you know. One wants to do everything, you know.'

'I'd go, if I were you,' said Paul.

'But I might catch the fever, you know.'

'Oh, I guess not; it isn't as hot there now as it was when the soldier was there.'

(A truth, too.)

'I daresay. I haven't got anything to do to-morrow. One couldn't walk there, I daresay.'

'Oh, yes, you can go overland,' said Paul.

'It would be awful jolly now, wouldn't it? I say, now, wouldn't you like to go? My party has gone on. We would walk it slowly, you know, and go shares at the inns, you know.'

'I guess I won't go,' said Paul, lazily.

'Is there anything to see there?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Are the inns expensive?'

'Oh, no.'

'Because one don't want to be done, you know. These inns here do you awfully. I say, what's this, you call it?'

'Algiers.'

'Yaas. What's Algiers like? Is it like Coblentz, or Cologne, or any of those sort of places?'

'No, it's larger.'

'Is there anything going on? I'm afraid it would be a jolly bore.'

'Yes, there's something going on there all the time,' said Paul.

'Is there an opera there?'

'Sans doute.'

'What?'

'Yes, I guess so.'

'I say, what was that you said before, you know,'

'When.'

'Why, just now, when I asked you if there was an opera there?'

'Oh, I said, sans doute.'

'What's that?' (Face on a broad grin.)

'That's French for "doubtless."'

'Do they speak French in Algiers?'

'Yes.' (Paul was glad to be able to infuse a little reliable information into the conversation.)

'Then I'm not so sure I'll go. French is a bla-as-ted language, you know.'

'I wouldn't let that hinder you,' said Paul.

'Wouldn't you, now?'

'No.'

At this instant a lady and gentleman approached from the hotel, and seated themselves at one of the small tables. The young Englishman was making an entry in his note book, possibly about Algiers, when suddenly a thought struck him.

'I say,' said he to Paul, 'isn't there such a newspaper as the *Herald*, published in your country?'

'Yes,' said Paul, 'there is.'

'Well, I thought so. Do you know I've got a copy of it in my pocket, and I paid twenty-five kroitizers for, and I don't mind letting you have it for twenty, for I can't read it you know. I have not the least idea where to look for the news in it, you know.'

Paul smiled, counted out the twenty kroitizers, received his *Herald*, and began to run over its familiar columns. Next to an old friend in a foreign land, what is not the newspaper we used to read at home? What old platitudes will not delight,—what old news not freshen, read in those familiar columns, and dressed in that familiar type.

The Englishman had strolled away, the light of the spent sun had all but faded, and Paul's eyes were still straining over the homely type, when of a sudden he gave a start.

'My God?'

Both the lady and gentleman turned at the exclamation.

'Why, Frank, my dear,' cried the lady, as she seized her husband's arm, 'it is that madman who tried to shoot himself, at Niagara, that evening down by the Falls!'

CHAPTER XVII.

MY BROTHER'S ONLY SON.

In many other breasts besides Paul's had the *Herald's* paragraph caused commotion. Mr. Strasburger, although himself one of the few who had been previously in full possession of the tidings it published, had indulged himself in some profanity upon beholding it. The holy name had been on his lips, coupled with a very broad curse, more than once or twice.

But before reproducing for our reader's benefit the *Herald's* item itself, we must turn back to the day following Mr. Strasburger's visit to the Mind-Reader.

Mr. Strasburger, as we have seen, was now bent upon submitting the girl Olive Gray, to Mr. Gloster's manipulations. Like all new converts, he was a raving convert, and the gospel of clairvoyance, which he had absorbed, would suffer him no respite pending its demonstration. Olive, however, was the daughter of wealthy parents, and wealthy

people are proverbially proud and difficult of access. To obtain their consent to their daughter's mesmerization, he must needs go to work cautiously. He had accordingly called upon Mr. Gray at the Bank, and been shown into that gentleman's parlour. Mr. Gray was a stout, short, little gentleman, with a morsel of iron gray side-whiskers, high up on his cheeks. He was very near-sighted, and wore habitually a pair of broad gold-rimmed spectacles, which gave him the wise (almost the owlish) appearance that had made his fortune for him. For, by means of these glasses, and by means of holding his tongue, Mr. Gray had become a millionaire—the president of more Banks, director of more Savings Institutions, Insurance Companies, and trustee of more immense estates and corporations than ever fell to the lot of one man before. In very truth, he had begun life with no other capital than this certain look of stability and wisdom, which had been found so invaluable by banks and moneyed institutions. Mr. Gray, thenceforward, had nothing to do but to sit still and look wise, and his income was assured. We must, however, do him the common justice of saying that he was as honest as he looked, and that—in all the queer transactions which had, at this time, made certain European nations understand the phrase 'American securities' as synonymous with 'gimcracks'—his name or hand had never appeared.

Matter-of-fact as he was, he was surely the last man to approach on an errand like Mr. Strasburger's present errand. But the detective could be delicate, on occasion, and plumed himself upon having achieved a genuine success, when he left Mr. Gray's presence, with—instead of the flat refusal he had anticipated—a letter to Dr. Forsyth, and a reference of the whole matter to that learned practitioner.

Doctor Forsyth, it is needless to say, had made Olive's case his careful study. Apart from his interest in the girl herself—an interest which dated from the moment of her entrance into the world—apart even from the large perquisites clinging to the position of perpetual medical adviser to a millionaire's daughter; apart from these, as we have seen, he had made a specialty of mental diseases, and had accumulated a vast store of information and considerable experience in their treatment. Up to this time he had found that Olive, since the day her mind had left her, had grown very slight symptoms of anything like a reasoning faculty whose throne was in the brain.

We say in the brain, for Dr. Forsyth had been the first among his brethren to insist

that the reasoning faculty in animate nature exists, or may exist, in other portions of the animate body than the head or brain. Up to his time, the experiment of decapitating a frog, and then, with a straw tickling the frog's breast, had been a familiar one. Under that experiment, the frog would invariably move one of his arms or limbs to the place touched by the straw, and endeavour to brush it away. But this motion of the frog's limb was accounted for by the existence of certain twitching muscles connecting the breast and the arm, and science was pretty generally of the opinion that the frog's reason had nothing to do with the movement of his limb. Dr. Forsyth's experiment had gone further. He not only cut off the frog's head, but he cut off the paw or flapper of his right arm. He found then, that upon applying the straw to the frog's breast, the frog would first endeavour to push away the straw with his right limb; but, finding it too short to reach the irritated spot, (by reason of the absence of the flapper,) he would drop the shortened limb and endeavour to brush away the straw with his left limb. This, Dr. Forsyth maintained, indicated a reasoning process going on within the frog; and since the frog's brain was detached, that reasoning process must have its seat in some other organ or organs. However satisfactory the experiment, Dr. Forsyth himself was firmly convinced that the mind of animate things was not confined to the brain alone—that such reasoning processes as were simple and normal in their nature—as, for instance, the apprehension of distance from comparison, or of danger, from pain or other sensation—could be, and in fact were, discharged without requisition on the brain. The system of a telegraph from the foot to the head, necessary upon a contact of the foot with a coal of fire, or a nail, or other painful substance—to be answered by a return telegraph from the head directing the removal of the foot, he discarded as *Bosh*.

So, in Olive's case, he observed a perfect working of all the ordinary reasoning functions. Nay more, she even attended service at St. Jude's as regularly as ever; recognized friends, and passed the compliments of the season. It was only, in fact, when called upon to comprehend, that she showed the effects of the shock which had destroyed her brain.

Dr. Forsyth therefore found in Olive a subject ripe for his speculations and experiments. He had for a long time taken copious notes of her case, with his deductions thereupon. Some of these he had from time to time published, in order that they might

excite comment, or further illustration. He meditated, before leaving the world, indeed, nothing less than a great squaring of the debt which, Bacon says, every man owes to his profession, by a treatise upon 'Material of Mind,' which should be his moment; and Olive's case was destined to be almost a text case in its labourious preparation.

Doubtless it was owing, therefore, more to this treatise on 'The Material of Mind,' and to the good Doctor's love of experiment, than to his anxiety for the public safety and for the tracking of George Brand's murderer, that he to the astonishment of Mr. Strasburger, consented, on the instant, to Mr. Gloster's proposed mesmerizing of his patient. Indeed he mentally seized upon it as a final test, and meditated upon filling at least twenty pages of 'The Material of Mind' with a careful report of the experiment.

'If her mind is wholly gone,' thought the Doctor to himself, 'of course the experiment will be futile, and Mr. Gloster, who may be and probably is a quack, will have his labour for his pains. If there is any remnant of her mind still to be reached, under the abeyance of her brain, why then I can reach it as well as Gloster; and, in time, restore it all to its normal functions.'

In short, Dr. Forsyth entered so heartily into the arrangements for the seance, that Mr. Strasburger began to think that he himself was a fool, and Dr. Forsyth an old rummy—that they were, indeed, all old fools and grannies together. That everybody else agreed with him, was apt to make Mr. Strasburger suspicious of his own sanity, as is not unlikely to be the case with men who hold but indifferent opinions as to the common sense of the world in general.

When Olive had been placed in the designated chair in Mr. Gloster's apartments, Mr. Gray, Mr. Ogden (who had been invited by the common wish of all parties), Dr. Forsyth, and Mr. Strasburger, had seated themselves around a large table, upon which writing materials were copiously scattered—in the rear of the room, Mr. Gloster stood up at his little desk between the windows, and made a short speech.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you will please understand that I know nothing of the secret which this young person is to unravel. When I was favoured with a call from Mr. Strasburger, I became aware that he wished to explore a certain room, as it stood on a certain day, more than two years ago. All that I can do is to guide this patient to that room, if she will go. If she will not this conference we must reluctantly dissolve. The room to which you wish to go is a studio, I

take it, full of old armour, easels, books, pictures, and various objects scattered loosely about. The man who occupied it, at the date you wish to search for, was her lover, and is now dead. Under ordinary circumstances, she would go there readily—her love alone would lead her, but as it is, she having lost much of her mind from a certain terrible strain, there is another room also associated with her lover, to which she may find her way instead. If she go to that other, I am powerless to prevent her. Let us hope that she goes as you wish. If she does, I shall be obliged to keep her there by questions. These questions either of you gentlemen can suggest to me, only you must do it by writing them on paper, and placing them before me. You may move as you wish, but I am afraid it would be fatal to this interview for you to speak, even in the faintest whisper.

As Mr. Gloster delivered his speech and sat down, Mr. Strasburger's waning confidence revived. He had scrupulously avoided acquainting the Mind-Reader with any of the details that personage had alluded to in his address. He had not even mentioned Olive's mental condition. To be sure, these details might have been easily acquired by Mr. Gloster, but Mr. Strasburger thought he perceived in him a genuineness and a sincerity which gave him hope, and he drew up closer to the table, put his pen into the inkstand, and awaited the seance.

Mr. Gloster now moved his seat directly in front of Olive, and looking up to the ceiling, or out upon Broadway, or anywhere, in fact, except into her eyes, began his passes. His long, lithe, white hands rose and fell. Sometimes he bent over the girl, and passed his hands over the back of her head; then he would stretch his arms over her, and let them rest gently an instant. After a few moments thus spent, he was rewarded; clairvoyant sleep responded to the mesmeric efforts of the operator, and Olive's eyes closed.

'What a strange room it is,' said Mr. Gloster, in his natural voice, but speaking very slowly. 'Unfinished pictures in the corners, and on the easels. What a dogged grin there is upon the steel face of that knight in armour. It is strange to find him here, *clench*, amidst all this rubbish. Do you see him?'

For a moment no answer came from the parted lips of the sleeping girl; and at last, when those lips moved, they muttered only unintelligible sounds.

'Do you see him?' again said Mr. Gloster. 'Wait. He has not come in. His chair is empty,' said Olive with a start.

'No—he is sitting by the window. Do you see him now? Look! Not at the

library, look at the studio. Why, he is sitting at the window—he is writing to you.'

Olive breathed heavily for a moment, then suddenly she stopped, and began again the incoherent mutterings. But at last her hands twitched convulsively. A smile now seemed to break out over her features for an instant, to be succeeded by a look of pain. The charm was working.

'Oh, yes,' she broke out, 'oh yes, it is he. George! George! my George! Oh yes! I see you, and you are writing to me. You have opened the window to let the light in upon the gloomy place.'

Here a slight gesture from Mr. Strasburger caught Mr. Gloster's eye. He was extending a slip of paper. On it was written, 'Let her read the letter.—S.'

In compliance, Mr. Gloster turned to his patient and said, 'Can you read the letter he is writing? Read it aloud.'

'Ah, yes. I can read it. Ah, I know his hand so well. He writes very fast.

MY DARLING.—If you will excuse me, I won't come to dinner this evening, as I find myself behind hand on a certain bit of writing I must do at once, and so I shall dine early. Expect me then at about half after eight; and believe me your own

GEORGE.'

'Is that all?' said Mr. Gloster.

'But, while you are writing me, George—there is somebody—I cannot see who it is yet—but there is somebody entering the building from the street, to seek you, George, I fear—ah, yes, I know he comes for no good. He inquires, not for you, but for some one else—some one who lives in the next room, but who is not there. Ah! he knows that it is not the other, but you, that he seeks. He has some words with the old man at the door. Oh, if the old man there would only refuse to admit him! He has passed him, and is coming up the stairs. Ah, I know he comes for no good purpose. Now he has reached your door.'

'Do you see him at the door, now? What is he doing there? Does he pause, or does he knock?' said the Mind-Reader.

'He knocks at the door,' proceeded Olive: "'Come in." O, don't say "come in," George, because he bears you no good will. There is a chair in the way of the door: he will fall upon that if he enters. Oh, no, don't say come in! But you have! Ah, the door opens. He comes in—I do not wish to see you again, I will hide myself behind that screen. Oh Paul, Paul, don't for Christ's sake, don't,

murderer shall part us, though he may take it, dear.

Are you praying, George? You are trembling, and your head has fallen on your chest. Are you praying for me—that I come to you? Ah! there is no fear of that. But, I must leave you at your prayer for the man who has murdered you must escape me. I must follow him.

Do you know, George, it is very strange. Your murderer is in a large shop buying oranges. How odd he is!—one, two, three,—let me see, he has bought twenty oranges! They are wrapped in coarse brown paper, and he has taken them under his arm. He has gone out upon the sidewalk. I see him take a car. He speaks to a man in the car. I do not know who it is, but he is speaking to, nor can I hear what it is he is saying. But he smiles! Your murderer is in a car, George! He rides up to Twenty-second street. Then he alights and walks to Madison avenue. He is going into a large, ornate building, with many windows, where a servant opens the door for him from within. How the building—I have often seen it. It is a monument and looks down the avenue, and there are men sitting in the windows talking, and smoking cigars, and coming out upon the people who pass. The windows are all open. It is a hotel or a club house. He has gone into a room—there is a bed in the room, and it is upon the third floor. Now he—

Olive had been speaking irregularly—sometimes slowly, then again rapidly, as if she were following the movements she described Paul as making. Now she ceased altogether, and began twitching her hands nervously. Mr. Strasburger had taken in every syllable that had escaped her; and it lay in black and white before him.

Mr. Gloster, who had resumed his seat by the window, now arose and leaned over her.

'Are you awake?' he said to her in a whisper.

'Have I slept? Yes, I am waking,' she said.

'But you must not wake yet,' said Mr. Gloster, and, as he spoke, he began making rapid passes before her, with his white-gloved hands. 'Not yet. There—you are better now. Do you still see him?'

'Him—O yes.'

'What has he done now?'

'He, O, he has locked the door, that he may not be disturbed. Do you know, George, that he is your murderer? Will he follow him? He has pulled the spring off the bed. Now look—look—ah, the pistol, the pistol that took your dear,

precious life, George! He is putting it among the oranges.'

'He! Oh he has gone out with the parcel under his arm. I do not see the pistol now, but I know it is in that awful parcel, with the oranges. Why does not somebody stop him? See! he, your murderer, is walking boldly upon the street, in open daylight. See! he is going back to you, George—ah, he must look upon you once more! Yes, he is going back! * * * No! he has only raised his eyes to look in at the open door. He has not entered, but has taken another car, and is being carried down to the water.'

The sleeping girl paused again.

'No,' she said, 'he has gone upon a boat, and the boat is on the water. I cannot pass that water. O, George! George!' And she opened her eyes wide, and passed her hand over her forehead.

After Olive had ceased speaking, Mr. Strasburger folded up his notes and placed them in his breast-pocket. He did not dare to look—even now—at Mr. Ogden. He felt that gentleman's eye upon him, however, and his own cold heart, that had grown callous to sights of misery and wretchedness, did feel for the unhappy lawyer.

When Mr. Strasburger reached his apartments that evening, he felt himself satisfied with the result of the seance, and of Olive's clairvoyant revelations. But there remained one test of its accuracy—one which would add surety to assurance—and this test he proceeded to apply. It will be remembered that, when Mr. Strasburger had visited the gloomy studio known as No. 37, in company with Mr. Ogden and Tom Frear, he had discovered and secured a morsel of paper upon which were some words the murdered man had written. It had not thrown much light upon Mr. Strasburger's quest, but he had, nevertheless, carefully preserved it, and he now brought it out from the pigeon-hole where, with other matters and things relating to the Brand case, it had been stowed securely ever since.

It was a fragment of heavy cold-pressed paper, such as is used for private note-paper, and had evidently been torn lengthwise down the sheet. Of course, in destroying a letter, if the tearing is transversely across the written lines, however, entire lines might remain illegible. The fragment of the letter Brand had written to his betrothed—little dreaming of the marvellous circumstances under which its destined recipient should read it—which Mr. Strasburger now held in his hand, was torn down the letter, in this way, and contained these words, written in a large, bold, and uneven hand:

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Mr. Strasburger laid this strip out before him upon the table, and taking pen and paper, very speedily produced the letter Olive had read, from his notes of her communication, upon certain other slips of paper. He made several experiments, and destroyed several sheets of note paper, but at length he had, to his own satisfaction at least, incorporated this fragment into the letter Olive had read, as follows:

'MY DARLING:

*'If you wi ll excuse, I won't
come in to dinne r this evening, as I find
myself behind ha nd on a certain bit
of writ ing I mu st do at once and
so shall d ine early. Expect me
then at ab out half after eight
a nd believ e me your own*

GEORGE.

Studio Bu ildings, Tuesday.'

At least this proceeding fully satisfied Mr. Strasburger of the practical value of clair-voyant science, and, with his conclusions, there are many who will coincide. As he smoked his habitual cigar that evening, we must admit that Mr. Strasburger was as fairly elated as he had ever allowed himself to be. He was now in possession of every step that Paul Ogden had taken upon that fatal election day. From Lucius Core, first, from Olive's vision, second, and from Mrs. Melden, third, he knew it all. The marshalling of witnesses, who should, in a court of justice, substantiate this great chain of circumstantial evidence, was a minor task. Mr. Strasburger's theory was complete; and once let his theory be complete, he would have turned every house on Manhattan Island inside out, but he would surely, on the trial, produce his witnesses to substantiate it.

Before retiring that night, he signed and placed in Doyle's hands a requisition for the release of Lucius Core. 'Lucius Core can go, as no longer needed,' was all he wrote; but the authorities at the Tombs, who understood something of the circumstances of Core's incarceration, required only a hint.

As in the Tombs, Mr. Lucius Core is no longer needed, and therefore shall no longer figure upon these pages. While he was an

inmate of that grim city prison, he had had food—such as it was—in sufficient quantities, at least, to keep soul and body together. Once released, however, he found himself starving. Driven by desperation—nothing less than desperation would have induced him to do it—he actually sought out Mr. Strasburger, and told his woeful tale. Mr. Strasburger, either amused at a misery so abject that it really seemed comic, or feeling that he had been of sufficient service to the department to justify a disbursement, he handed the poor wretch twenty-five dollars, and never saw him afterwards.

We shall not be as fortunate, you and I, reader, let us not hope it. Lucius Core, as long as we live, will penetrate into our sancta—into our private offices and our counting-rooms. He will offer to sell us suspenders, or neck-ties, or soap—will insure our lives, or order us any book we desire to read, or any stationery (lead pencils, pocket knives, pens, rulers, etc.) we desire to purchase. No legends outside the door, 'Beggars and Pedlars not admitted,' however coarse the print in which they are printed, will have any terrors for him. He will come with his shoe-strings, his soap, and his life insurance policies upon any system, Tontine, non-forfeitable, mutual, or otherwise—as long, reader, as you and I shall have any lives to insure!

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HERALD COMES TO MR. OGDEN'S ASSISTANCE.

After the seance, Mr. Ogden did not dare to go home. How should he kiss his dear little woman, with her kindly face and merry, laughing eyes—how should he take his boys by the hand, and tell her and them that their Paul was a murderer? If ever Mr. Ogden was a coward, he was a coward among cowards, at that moment. So, instead of being carried home, he caused himself to be driven to the Thirtieth-street Station of the Hudson River Railway, and was soon in one of the coaches of that company, being whirled up to Fort Washington; Now the eminent Mr. Greatorex lived at Fort Washington—in a magnificent villa—whence, summer and winter, he could overlook the magnificent river, at once the Rhine, Danube, and Elbe of the world.

So Mr. Ogden sent his little woman a dispatch; notifying her that business of importance rendered it necessary that he should spend the night at Fort Washington; and Mrs. Ogden, who knew how frequently her husband was associated in great

cases with his brother Greatorex, understood it, and saw nothing unusual in the circumstance. She was in the habit, however, upon occasions when her husband remained away from home all night, to require the coachman, Minford—who lived over the stables—to sleep in the front basement room, and she was careful, on this particular evening, to herself see that the burglar alarm was adjusted to the windows.

At this time, Mara, whose engagement to Tom had become an old story, sported, on the third finger of her brown little left hand, a brilliant solitaire diamond, about the size of a tear. Tom had had taste enough to refrain from any attempt to express, in diamond, either his young lady's worth or his own admiration. Of course no monetary consideration could have limited his purchase; for, although he might not have the price of a dinner in his pocket, he would have purchased a ninety thousand dollar necktie at Tiffany's, with the same nonchalance with which he would select a cigar at Park and Tilford's.

It may or may not be ominous for young ladies to remove their engagement rings, but, on this particular evening, before retiring, some mystery of her toilette required Mara to take hers off; and, as luck would have it, she tucked her little self into bed and went sound asleep, thoughtlessly leaving it, together with her watch, upon the bureau cushion.

It might have been a couple of hours past midnight, when the whole Ogden household was awakened by a violent ringing of the burglar alarm.

Upon awakening, Mrs. Ogden herself, instantly realizing the warning, groped her way in the dark, into her husband's bedroom, where, on the wall, above his bed, was affixed one of the American District Telegraph Company's invaluable apparatuses, and summoned the police.

At this period, everything in New York was done by telegraph. Messengers were sent from private houses to India, and answers brought back again without leaving one's room. Messengers were called, policemen or firemen were summoned, and lawyers sat in their offices and answered to or adjourned their causes as held in court, by the pressure of a finger upon a knob.

Not only was the price of gold—of Western Union or Lake Shore, brought every other minute to the broker or speculator, but actually all the news of the globe, was, at the same intervals, put into the possession of every resident—thus actually realizing, in less than twenty years, a prophecy which we remember to have seen published (in

Harper's Magazine) for the year 1900, whose writer, in burlesque strain, gave full swing to his imagination in the most extravagant features he could assign to that year of grace.

Having achieved this act of fortitude, Mrs. Ogden went back to her room and fainted away; it being one of this good lady's characteristics, that, although as timid as a dove, she rarely gave way to her fear until she had been of all the service it was possible for her to be in the emergency which produced it. Upon Minford's lighting up the hall and parlours, and upon the arrival of the police, it was discovered that the burglar or burglars had escaped to the Avenue, through one of the parlour windows—the one which had set off the alarm. No trace of their entrance was anywhere discoverable, on a thorough search over the premises. The parlour window, which stood open, as the burglar had left it, bore no trace of having been forced, but had evidently been opened naturally from within. The patrol were of opinion, therefore, that the burglar or burglars had been able to secrete themselves in the house during the day; and after having enjoyed the fullest opportunity to ransack at their leisure, after the family had retired, had started the alarm upon retiring with their booty. So far as could be ascertained at that hour, nothing whatever was missing. But, in the morning, everybody in the house was made aware that Mara's diamond ring had been taken from the cushion, where she distinctly remembered to have left it, although her watch and chain, which had lain beside it, had not been touched! The affair was, of course, the theme of the family's conversation at breakfast, until another sensation was suddenly added to the morning's chapter, which drove the burglary out of their memory for many days to come. The new sensation was in this wise.

The oldest son, Percival Ogden, junior, who, in his father's absence, was in possession of the *Herald*, had sat down to his breakfast, and, while drinking his coffee, opened it. He was holding it in his left hand, and running down its columns with his eyes, while his right hand was holding his coffee to his lips. Of a sudden, he clumsily dropped the cup, and spilled the coffee. At this Mara laughed.

'Don't laugh, Mara, but read that,' said Percy, handing her the *Herald*, and indicating an item in its columns.

Mara took it, read the item, and, without a word, handed it to Mrs. Ogden. Mara was as pale as a ghost, and her hand trembled like an aspen leaf. But she held her

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peace. Mrs. Ogden read it, and left the room—also without a word.

It was the item which, two weeks later, Paul Ogden was himself to read at Bingen on the Rhine, and it ran thus :

'It has been ascertained without the shadow of a possibility of a doubt, that the hand which murdered, in cold blood, the Reverend George Brand, Assistant Rector of St. Jude's Episcopal Church on Fifth Avenue, just thirty-two months ago, was the hand of Paul Ogden, a young man highly connected, and well-known in this city, who is at present living somewhere on the continent of Europe. As we go to press, we have barely time to make this announcement, but will publish full particulars to-morrow.'

When Mr. Strasburger saw this item, as we have already hinted, he indulged in some very emphatic profanity, and expressed himself to the decided effect that there was no farther possible use for men of his calling as long as the *Herald* existed. But, of course it was useless to swear at the *Herald*—one might as well swear at all the Palisades.

As to the means whereby the *Herald* had obtained its information—which, after all, could have been mere opinion on its part—although announced, as it habitually announced everything, as gospel—*Herald* gospel, at least—it is idle to speculate. It is probable, however, that at Mr. Gloster's seance, which we have already described, an indefatigable *Herald* reporter was lying on his belly somewhere between the joists, or with an ear at some open flue, and to earn the favour of his employers and the three dollars which that moneyed sheet pays its correspondents a column, had put into absolute statement an assertion what all practical, God-fearing men must, of course, recognize as sheer visionary moonshine. But, at any rate, the *Herald* did one good deed by the publication. When Mr. Ogden entered his house that morning, he saw by the first face that greeted him, that he need contrive no longer how to break to his family the terrible tidings that lay upon his heart. They knew it as well as he.

CHAPTER XX.

AD QUOD DAMNUM.

It is not difficult to imagine the consternation created in polite circles by the *Herald's* item. But so far from letting the matter—bad enough as it was—rest, that newspaper now took matters boldly out of Mr. Strasburger's hand ; and with its thousands

of emissaries, to say nothing of the dozens, perhaps even hundreds of amateurs, of 'SCIO,' and 'INDEX,' and 'SCRUTATOR,' and 'A CITIZEN,' and all the letters in the alphabet—each of whom had seen, or thought they had seen—something unusual on that fatal day, the result was marvellous. Indeed, just at this time it was coming on dog-days. In those days everybody knows that news comes but stragglingly to Metropolitan eight and twelve page journals. Everyone knows, too, or ought to know, that tons of 'copy,' upon every subject under heaven, are stacked away in these newspaper concerns, during the cooler months, awaiting this dog-day dearth, when they can be put under requisition to fill up the yawning barren columns. O, guileless reader ! you who marvel at the activity which, within twelve hours of a great man's death, or the dedication of a great cathedral, will spread before you ten solid columns of that man's life, or twenty columns of descriptive criticism of the school of architecture to which that cathedral belongs—do ye not know that a newspaper office containeth more of Encyclopædia, than those heavy volumes of Britannica or of Appleton themselves ? Why, your life, reader, and ours, is written out and filed away somewhere in those dingy precincts ! If we are ignoble, it may be in ten lines, and in proportion as we are more or less illustrious, it will be a line, or a page, of the great newspaper for your inconsolable friends to read at breakfast, or as they are transported down town to business in the cars. When, reader, your turn and ours comes to be carried, feet foremost, out of the portal that shall know us no more forever, rest assured, that—line, or column, or page—our lives will occupy in the *Herald* just precisely the space to which we have by our virtues or our crimes entitled ourselves. Sooner or later, friends—we must be judged by the *Herald* of the deeds done in the body. When the newspapers chronicle a fire on Broadway, do they not as surely accompany the chronicle with a long description of all the other fires the Metropolis has ever known ? We repeat, all this is written to hand, indexed as to shelf and pigeon-hole, and ready for use ; as, reader, we have said, are your lives and mine.

Therefore, being the Dog-days, the *Herald*—followed soon, as it invariably was, by other metropolitan sheets, (for to give the *Herald* nothing less than its due, it was at this date, as it had been for years, easily the leader of metropolitan journalism, and its young editor, a gentleman of acknowledged taste and culture,) made the Brand murder, or the St. Jude's murder—as it was indefin-

itely styled—clearly the fashion, and devoted whole pages daily to its recapitulation. Up to this time the *Herald* had had nothing to print except the most alarming details concerning the filthy and death-dealing condition of Harlem Flats, while the *Imperium* had attacked the ravages of the small-pox, and the *Tower*, finding the wind of its sails thus captured by its contemporaries had raised the hue and cry of Mad Dogs! Now, however, the St. Jude's murder had purified Harlem Flats, had utterly laid the small-pox, and exterminated all the mad dogs! So if it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, at least the St. Jude's murder was doing somebody a favour.

But upon the Ogden family, it blew an ill wind. Dragged into horrible prominence, their genealogy, private history, their wealth, their personal appearance, respective ages, mode of living—their everything, in short, was written up and spread before the world, in those awful days. Of course, the family had at once closed their city house and betaken themselves to the retirement of Malcolm. But it was no retirement now. Crowds of people came up daily on the trains from the city to inspect the Ogden house and the Ogden grounds. Day and night 'interviews' and 'gentlemen of the press' pulled the Ogden bell—only to be refused, of course, admission. But the *Herald* nevertheless, would fill next day, just the requisite amount of space, indifferent whether the interviewer had been admitted or not. For instance, let us suppose that the *Herald* dispatched a special interviewer to ask Mr. Ogden the colour of his maternal grandmother's hair. Of course Mr. Ogden would see no gentleman from the press; nor, if he had, would he give the shade of his ancestor's locks. Never mind. In the half column of the next morning's paper which had been reserved for that particular interview, had it been obtained, would be an article running like this:

Our interviewer thereupon took the one, (1:10) train from Malcolm, and after a dusty ride, in the course of which he became overlaid outwardly, and lined inwardly as to his diaphragm, with a coating of bright red Jersey dust (why will not the Sussex and Jussex either ballast its road with stone, or adopt one of the dozens of modern contrivances to banish dust? We fear the policy of that road is to squeeze everything into dividends, *malgre* the comfort of its patrons,) arrived at the charming settlement. Upon the summit of a lovely hill, at its rear, in a beautiful grove of chestnut, stands the elegant Renaissance

villa of the now famous Mr. Ogden. The house is three stories in height, and overlooks the railway station at the bottom of the mill. The first storey is entirely surrounded by a very wide and spacious verandah. Crossing this, the *Herald* reporter rang the door bell—which is in the form of a wrench or crank, so contrived as to ring twice if pressed to its utmost, but only once if slightly moved. This bell was answered by a very pretty domestic of perhaps eighteen or nineteen summers, with plump, rosy cheeks, bright, merry, black eyes, and a dear little turn up nose; who announced, upon learning your reporter's errand—not, however, until she had inspected him thoroughly from pedestals to capital—that Mr. Ogden was 'engaged,' and that 't'want no use; he wouldn't never see no gent of the press.'

—Kissing his fingers in lieu of the damsel's tempting cheek, and advising her to look up Mr. Lindley Murray's famous work on Grammatic Rudiments, at her earliest leisure, your reporter withdrew.

And then the reporter would go on to describe his ride back to the city on the two o'clock Belchertown Express, which stopped at Malcolm expressly to accommodate the Emperor of Brazil, who was travelling *incog.* through the United States, and who happened to be visiting Mr. General McMullen, late commander-in-chief of the United States Army, who, as is well known, resides at Malcolm. And so forth, and so forth. What could be done under this sort of thing? Mr. Ogden's office was likewise besieged, and readers of the daily papers—in lieu of an 'interview' with its head, were treated to minute descriptions of the office, chambers, the number of volumes in the library, of clerks at the desks, of cases on the calendar, and the number of quires of legal cap covered with capital letters, in the course of the long vacation, by the lazy little call boy whose occupation for the time was gone.

Of course Mara's story did not escape the general scrutiny. And every incident in the child's life, from her discovery by Paul Ogden at the grape trellis, to her engagement with Tom Frear, and the theft of her engagement ring, was printed, and re-iterated in the newspapers, from New York to Oregon.

Mr. Strasburger, who bent to the storm, and calmly contemplated the tendering his resignation, read, however, Mara's story with particular interest, supplementing from the newspapers the information he had drawn from Mrs. Melden—and drawing his own conclusions. In this way, too, he first learned of the theft of Mara's ring.

Meanwhile Mr. Stuyvesant Lee, Senior

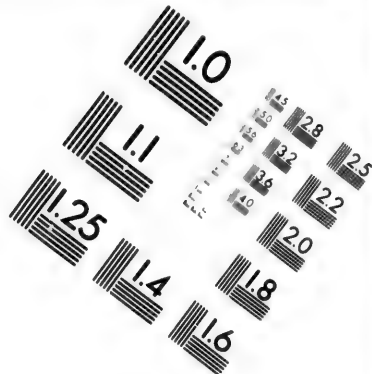
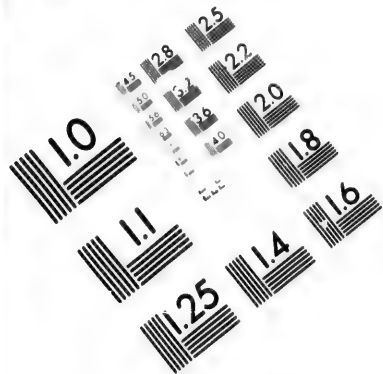
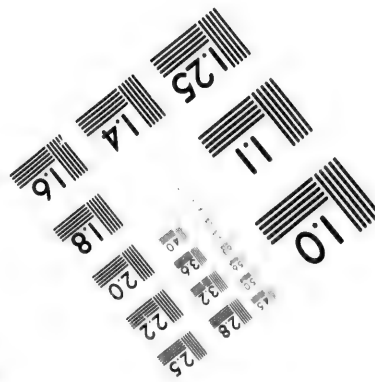
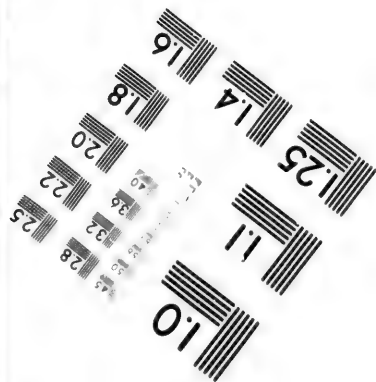
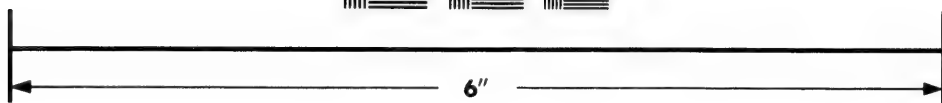
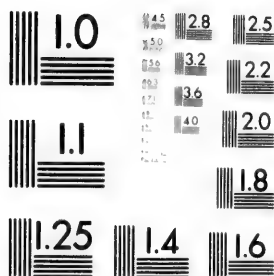


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Warden of St. Jude's Parish, had received intimation from Mr. Ogden that that gentleman could no longer continue as counsel in the matter wherein St. Jude's had long since engaged his services, in the following letter, which he duly laid before the next Vestry meeting:

'Jauncey Court.

MY DEAR SIR:

'I feel myself and the gentlemen you represent, so fully in the possession of the present distressing circumstances, that all allusion thereto may be spared me; except that it remains my earliest duty to place in your hands a resignation of the trust with which, two years ago you honoured me—a duty I herewith discharge.

'Assured of your regard and sympathy in the deep bitterness which has fallen on me and mine,

I beg to remain, my dear Mr. Lee,

Yours, most gratefully and faithfully,

PERCIVAL OGDEN.

STUYVESANT LEE, Esq.,

Sr. Warden, and for the Trustees of St. Jude's Parish, &c. &c.'

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BAT DELIVERS ITS OPINION

One morning, after the state of things we have described had continued about a fortnight, the Ogden family had just assembled at breakfast. There were Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, Mara, the three boys, Tom, our whilom friend, and Miss Singleton—no longer a housekeeper, but a valued member of the family—a lady possessed of many more thousands a year than she could possibly spend, and proportionately valued. The veriest height to which human philosophy and virtue can attain is the power to treat rich and poor alike. It is all very well to say that wealth is an accident, and that riches make no difference in men. But beyond the saying, we fancy that proverb never gets far. The Ogdens probably came as near to being independent of the human weakness that grow from money worship, as any people we ever knew. But we doubt if even among them, Isabella was not, before her good fortune, habitually addressed as 'Singleton,' and alluded to as a 'good soul'; whereas, afterward, she was always addressed as *Miss Singleton*, and everywhere conceded to be 'a perfect lady,' and 'our dear-est friend.'

This unhappy family existed, at this period of their lives—as we have hinted, in a state of perpetual persecution and siege. They stole on tip-toe from one room to another,

in their own house, wherein they were, of course, prisoners, for they could not pass its threshold without being followed by a gaping crowd. They spoke to each other in muffled undertones, even in the sanctity of their own closets. The domestics were instructed to deal with butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker at arm's length. I lost a green grocer, who should be a newspaper reporter in disguise, should break through into the heart of the mansion and write up its Lares and Penates; and the meals, at which it assembled, were solemn ghostly affairs, conducted almost in spectral silence. Tom had shared the misfortunes of the family, as he had its good report, and was looked upon as quite one of themselves already. He quite lived at Malcolm, and was almost always with the family at meal times, where his plate was invariably laid next to Mara's. Like the rest, he sat in silence, and in the great pall of circumspection which hung over this devoted household. They seemed to be aware that they went and came, and rose up and lay down, and ate, and drank, and slept, in the great and awful eye of the Public, and to that Public were awfully accountable for the order of their going, and coming, and sleeping, and rising, and eating and drinking.

On this particular morning, they were pursuing their meal in the invariable silence, when, on a sudden, the outside hall door was heard to slam violently. Prepared, as they always were in these days, to be surprised at nothing, they were, however, scarcely ready to see that the door leading from the hall into the room where they were sitting, pushed open, and a figure stride in before them. It might have been a ghost from a grave-yard that stood before them, so pale and ghastly was the apparition. Nor was it until after an instant that they recognized, in the haggard lineaments, the dark-rimmed eyes that protruded from their sockets, and the wan and sunken cheeks, the feature of no less a visitor than Paul. It was no ghost. It was Paul himself, the miserable cause of the misery of the stricken family before him.

'My God, does nobody know me?' he gasped, as he stood upon the threshold and leaned against the door post.

'Paul!'

It was Mara's voice that cried his name. In another instant the girl had left her lover's side and had thrown her arms around the prodigal's neck. She was sobbing and laughing convulsively, by turns.

'Paul, Paul!'—that was all they could distinguish—'O, Paul, Paul!'

Poor Tom! He did not know exactly

what was expected of him. His betrothed wife had flown from his side, and was weeping, before his eyes, upon another man's neck. He had not ceased to feel ominous about the loss of the engagement ring, and about Mara's absolute refusal to accept a duplicate. Now it seemed that the omen were coming to its fulfilment.

The whole household was now in confusion. Mara's laughter and sobs would have sufficed to drown all other speech, had there been any; but to tell the truth, nobody knew what to say. As ill-luck would have it—and as it always manages to have it in such predicaments—the two servants who waited at the breakfast table entered together, while everything was in confusion, and while Mara was still lying, sobbing hysterically upon Paul's breast. Mr. Ogden himself was at a loss for words. He ordered the servants sternly from the room; but he knew, ere they obeyed, there was ample time for mischief to be done. He was quite sure now that the news of Paul's return would have spread from Dan to Beersheba, from Malcolm to the Lord knows where, by mid-day. There are no telegraphs so electric as house-servants, however loyal. What Mary Ann and Biddy do not exchange over the area railings, is scarcely worth repeating at any time. But here was news indeed, worthy of their circulation. Besides, Mr. Ogden was not quite prepared to admit, by cautioning them, that Paul was a fugitive hiding from justice under his uncle's roof, or that the counsel for St. Jude's was harbouring the St. Jude's murderer.

When Mara was finally composed, and dragged by my main force from Paul's arms, she shut herself up in her own room, and refused herself to everybody. As to Tom, she would not even deign to answer his messages. Poor Tom! He felt that he walked in a different atmosphere already. There was something in the kind, respectful demeanour of the servants, in the extra timid tones of Mrs. Ogden herself, in the extra attention of all to his comfort, that seemed to tell how they pitied him. Who has not caught, in the same tokens, the knell of hopes, and the death-note of love?

As for Paul, what could be done? His aunt kissed him, as of old, and his uncle took him by the hand, as he had always done. No allusion was made to any alteration in the circumstances under which they now met. In great crises of our lives, it is always best, it always helps matters along, to take things silently for granted. So Mr. Ogden had only said, with a touch of his old kindness, 'Paul, have you breakfasted?'

'I have eaten nothing, for I don't know

how long,' said Paul. 'I can't remember when I ate last.'

And in very truth, Paul had scarcely eaten a morsel, since he left the shores of Europe, ten days or more before.

That day, for the first time in a week, Mr. Ogden went to his office in town. It was better to keep out of the way. At any rate, Paul was flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone—his dead brother's son. What if all the world believed him a murderer, as yet there was no indictment out against him. As yet, in the eye of the law, Mr. Ogden was harbouring no criminal. After all, there was no proof that could militate, in a court of justice, against Paul's innocence. All evidence procurable by the prosecution, must of necessity, be barely circumstantial, and the circumstantiality of evidence, now-a-days, is a tower of strength for the accused. Mr. Ogden had saved many a man from the gallows by expatiating upon the hazard of putting any trust in one's own sensations: could he do less for his own nephew?

But he was perfectly sure, at any rate, that the news of Paul's return and the present habitat would spread like wildfire. A little delay, perhaps, arising from the necessity of procuring a requisition from the Governor of New Jersey, to justify it, might lengthen the interval to elapse before Paul's arrest. Not much delay, however. The city of New York is the butter on New Jersey's bread; and Jerseymen proverbially know on which side their bread is buttered. But arrest would follow closely on the indictment, which was now a matter of course, if only as a sop on the part of the authorities to public sentiment. For, indeed, it had not failed of intimation by the one-penny papers of the Metropolis—journals which insisted on representing the interests of 'the working-man,' (whomsoever he might happen to be, in a land where the preacher's question, 'Who shall eat bread without labour?' might well give pause)—that, in this case, at least, there must not be one law for the rich man and another for the poor man; and that no need of birth, blood, wealth or social position should be allowed here to interfere between the law and the law-breaker. 'Nay, more,' said the *Bat*, (price one cent) 'we know that a relative of the accused is one of the leaders of the Bar—one, who, by his eloquence, his influence, (not always we fear, exercised openly and above-board) and his knowledge of subterfuge, technical law and chicanery, has repeatedly cheated justice of its due. We warn him, in this case, however, that no lordly pettifoggery shall prevail. The case is Capital. A young man without an enemy

in the world, (etc. etc. Here followed a paraphrase of Webster's well-known description—only, for 'aged man,' read 'young man.') Let him (i.e., Mr. Ogden—the *Bat's* editorials always required annotation to become intelligible) understand from us, that no manipulation on the Grand Jury at his hands will be tolerated—that Grand Jury must find a true bill, or the people will know the reason why. And, moreover, we can inform that gentleman, that it is clearly impossible that he appear in court as counsel for the murderer. Pull wires and advise the defence in secret, we suppose he will without restraint or shame. Unfortunately, we cannot prevent that. But, appear as counsel openly, or show himself in court at all, except as a mere spectator, he very clearly cannot. The statutes of the State of New York, happily, take care of that, and we refer him—for, astute student of the Statutes as he is, he, perchance, may need the reference—to the Revised Statutes, Vol. II. p. 591 § 5, where he may read that the people will not permit him to stultify himself by appearing to defend a murderer, who, for two years, he has been engaged, under heavy retainers, to trace, and—as counsel for St. Jude's Parish, of which the murdered man was an officer—to assist the District Attorney in prosecuting a murderer!

Moreover, vile as it was, the *Bat* was right about Mr. Ogden's duty. Although he had at once withdrawn from the St. Jude's case, and sent his withdrawal to the proper officers, upon the first intimation that the name of a member of his own family would be associated with it, he could not—according to his own ideas of professional honour—go over to the opposite side, even in defence of the purity of his own household, and appear to a prosecution which must be instigated, or, at least, strengthened by the moral force of his late client. True, Mr. Greatorrex—who, it was understood, would act as counsel for Paul Ogden, in the event of his arraignment—had laughed at his scruples. Mr. Greatorrex was a lawyer, who believed that whatever a lawyer is authorized to do by law, he may do by right. Beyond his retainers, he did not speculate much in purely metaphysical questions. If it was wrong to defend a guilty man, why, it was the fault of the law that gave the guilty man a trial and assigned him counsel. It was none of his business. But Mr. Ogden was in doubt. Mr. Greatorrex was not troubled with a judicial mind—a sort of mind that is quite out of place off the bench, and that rarely accomplished anything notable. Mr. Greatorrex was willing to let judges decide. He found it quite all he was

able to do to argue one side of a question; any doubts as to whether or no his side was the right side, he was quite willing to leave for the settlement of the last resort—confident that all opposite views would receive—from the eminent gentlemen opposed—at least their full weight and force, and solicitous only, that his own position should lose none of its virtue in his mouth.

At any rate, Mr. Ogden, long before the *Bat* had printed the above editorial in double-leaded lines, had felt himself clear, that, although his nephew's natural protector, he could scarcely—consistently with his own views of professional honour—undermine his nephew's defence. Of course the statute which the *Bat* had cited had no reference whatever to the case; and, except as applying to certain civil cases, was entirely ridiculous. A little learning is nowhere so dangerous as in legal or statutory matters; and the lawyer was forced to smile at this effort of the scurvy pundit, at least. But although he smiled, he was vexed to feel that, punctilious gentleman as he was, his acts in adherence to what he considered an honourable cause, would be surely reckoned, on other sides, as the result of moral coercion, applied by the hands of such a dirty demagogue as the editor of the *Bat*.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LAWYER'S DUTY TO THE STATE.

Upon arriving at his office that morning, Mr. Ogden sent a message round to Mr. Greatorrex, to the effect that he must have an interview that morning, and that he would find any hour convenient that Mr. Greatorrex would name. Mr. Greatorrex returned answer that he would drive around to Mr. Ogden's office on his return from chambers, at twelve o'clock. And, shortly after that hour, he entered Mr. Ogden's private office, and the door was locked.

'Greatorrex,' said Mr. Ogden, 'my nephew, Paul Ogden, made his appearance at my house this morning.'

'Doubtless that was the place he should first appear,' said Mr. Greatorrex. 'He, of course, is aware of the public sentiment of regarding him?'

'Unquestionably.'

'Well, so far as we have progressed, I see no reason why he should not appear.'

'My idea,' returned Mr. Ogden, 'is that he should at once surrender himself to the authorities.'

'I am not so clear about that. So far, there is no defined suspicion—there is as yet

nothing but gossip—so far as I can see, mere gossip and old wives' fables. I might go and deliver myself up to the authorities with precisely the same reason.'

'But, public opinion—'

'I fail to recognize any considerations of public opinion as affecting, in any way, the question of our duty, or at least of *my* duty, here,' said Mr. Greatorox. 'When the time comes that public opinion shall take the place of law, and try men in the newspapers, and send them to prison or to the gibbet, then, I say, you and I, Ogden, must practise public opinion instead of law, and plead in the newspapers, instead of in the courts; but so long as we practise law, I don't see that we are called to trouble ourselves about what you call public opinion.'

And let us be slow in pronouncing Mr. Greatorox in the wrong. The duties a lawyer owes to his client are well known. We are instructed that a client is authorized to expect from and rely upon, in his attorney or his counsel, up to a certain point, skill, research, and diligence in conducting his cause, an ordinary familiarity with, and grasp and application of legal principles, &c.; and that, up to a certain point, he may recover damages of his professional guide for the latter's want of these qualities, or for his negligence, carelessness, or abuse of his cause. On the other hand, the lawyer's duty to his client is proportionally prominent and well-defined, and accompanies the relationship until dissolved, or until terminated by his insanity, disbarment, elevation to the bench, or death.

But the highest duty of a lawyer is to the State and to the public: like a judge, he is an officer of the court, and his office is a public trust. The lawyer has entered into a certain contract with society, and for the construction of that trust, and for the specific enforcement of that contract, we must turn to the domain of ethics, rather than of equity. Says Dr. Warren: 'The ethics of the bar must always be a matter of infinite concern to the community, whose best interests are identified with its honour and integrity. Among the secret and internal causes of the rapid decline and fall of the Roman Empire, Gibbon did not hesitate to reckon the decline and corruption of the bar. The noble art which had once been preserved as the sacred inheritance of the patricians, was fallen into the hands of freedmen and plebeians, who, with cunning rather than with skill, exercised a sordid and pernicious trade.'

'Careless of fame and of justice, they are described for the most part as ignorant and

rapacious guides, who conducted their clients through a maze of expense, of delay, and of disappointment, whence, after a tedious series of years, they were at length dismissed, when their patience and fortunes were almost exhausted.'

The chiefest privilege with which the lawyer is entrusted, over and above his fellow-citizens, is that of receiving the confidential communications of his client, whose cause he is thereafter to espouse; a privilege, indeed, shared in most communities, with the medical and spiritual adviser, but with the difference that, while the lips of both are sealed, he alone is the public advocate of the one who has confessed to him, and must both receive his confidence and defend him before the law. The question then arises whether his debt and duty as a citizen to the State which protects him, that the guilty should be punished, should override his duty as a lawyer to his client, or vice versa. The question is one which has induced much casuistry and comment, but is to our thinking, one not difficult of solution, though in its discussion, our citations of authority must necessarily be rather to the essayist than to the books. In his 'Law Studies,' Dr. Warren (Chapter IX, 'Ethics at the Bar'), draws the most extreme case possible, namely, that of a murderer who had confessed his crime to his counsel. Such being the case, the author reflects that a conscientious counsel would remember that the law of the land, of which he is the officer, has sealed his lips; that his evidence is not admissible at the trial. His duty to the community is thus set at rest. In such an extreme case—the author tells us—Mr. Baron Parke being appealed to, first desired to be informed distinctly whether the prisoner insisted on counsel defending him, and on hearing that he did, said 'that the counsel was bound to do so, and to use all fair arguments arising on the evidence,' and his own judgment he gives in these words: 'A man of honour would either decline to hold the brief, or reluctantly yielding to importunity, distinctly apprise his client that, under such circumstances, counsel could do no more than see that the case was made out by proper evidence, according to the prescribed forms of law.'

We incline to think a more strict interpretation of the counsel's duty would discard this alternative form. The 'man of honour,' who would 'decline to hold the brief,' would be, to our thinking, like a surgeon who would refuse to probe the wound of a suffering man, or the physician who would refuse to alleviate the agonies of a sick person, because his wound might have been incurred while breaking the law, or his disease the consequence

of an immoral or lawless life. His plain duty in the premises, it seems to us, would be to aid his client in obtaining a just and fair trial, upon such evidence as the law makes admissible, for and against him; the counsel's private and personal opinion not being called for, nor his evidence allowed to be taken. Indeed, in speaking of the same supposed case at another place, Dr. Warren himself says:

'Counsel would, in such a case, remind the jury in cogent terms that they were sworn to give a true verdict according to the evidence, and according to nothing else. He might urge by all fair arguments, for instance, that the whole of the evidence might be true, and yet not necessarily prove the prisoner's guilt, at all events, with requisite clearness and certainty; that links in the chain of proof were wanting which might have been supplied; that identity appeared on the evidence as questionable; that the witnesses could not, from various causes, be depended upon, judging from what had been elicited in open court. All this, however, would be done fairly by the conscientious advocate, and under the terrible restraint imposed by his own individual belief in, if not knowledge of, the prisoners' guilt. If a counsel, under such circumstances, could not go thus far, then advocacy would be annihilated, and the reign of universal injustice and oppression commenced.'

But let us pass, from the extreme case, to one more frequent, namely, where a question as to the client's guilt or innocence, under the law, arises. For since the law, in defining crimes, does make many distinctions in grade and definition—as for instance, whether homicide is murder or manslaughter, in first, second, or third degree—there surely can be no moral obliquity in counsel's endeavouring to secure to his client the exact degree of punishment to which he may be entitled, and no more; or, if there be a question whether—from various circumstances not apparent to the community, as, for instance, a long life-time of oppression, or mental or physical anguish or incapacity—the prisoner be not accountable for his act, it cannot be wrong for the counsel to make sure that all these facts are presented to the jury who are to judge of the prisoner's responsibility. And we cannot evade the reflection, that, even if these circumstances do not exist, none the less does the law give to the meanest criminal the right to a fair hearing before his peers, before she suffers him to bear the consequences of his wrongdoing. Says 'Doctor and Student' (Chapter XLVIII.): 'For

though he (the prisoner) be a common offender, or that he be guilty, yet he ought to have that the law giveth him. And that he shall have the effect of his pleas, and of his master entered after the form of the law; and, also, sometimes a man by examination and by witness may appear guilty that is not, and in likewise there may be a vehement suspicion that he is guilty, and yet he is not guilty, and therefore for such suspicion of vehement presumptions, methinketh a man may not with conscience be put from that which he ought to have by law.'

In such a case, the counsel, says Dr. Warren, 'must regard his own lips as those of his client, and hold himself consequently forbidden to utter his own individual opinion or belief as to the justice of that client's case.' Nor is this the advocate to convert himself, from the advocate, into the judge of his own client, who has engaged his services as advocate alone. By thus prematurely and gratuitously expressing his own opinion against the merits of his client's case, he is forestalling and superseding the functions of the very tribunal to which he is engaged to appeal."

So long, then, as the law grants to call a candid hearing and a suspension of judgment until its conclusion, just so long, then, it is the high trust and duty of counsel to see that no clamour or coercion or tumult deprive him of it. Even against the bench itself, if necessary, must the counsel maintain this justice. Lord Erskine left behind him nothing that will live so long in the hearts of men as his reply to Judge Buller, when, in pleading an unpopular cause, the Court threatened to commit him for contempt: 'Your lordship must do as you see fit. I know my duty as well as your lordship knows yours. I shall not alter my course.'

Especially is it the trust and duty of the counsel that he be not driven from his advocacy by public and newspaper clamour. 'Trial by newspaper' has come to be, in these days, of no unfrequent occurrence. Especially commendable seems to be the following reflections submitted in a lecture to young lawyers by the member of the New York bar in a late lecture to the graduating class of law school: 'As to the cases you should take, it is extremely difficult to be precise. Bringham said that the lawyer must subordinate everything to the success of his client. This is not true. Others say, never take an unjust case. If you attempt to adopt this rule, be careful you do not hang

*And to a like effect the reader will recall Dr. Johnson's Dialogue with Boswell.

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your client or deprive him of his fortune before the law has done so through its recognized and official oracles. Whatever rule you adopt, never allow yourself to be driven from your client's cause by popular outcry and odium. This is the depth of professional meanness and cowardice. But for the courage of lawyers in historical trials of political significance, and the persistence of lawyers in amending the law of libel, and increasing the power and province of the jury in libel cases, there would not to-day exist that freedom of criticism in the public press of which lawyers and judges are to-day among the principal objects.

Nor is it always just in the counsel to decline a case, since he may thereby do great injustice. Says Mr. Reed: 'The lawyer must recollect that the more conscientious he has been in his back practice, the more will his clients be disposed to acquiesce in his decision. And therefore, while we are anxious, as we should be, to avoid encouraging foolish litigation, we should be careful, likewise, to avoid, by premature decision, suffocating a good cause. We are nei her judges nor arbitors. We should permit neither our needed promptness and firmness for what we deem the good cause to desert a client, trusting and confiding in some right which better after we have discovered.'

Dr. Brown gives a reminiscence as follows: 'A young member of the bar, who has since reached some eminence, when applied to in a case which was somewhat complicated and doubtful, waited on the late Mr. Rawle, stated the case, and remarked that he thought it a bad one. 'You are,' said Mr. Rawle, 'a presumptuous young man thus to venture in the outset to determine what a court and jury can only decide after hearing all the testimony.' And the more eminent counsel become, the more injustice they might do to a cause by declining it. 'Chief Justice Hale,' we are told by Lord Campbell, 'began with the specious but impracticable rule of never pleading, except on the right side; which would make counsel decide without knowing either facts or law, and would put an end to the administration of justice. If he saw a call was unjust, he, for a great while, would not meddle further in it but to give his advice that it was so. If the parties, after that, were to go on, they were to seek another counsellor, for he would assist none in acts of injustice; yet afterwards he abated much of the scrupulousity he had about cases that appeared at first unjust.'

Let, then, the lawyer remember that his office and duty are a sacred trust, and, in

the way of defence of his client's right, whoever that client may be, mere popular clamour and repute, which veers with every wind, can be nothing to him. In honestly securing to his client, from the public, the hearing which the public itself has ordained under the law that emanates from them, he is saving them for themselves. No possible case can arise upon which opinions may not be expressed. If the case be reported to the public—either wholly or in part—beforehand, nothing is more certain than that—from the fragment they may happen to hear—some portion of that public will receive their own impressions, and form therefrom some judgment with which counsel, on one side or the other, must find themselves opposed. In cases of great public interest and moment, a counsel might find whole communities, or even whole nations, excited to frenzy against his client: but his duty would be nevertheless clear and unmistakable. Especially are eminent counsel apt to suffer criticism when appearing as counsel for prominent and powerful objects of public outcry and censure. It is to be remembered, however, that it is their eminence and not their tastes or inclinations which attracts large cases; and that, too often, it is the greatest criminals who have the means to employ the most valuable services.

If eminent counsel volunteered to protect, what public opinion—from its own impressions, received from gossip or common report—pronounced to be a fraud or villainy, then, perhaps, some moral obliquity might be suspected of the act; but so long as they are counsel, practising at the Bar, and at the service of those who pay their price, it is hard to see how there can be. Undoubtedly, then, we say, Mr. Grestorex was right in holding it to be the duty of the most eminent, none the less than of the youngest and most obscure lawyer, while he remains at the bar, to see that those who come to him obtain at that bar the right which the law gives to the meanest and most tainted of her subjects. To afford even those whom impartial justice arraigns upon credible evidence a fair hearing, is the first duty of our profession. This is the lawyer's contract with the State.

Mr. Grestorex, and his brother Ogden, however, did not spend much of their valuable hour in discussing a lawyer's duty to the State. When they parted, it was agreed that Mr. Grestorex, instead of going up to Fort Washington, should spend the night at Malcolm.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DOCTORS DISAGREE.

Meantime Paul, after Mr. Ogden's departure, had been induced by his aunt to go to bed. And, indeed, he was too greatly debilitated in mind and body to properly be anywhere else; and when there, Mrs. Ogden had nursed him as tenderly as if he were not believed, on every hand, to be a murderer. As to Mara, she had persisted, all during the day, in remaining in her own room. Tom, in a state of most abject despair, had gone to town towards evening, without having succeeded in hearing a word from his mistress's lips.

So Mr. Greateorex dined alone with Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, Miss Singleton and the three boys having had an earlier dinner by themselves.

'Well, mother,' said Mr. Ogden, at dinner, where of course no other than the absorbing topic had been introduced, 'you have seen Paul all day. Let us know what you think.'

'Think!' said she. 'Why, Percy he is mad—that's all. Poor Paul! He was mad when he left us—he is mad now.'

After dinner, Mr. Greateorex and Mr. Ogden entered, for an instant only, the chamber where Paul lay in bed.

'Well, Paul, my boy,' said his uncle, as he entered, 'how are you?'

'I think, uncle, I'm pretty well used up,' said Paul.

The next ceremony—the introduction of Mr. Greateorex—was a delicate matter; but Mr. Ogden did what was probably the best thing to do under the circumstances. He shut the door with a bang, and looked it. 'Of course you know, Paul, that it will be necessary for you to answer proceedings of some sort, in court,' he said bluntly; 'and Mr. Greateorex will appear for you. I don't know that you have ever met before.'

Paul knew the eminent Mr. Greateorex by name, as well as he knew the name of the President of the United States. He raised himself in bed, and said, simply, 'I am glad to see Mr. Greateorex.'

Mr. Greateorex himself bowed, and took a seat by the window.

There was a pause of some moments, when Paul lifted himself up again, and said, 'Uncle, I know very well what Mr. Greateorex and yourself are here for. I appreciate your kindness, but I don't feel as if I could accept it. I did shoot George Brand, if that is what the trial will be about. I vowed that I would have his life—and I kept my

vow. Before I killed him, the thought that he was living was driving me mad. When I saw his blood flow, I was a new man. I did not fly from justice. I am here to meet it. I killed him—I killed him—and I am satisfied.'

As he spoke, he had raised himself to a sitting posture, but now he sat backwards upon the bed.

Mr. Greateorex and Mr. Ogden looked at each other. 'He is mad—mother was right—he is mad,' said Mr. Ogden, when the two lawyers were alone.

Long into the night the two lawyers talked together. Of course there must be a trial—and of course the jury must be brought to acquit Paul.

'I never saw so strong a case,' cried Mr. Greateorex. 'Look at the evidence. What is there against him? Simply nothing. A man is found dead. He was engaged to be married to a girl who had formerly been engaged to your nephew. What is there in that? Nothing. On that day your nephew happened to call on Mr. Frear, an artist in the Studio Buildings—'

'That's a weak point,' interrupted Mr. Ogden. 'Tom—Mr. Frear, I mean—was a total stranger to Paul. In short, he never saw Paul in his life until this morning.'

'Very well,' rejoined the other. 'Supposing a man called upon a man he never saw, and who never saw him, what jury is going to find, in that, even a shadow of a suspicion that the one who made the call murdered somebody else the same day? Your nephew goes down town in a stage, and buys a sham passage to Europe, under an assumed name. Prove it! Why, after you prove it all, there is nothing in the whole case which is one half as strong for the prosecution as that Boston case, the Abijah Ellis case, you remember. This man Ellis was a hard creditor, and a man named Leavitt Alley owed him two hundred dollars. One morning, some workmen near the gas works in Cambridge discovered two barrels, containing a mutilated human body, floating in the Charles river. They were packed with horse manure and shavings, and in one of the barrels was discovered a piece of brown paper bearing the name of one Schouler, a billiard table manufacturer. It was discovered, upon investigation, that this Leavitt Alley was in the habit of removing these shavings to his stable. Following this clue, to this stable, it was found that a dry manure heap had recently been disturbed, and blood was found upon some boards near by. It appeared that, on the previous morning, Alley had started from his stable with four barrels, and a teamster, in jumping from the waggon, had

ascertained that four of them were heavy. Two of these barrels were not satisfactorily accounted for, and a man testified to seeing the team and barrels, with a man strongly resembling Alley, upon the mill-dam, whence they were supposed to have been thrown into the river. Now, besides the fact that Alley owed Ellis two hundred dollars, he was known to be in great need of money, and Ellis was known to have gone in search of Alley on the probable night of the murder. Alley was proven to have purchased an axe a short time before, but that axe could not now be found, and Alley denied that it had ever existed. Stains were found upon clothes which were proven to have been worn by Alley, which experts pronounced to be stains of human blood. A woman was found who swore to having heard strange noises, like the noise of rolling barrels, on the night supposed to have been that of the murder. From the examination of the murdered man's stomach, experts pronounced that the murder had taken place on that night between the hours of six and nine, and it appeared that Alley had been possessed of plenty of money after the disappearance of his supposed victim. Now, what circumstances are there against your nephew to compare with these? Are there any stains of blood mentioned as having been found upon his clothes? And even if the presumption of his innocence were questioned, could we not easily explain every movement of his on the day of the murder? And yet, in the Alley case, under all these telling circumstances against the prisoner, he was acquitted. Why, who is to say that this Brand did not take his own life? In France—and in many other countries—the proportion of suicides to homicides is such as to raise the presumption—other things being equal—that a violent death is a death at one's own hand; and in such times as these, when men cannot pay their board bills, when trade is exhausted, and money not procurable, it might not be hard to show from statistics that the same proportion exists here. Then this evidence of this man Core, that Brand told him that he (Brand) had no money, goes to show that Brand was in great need of funds; and being engaged to be married to the daughter of a rich man—a condition in which, as you know, a young man—to carry himself through and keep up appearances, must spend a good deal of money—who knows but he may be driven to desperation, and taken his own life? Let in, if you will, the evidence that your nephew has confessed this murder. Are not the books full of cases where men have confessed to murders they never committed? All he had to do was to

read in the papers, and he, or any other man, might pass a pretty strict examination upon the *modus operandi* of the shooting. Look at the numbers of men who, at various times, have confessed to murdering Dr. Burdell in Bond street, and Mr. Nathan in Twenty-third street. A man may seriously believe himself guilty of a crime. Mental aberration is the obvious origin of many such self-regarding statements which turn out to be utterly untrue. Such were the confessions of witchcraft in old times. Or the person confessing may actually believe in the truth of his own statements. Mr. Best mentions, I believe, the case of a girl who died in convulsions while her father was chastising her very severely for theft; and he fully believed that she had died of the beating, and so confessed to killing her, whereas, it afterwards turned out, that the girl had taken poison on finding herself detected in the theft, and that she died of the poison while being beaten. Look at the story of the little Hunchback in the Arabian Nights, and at Mr. Reade's story of Friar Richard and Friar John! In both those stories a corpse was conveyed secretly into another man's apartment; and while there, an innocent man, mistaking it for a robber, belaboured the dead body until he had killed it; and so confessed to killing it when it was found.

In November, 1580, a man was convicted and executed in Paris, says Bonnier, in his *Traite des Preuves*. I remember the very page, 256, where he mentions the case—on confessing to the murder of a widow who was missing, but who, two years afterward, appeared alive and well. And in England, a woman, Joan Parry, was hung on confessing to the murder of a man named Harrison, who was alive many years after her execution. That's in Howell's *State Trials*, page 1312.

And there is nothing simpler in my mind.*

*As these pages are going through the press, we find reported in the *New York Times*, of July 27, a wonderful verification of Mr. Greatorex's theory as to Hallucinatory Confession. Charles Heyne, aged 7, the son of Nicholas and Eliza Heyne, died May 31, 1876, and was buried a day or two afterward in Greenwood Cemetery. The father keeps a saloon at No. 39 Third-avenue, New York City. The attending physicians saw nothing remarkable in the case, and unhesitatingly gave their certificate that he died of nephritis, the result of scarlet fever. Seventeen days afterward Augustus Kassen, a servant in the Heyne family, accused herself of poisoning the boy. She signed a circumstantial statement, declaring that she had given the child acid in milk to drink, as follows:

"I Augusta Kassen, of my own free will, make the following statement: I am a servant employed by Mr. Nicholas Heyne, at No. 39 Third-avenue. I have been with him a few

Why, Ogden, I am as clear-headed as most men, and yet I wouldn't swear positively to anything, on the mere evidence of my own senses! Your nephew, you say, has been labouring under a melancholia that has amounted to a madness with him. I've no doubt he was so delighted to hear that a rival of his had perished—and the delight is natural enough, and masculine enough, I'm sure—that he's the victim of an hallucination that he himself killed him! In short, confession or not, we'll acquit him triumphantly. And the sooner they indict him, the better I'd be pleased, and the sooner he'll be a free man!

'Can't we prove an alibi from the testimony of the young lady, who met him in a Sixth Avenue car going up town? In the testimony of the chambermaid, who found his bed at the club deranged, as if Paul had turned in for an hour or so to sleep off a little extra claret. I tell you, Ogden, that our only course is to throw ourselves on the circumstantial nature of the evidence, and force an acquittal, as we did in the Folke's case. I know you've set on the insanity defence; but let's see if we can prove it. Moral insanity is only a name, after all—a cut-and-dried defence, to enable juries to acquit, and where it won't do to convict. For instance, it's come to be pretty generally understood, that you can't hang a man for shooting the seducer of his wife, and—so long as the law doesn't make seduction

days over a month. Mr. Heyne's little boy Charles was sick when I came to the house; he had scarlet fever and drowsy. I waited on him several times, but did not have the whole care of him. On the afternoon of the Monday previous to his death, about 1 o'clock, his sister asked me to bring up a cup of milk for her little brother Charley. I took up a mixture of acid and milk, and gave the mixture to the boy himself. He drank all the mixture except about a quarter of a cup full. I gave the remainder of the mixture to the cat. Charles threw up right after drinking the mixture. I saw him about 5 o'clock the same afternoon, and he complained of a pain in his stomach and head. I do not know whether he vomited or had diarrhea. I only saw Charley twice after seeing him at 5 o'clock on the Monday afternoon on which I gave him the mixture, and then only glanced at him. He died on Wednesday following, but what time I do not know. The acid I gave Charley was what we clean boilers with. I knew the acid was poison, but did not expect it would kill Charley, until I saw the cat, to which I gave the rest of the mixture, die. The cat only lived ten minutes after I gave her the mixture. I never had any quarrel with the boy, nor with Mr. and Mrs. Heyne, and why I gave the mixture to Charley I do not know. After the cat died I threw it in the ash-barrel, and when Mrs. Heyne asked me where the cat was I would not tell her. The mixture I gave Charley was three-quarters acid and one-quarter milk, and was given in an ordinary coffee-cup.

AUGUSTA KASSEN.

a crime, but a civil trespass, for which a plaintiff can collect only money damages, and to which no penalty is attached—I am glad that it is so. So far the intelligence of the public has progressed; but I doubt if they're quite ready to announce that a man can't be hung for shooting his rival in a love affair, or for shooting a man who becomes engaged to a girl, who once was engaged to the shooter. If they were once understood, it might possibly come in time to be acquiesced in, the same as the other rule; but I doubt, in this case, if we can force it. You see, this is supposed to have been a particularly cold-blooded affair, and people feel worked up about it. The prosecution will have unlimited money to spend on witnesses, and you and I know the power of money well enough, by experience.

'We will establish his insanity,' said Mr. Ogden, 'principally from the utter absence, on Paul's part, of any idea of responsibility, or of the enormity of his crime. Why, the boy speaks of it as he would of buying a horse, or of shooting a woodcock. It's what the books call, I believe, "moral imbecility," and they all agree in classing it as a species of insanity. It's the case of Romaine Dillon over again. Romaine Dillon, you remember, shot a man dead, in the corridor of the Clarendon Hotel, the other day—a man he had never seen before in his life—simply because the man looked at him.'

'Ah, yes; but Romaine Dillon was mad at the time, and every one had known him to be so for years. His moral imbecility was the result of a crazed brain—a symptom of his disease, and not his disease itself. Here is a young man to the full as rational as you or I!'

Upon this confession Augusta was arrested and committed to the Tombs, and the body of the dead child examined, and an inquest held upon it by Coroner Eickhoff. August Kassen was present, under guard. Her rather pretty face was bruised on both sides by striking her head against the floor and wall of her cell while in a fit. She is epileptic, and had three fits on Tuesday night. Her eyes had the filmy, uncertain expression characteristic of that disease. Eliza Heyne, mother of Charles Heyne, testified to her that she had poisoned the boy several days after his death. Dr. Maximilian G. Raffie, of 12 East Tenth-street, testified that he had attended Charley Heyne, who was suffering from scarlet fever and its sequelae. That the cause of death was "scarlet fever and nephritis," and he had seen no reason since to change his opinion. Dr. Stratford, who analyzed the stomach and contents, testified that no acid was found. The jury decided that death had resulted from natural causes, thus acquitting Augusta Kassen of her self-indictment.

The physicians and others who heard the testimony were convinced that Augusta had told her story while labouring under insanity.

'Well, I am convinced that he is mad, for all that,' returned the other.

'I have studied this case of Paul's in every light I could obtain. I have turned it over and over in my mind, and I have arrived at the conclusion that his is the precise case mentioned by Dr. Maudsley, whom I regard as the greatest and safest living authority on that subject. Here is what he says, And Mr. Ogden proceeded to read from a small volume bound in red cloth: "I proceed now to consider another class of cases of homicidal insanity—those in which there is a definite delusion in the mind, and the crime is the direct or indirect result of the delusion. When a father believes that he has received a command from heaven to slay his son, and obeys it, there can be no manner of doubt of his insanity, and no one would impute the deed to him as a crime; it was the direct, unqualified offspring of the delusion. Even lawyers admit readily that this kind of insanity excludes all responsibility for actions which can be shown to be in close relation to the particular delusion under which the so-called monomaniac labours; the vital question for them, being how far the delusion has affected the mind of the agent at the time. No human punishment, it is supposed, would restrain him from doing what, though legally criminal, he believes it right to do. His knowledge of right and wrong, in this regard, is destroyed by disease. But, if the delusion cannot be shown to have influenced the act—if a man have the maddest delusion which madness can imagine, and do a murder which cannot be traced to its influence—then it is declared that he ought not to be absolved from culpability; that he ought to be held justly responsible in all other instances. Hoffbauer proposed that, in order to answer the question of responsibility in regard to the acts of insane persons, "the dominant impression in which their delusion consists should be regarded, not as an error, but as truth": in other words, their actions ought to be considered if they had been committed under the circumstances under which the individual believed himself to act. If the imaginary circumstances make no change as to the imputability of the crime, then they ought to have no effect on the case under consideration. If they lessen or destroy culpability, they ought to have that effect in the supposed instance. The man is to be assumed to have a dual being—a sane and an insane personality; and, accordingly as he acts in the former or the latter capacity, is to be condemned as a criminal or acquitted as a madman."

'It seems to me,' continued Mr. Ogden, 'that that is just Paul's case, and that, accordingly as we find him to have been acting in his sane or insane personality, we must judge him guilty or not guilty. In his sane personality, he certainly would not murder a man—that is, judging from his taste, education, habits of life, social relations, etc. If he shot the curate, he must have shot him in his insane personality, and that personality we can readily prove from other acts of his.'

The fact of his elaborate plans to mislead pursuit, so far from being incompatible with insanity, is actually a usual and concomitant symptom; and here is a precedent. Mr. Ogden read again from Dr. Maudsley: "A man named John Billman, who had been tried for murder in Philadelphia, and found to be so hopelessly insane that the prosecution itself had asked for an acquittal on that ground, was discovered to have strangled his father in bed, and then, by a rapid ride by midnight, and a feigned sleep in a chamber unto which he had clambered by a window, actually succeeded in establishing an alibi that acquitted him of the murder; thereby evincing not only a sense of guilt, but an appreciation of the consequences of exposure; and yet he was insane." Or, again, what Dr. Maudsley does not say, Paul might have killed the man while insane and planned the subsequent manoeuvre while sane.'

'I still doubt,' said Mr. Greator, 'not your theory, but our ability to establish the insanity, in Paul's case, so clearly as to get our verdict. You see, in this case, there's a good deal of public feeling. If we went before the Commissioners of Lunacy and induced them to take the case from the courts, and send Paul to an asylum at once, then there would be such a cry at once about influence, that the Commissioners—who are but men, after all—would back down. I doubt the strength of your evidence. It wouldn't do for you and your wife to be the only witnesses to his insanity. Of course there are the doctor's. We could, undoubtedly, find half a hundred of the most eminent physicians in New York to swear that the prisoner's as mad as a March hare, for the asking; but then, the prosecution can get half a hundred more to swear that he's sane. There's nothing doctors enjoy more than calling each other fools, on the witness stand. And then the jury will have to toes up for it. Look at the Wharton trial in Baltimore. Mrs. Wharton's lawyers got as many doctors as they want, to swear that the dead man died of cerebro-spinal meningitis—and, when

the doctors who found the poison in the stomach are put on the stand, the cross-examination sets them to analyzing milk punch and lemonade, and the jury are obliged to toss up a cent to see if the prisoner is guilty or not. Seriously, Ogden, I wouldn't shut up a dog, over night, on the testimony of medical experts. Why, look at the Fowlkes case! Of course, Fowlkes shot Frisk, but Fowlkes is acquitted because half a dozen doctors testified that the surgeons who treated him, probed his wound too deeply. So he goes free because Frisk had surgical attendance. If no surgeons had been called in, these same experts would have sworn that the wound might not have necessarily been fatal; and then he would have gone free, because Frisk hadn't have surgical attendance. I know the value of expert testimony as a last resort, but in this case, where he had a defence, I think we'd better rely upon it, and let the doctors alone.

Mr. Ogden was not quite convinced, but he had great confidence in his brother Greatorex, and, moreover, had resolved to take no direction of the case. And so it was all but settled that the general issue should be fought out step by step before the jury.

But both Mr. Greatorex and Mr. Ogden were premature.

The next morning, on rising, the household were confronted by the intelligence that Paul had disappeared in the night, and left no clue of his whereabouts. It seemed, too, as if revelations were never to end in this family. For the news of Paul's departure was supplemented by the tidings that the door of Mara's chamber was wide open, and that she, too, had fled. This was the morning of the day upon which the Grand Jury of New York County found a true bill of indictment against Paul Ogden for the murder of George Brand.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. STRASBURGER IS DISPIRITED.

Mr. Strasburger may never have been one's beau ideal of a companion, but of late even his familiar, Jimmerson, complains that he is the poorest sort of company. He is moody, surly, and pre-occupied. The fact is, he is getting along in years, and begins to take disappointments pretty heavily; and the atrocious conduct of the New York *Herald*, in taking the St. Jude's murder case, which he was slowly and surely working up, line upon line, and piece upon piece, out of his hands, and jumping at the conclu-

sion to which he was wearily and laboriously progressing, was telling upon his philosophical and discriminating mind. In short, Mr. Strasburger was completely demoralized. His occupation was gone. The great case of his life had been stolen from him by a newspaper, and a page in his ledger was destined never to be posted. But the *Herald* had done more than take away the case; it had taken away thirty thousand dollars. Everybody, that is, everybody who had considered the matter, had felt that the thirty thousand dollars reward, which had been offered for detection of the St. Jude's murderer, was surely coming to Mr. Strasburger. Now, as to whether he was entitled to any portion of it, as to whether the *Herald* was entitled to it, or its reporter or reporters, or anybody else, why Mr. Strasburger was still clear-headed enough to recognize in that, a question sufficiently tangled to exhaust the thirty thousand dollars themselves very readily, once the solution were so intrusted. But if the *Herald* really had jumped at the name of the murderer from overhearing the seance in Mr. Gloster's room, that seance having been brought about and paid for by Mr. Strasburger—then, thought that gentleman, the *Herald* ought to recognize his claims.

It was really too bad! The chain had almost reached completion—even to the salesman in Park & Tilford's who had sold the oranges to the blonde-haired young man—to the very number of the non-detonator with which Paul had fired the fatal shot. Mr. Strasburger had received his evidence, and was marching onward to his triumph. And now, the *Herald* had knocked everything in the head—that is to say, it had knocked Mr. Strasburger in the head, by actually putting its finger on the murderer after whom he was still groping.

At all events, just now the very name of St. Jude's was nauseating to Mr. Strasburger, and he even was desperately indifferent as to whether Paul Ogden were or were not hanged.

To tell the truth, one or two private matters were just now intruding upon Mr. Strasburger's overtaxed brain, and one or two phantoms of his own raising were sharing his pillow of nights. One of these phantoms took the unkempt form of Job Pierce. Job, we have seen, had sworn to take Mr. Strasburger's life. Through some mistake, he had been set at liberty in the teeth of the district attorney's stipulation, and Mr. Strasburger's valuable life was undoubtedly, therefore, more or less in jeopardy. Although he had rarely ever shown fear, however much, at times, he may

have felt it, Mr. Strasburger, the detective, really did fear Job Pierce in his heart, and, had any observer been present when he sat late in his office of nights, he would have noticed that the detective's arm-chair was habitually drawn nearer than ever to the little ivory knob in the table, whose pressure summoned Doyle. The second personal matter which troubled Mr. Strasburger, was the story of Mara Ogden, of which he had first heard certain particulars from garrulous Mrs. Melden, and of which, possibly, he had read certain mysterious elaborations in the newspapers. The larceny of Mara's diamond engagement ring, somehow, in Mr. Strasburger's mind, to connect her with Job Pierce and with himself. He had determined, therefore, to use his influence to secure the ring, as a means for securing an interview with Mara.

When property is stolen in New York, the police force, and its peculiar nature, with thieves, can pretty surely conclude through whose hands that property is likely to pass, and, as a rule, can recover it. There is a well authenticated story of a certain Judge whose pocket was relieved upon a street car of a valuable watch. On mentioning his loss to Police Superintendent Jourdan, that gentlemanly official remarked, 'Oh, they didn't know it was you, Judge, or they never would have taken it from you. I'll send it up to you to-morrow!' and, sure enough, on the morrow the Judge received his watch. So Mr. Strasburger determined to secure the ring without delay.

We have had occasion to mention Mr. Blau of Baxter Street. Now, Mr. Blau, in addition to his functions of ancillary to the Jimmerson Establishment, was proprietor of a 'Road Outfitting Establishment,' (which is nothing more or less than a tramp's furnishing store)—on that savoury thoroughfare—a place where the pedestrians, of whom small villages at this time stood in so much dread, purchased coats sufficiently misshapen, and hats sufficiently battered, for their purpose. Mr. Blau dealt, besides, in various minor articles for the use of these gentlemen of the highway. Shaving materials for the tramps who shaved, he condensed into the dimensions of a vest pocket; gridirons, or toasting forks for tramps who broiled or toasted the products of the field, to which they helped themselves, he furnished in all sizes; skeleton padlock keys, by which the tramps picked the locks of freight cars by night—when they wished to ride—all these, and a hundred other things, Mr. Blau kept on hand. Of course Mr. Blau was a 'fence,' that is, a

receiver of stolen goods. All the tradesmen on Baxter Street are 'fences,' as is well understood. To Mr. Blau, therefore—being a serviceable person for the duty of discovering it—was confided the task of securing Mara's engagement ring.

It was while Mr. Strasburger was engaged in plans for the return of the ring—which he was so confident of receiving—personally to Mara—that he heard, in one breath, of the return of Paul Ogden, and of his elopement with no less a companion than Mara herself. Here was the very opportunity he sought. Detectives, of course, would be put on the fugitives' track. Ordinarily, it would have seemed like sacrilege to set the eminent Mr. Strasburger—who was only employed on capital cases, and only on the most vital and important of those—at following a runaway couple across the country. But he had his own object now. He lost no time in securing an interview with Mr. Ogden.

Mr. Ogden, of course, desiring nothing more than that the runaways should be returned to him with as little publicity as possible, was well pleased to intrust their recapture to so shrewd and discreet a person as Mr. Strasburger.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FUGITIVES.

Mara had forgotten her plighted troth to Tom, and had, indeed, followed Paul. Her faith had been no faith, and her truth no truth. Nor was there anything extraordinary in the matter. Women so leave men every day, and the thing surprises nobody. When men who have plighted their vows, leave the women who have received them, we talk of dishonour, of deceit, and of disgrace. But when women break their vows to men, nobody seems to have expected anything else. 'O, she's jilted him,' we laugh. Nobody thinks for a moment of blaming the women. Our only comment is to laugh at the men. The word 'honour' is never once mentioned in the case. And isn't this all just as it should be? The gender of the word. Honour, is masculine. And, after all, who can blame the women? Marriage is the knell of their reign. The woman who walks a queen over prostrate hearts, who is flattered, worshipped, adored—who kills with her frown and revives with her smile—this woman knows, that, no sooner shall she choose one from her thousand, or hundred, or dozen slaves, to be her lord, than her power over all is gone. She is a queen no longer—not even a queen of slaves. Marriage is the grave of her ambition, of her con-

quests, of her honours, of her spoils, of her homage, even if, happily, it be not the grave of her love. She must thenceforth either become the shapeless mother of her lord's children, and the upper slave of his household, or lose among women that which she had already lost among men—her place. Who can blame her? Where she must barter so much pride for so much pain, who can say that even honour should hold her to her word?

So, indeed, it had been with Mara. Betrothed to Tom, she had not yet made up her mind to give up her beauty, her place in the ball-room and in society, and settle down into a commonplace breeder of Tom's sinner. She had felt herself, doubtless, growing more and more isolated in Tom's company—or rather, we should say, less and less sought for—out of it. But she had never quite made up her mind to be his wife, and to yield to him, and him alone, her whole heart and person.

When a woman is engaged, as a rule men leave her. Accustomed to feel the want, as most women do, of men's society, she is driven to the society of her betrothed, and if he does not disgust her, she gets to long for the reality—for that for which an engagement is only an apology—for marriage. An engagement, therefore, is a good thing; for it is bound to do either one or the other—either to disgust the girl in time, and before it is too late, or to infatuate her judiciously. And in time, no doubt, Mara would have been ready to marry Tom had not Paul appeared. But when he did appear—he, the man of whom she had dreamed in her slumber, and seen in the night watches—he, the great first love of her warm, passionate heart—she thought of nothing more. She was his slave. She asked no troth—no faith—no wedding ring—nothing but his strong arms to fold her, and his rough lips to press her own. And so she followed him, happier to be his creature—if he willed it so—than to be the wife of the man who loved her better than his own life!

And is there anything improbable, or unusual in her conduct, reader? Not at all. Did not Constance do the same—forsaking

—to be his slave
All here, and all beyond the grave!

Do not women every day leave men who worship them, in purity and honesty, for libertines, who value them only as playthings? Yes, and they will until the end of time, and nothing will stop them. So we might as well make the best of it. Women are the only created things that don't know—and what's more, that don't care to know

—their own friends. Talk of love—passion the devotion, the worship and homage of a life. What do they care? Bah! the extra curl of an eighth of an inch on the end of a moustache, or a handful of extra padding in a dress coat, will outweigh all that with a woman, a thousand times!

While Mr. Ogden and Mr. Greatorex were discussing, well into the small hours, at Malcolm, the defence to be opposed to Paul's prosecution, Paul himself had noiselessly left his bed, dressing himself, packed his valise, and met Mara on the landing of the stairway outside his door. She had her own small satchel in one hand and a strapped shawl in the other. They had found no difficulty in leaving the house, or in taking many of the owl trains that run drovers and market men into New York, where they had breakfasted at an obscure hotel on West Street, which was open at that hour, thence being driven to the Grand Central Station, in time for the early Montreal Express.

Paul had spent the first twenty years or so of his life in more or less desultory travel, until it might almost be said that he knew every route on two continents by heart. Moreover, mad as his uncle might believe him, he had a strong method in his madness, and was well aware that he was, while breaking one law, fleeing from the consequence of of another previously broken. Pursuing, then, his own policy at Albany, Paul and Mara left the Montreal train and took the Western Railway (as it is called in Boston, or the Boston and Albany as it is known in New York State), first purchasing tickets at the Albany station, only for as far as Springfield. At Springfield he had time, while the train stopped, to procure tickets for Boston: and this plan of purchasing no through ticket, but of misleading pursuit, by setting it adrift in as many towns and termini as possible, he in fact, steadily pursued. At Boston the fugitives took supper at the Revere House. They were thence driven to the Eastern Railway Station, whence they embarked on the night express for Portland, arriving at that lovely city early the next morning.

From Portland there are two frequent routes to Halifax, one by steamer direct, a trip which occupies about eighteen hours, and the other by rail, via Bangor, St. John's, New Brunswick, and steamer across the Bay of Fundy to Digby, and so to Windsor and Halifax. Of course Paul was aware that, in these telegraphic days, his pursuit had already commenced. In truth, at the very instant that he arrived at Portland, the fact of his having purchased tickets from Albany to Springfield, and actually diverted himself

from his course to Montreal, had just been developed, although not until every hotel in Montreal had been ransacked, and the telegraph between that city and New York been in requisition for at least twelve hours. It being, therefore, Paul's policy, whenever pursuing one route, to suggest that he had taken another, he accordingly secured tickets to Halifax by steamer, from thence by rail to Pictou, and thence, by steamer again, to Quebec and the Saguenay—at that time a route, as now—a favourite with tourists. Having procured two through tickets for this trip, he took the rail for Bangor. Now from Bangor, there stretches a long straggling line of railway, known by the ambitious title of 'The European and North American Railway.' This European and North American Railway, however, being named on that lucus a non lucendo principle not uncommon in the United States, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, it does not connect those two continents. What it does do, is to struggle through a seemingly interminable pine forest, with saw-mills for stations, and black bears and wild deer for residents, until it terminates at nowhere; that is to say, at a point opposite the town of St. John's in New Brunswick—a town containing nothing in particular except an excellent hotel, the Victoria, a ramshackle and a precarious steamer, which runs or rather rattles across the Bay of Fundy into the Gulf of Digby, and so through that strait, to the village of Annapolis, Nova Scotia. From Annapolis the tourist proceeds through the Acadian country, made poetic by Longfellow, and sacred forever to the shades and sorrows of Evangeline; in sight of the angry Blomedon, along the edge of the Basin of Minas (now prosified into 'Mine's Bay,') and actually through the sweet little village of Grand Pre itself. The very locomotive engines that drag one are named, from the poem, 'Evangeline,' and 'Gabriel,' and 'Basil;' albeit they only succeed in dragging him to the forsaken little town of Windsor, or thence, for two hours or so more, to where the dirty garrison town of Halifax guards, with its citadel, the Atlantic Ocean from rapine and plunder.

Perhaps there is no locality on the western continent so strongly suggestive of England, as the Province of Nova Scotia. Especially does it remind one of England in the conservative deliberation observed by the inhabitants in their lives and daily avocations, so noticeably in contrast to that hurry and bustle which distinguish citizens of the United States. Napoleon the Great was the first European who ever mastered a knowledge of the value of time; but Napoleon is dead, and

since him few Europeans have absorbed this comprehension. And, as in England and on the continent, so, as a rule, in her Majesty's possessions on this side of the Atlantic, but chiefly in Nova Scotia, one sees people moving leisurely and philosophically along, as if every day they lived was a part and parcel of their lives, to be enjoyed or lost. And we are not to be understood as saying that they are wrong.

Now Paul happened to know that when a Nova Scotian starts to go by rail from Annapolis to Halifax, he stops over at Windsor, to break the journey, and to put up for the night. This, indeed, is actually the same thing as stopping at Poughkeepsie to break the journey between Albany and New York; but what would be absurdest in one of us, under given circumstances, is to do precisely the thing you may count upon an Englishman doing under those identical circumstances. Paul, therefore, calculated that his presence in Windsor would attract very little attention from the villagers, while the insignificance of the village itself, would make it one of the places in the world to which his pursuers would turn their scrutiny.

In all this proceeding, Paul was acting the part of a libertine, and he knew it. He cared for Mara, indeed, but it was for her youth and beauty, for herself. He had counted upon the enjoyment of her society for a fortnight, as we shall presently see. Beyond that, he had no plans, either for himself or for her—for this world or the next. The jackals of justice were on his track—and he was ready for them. But he would elude them as long as possible. He would fool them to the top of their bent. They would come up with him at last, but only when he was beyond their reach.

As for Mara, she was in heaven. The dream of her life, Paul's love, was hers in its fulness. If she could, she would not have looked beyond the bliss of the present, which was wholly hers, with the future which god or devil might be brewing for her ips. She was perfectly satisfied with, and happy in her present. Paul was hers alone, and, as the old Bohemian life of her girlhood—the Bohemia she had sucked in with her mother's milk—came back to her, she welcomed it with the zest of old-time acquaintance-ship.

Paul, for a madman and a murderer, we must admit, had laid his plans well. At Portland he had purchased his ticket for Augusta; at Augusta for Bangor, and at Bangor for St. John's. At St. John's he had broken the scent by water—that is to say, he had waited until the boat had left the dock and was well on to the bay, before

buying his ticket for Annapolis, and then had asked Mara to present herself at the office, and herself go through the formalities of the purchase. At Annapolis, he had bought tickets through to Halifax. At Halifax, as we have seen, he might be already expected by steamer; but suffice it to say, at Halifax he never intended to appear at all.

But unfortunately for the fugitives, if Paul was shrewd, Mr. Strasburger was shrewder. It will be remembered that he had once before followed in Paul's footsteps on paper. He felt, therefore, all the more master of his prey, and familiar with his subterfuges, now that he was following them with actual pursuit. In the ruse of purchasing tickets to Montreal, embarking upon a through train for that city, to subsequently abandon it for an utterly different destination, he saw but a repetition of the old games he knew so well. So knowing his opponent's game, and his opponent's style of playing it, he had nothing to do but to watch and be wary.

And, wise as Paul was, his wisdom, after all, was only the wisdom of the fox when chased by hounds, or the door-step pilferer when chased by a patrolman. It was only a clumsy expedient this doubling on one's track.

Mr. Strasburger felt sure that Paul would do one of two things; either that he would re-appear in New York, or, crossing the borders, take refuge in the dominions of her recent majesty the Empress of India. In either case he was a prisoner, and his incarceration only a question of time. Leaving his subordinates to scrutinize every railway station and steamship landing by which an entrance to the city could be effected, Mr. Strasburger went himself, with only Doyle as an escort, to scour Canada and the Provinces.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MORE SOO.

The little hotel in Wind or, called the Alexandra, is a quite unpretentious brick building, opening directly from the street. On the ground floor is a dining-room and a cosy parlour, while the second storey is divided into guest rooms, ample in size, but few in number. Directly in the rear, but a few feet distant, runs the track of the Windsor and Annapolis railway, by which the fugitives had come from Annapolis. Paul and Mara occupied a rear room in the second storey, whose two windows looking out over the railway track, commanded a straggling little morsel of the town, and some patches of green field beyond.

One afternoon, Paul had been away longer than usual, and Mara was growing ennuied and impatient. She had read all her novels and filled out all her fancy work, and there was nothing more to do. She was wondering how she should manage to survive until Paul came, when she remembered that, in one of her windows, a previous occupant had left a small box of geranium; and so Mara, for want of something else to do, determined to water this poor, lonesome plant, and took a water-decanter from the table and opened the window to do so. Just at that moment the noon train from Annapolis, slowing up for Windsor station, passed by, and Mara raised her eyes. It was an ordinary train of three rather seedy coaches, each with more room than passengers inside. She stood there, however, but an instant, for presently Paul entered the apartment, when Mara slammed the window and ran to kiss him.

But Paul pushed away her arms, and did not return her kisses, as was his wont.

'Paul, Paul, what is the matter?' she cried; and she now noticed for the first time that his face was very white.

He did not speak, but passed, almost staggered, to the sofa, and sat down heavily upon it.

Mara rushed up to him, and sitting at his side, put her small hand on his brow.

'Paul! Paul! what is the matter?' she said again.

'Mara,' he said, as if not heeding the question, 'I hope you never speak out loud in this room.'

'Why, Paul?'

'Because,' said Paul, 'the walls of this are double, and between them men are secreted night and day. They live there, and eat there, and sleep there—there are six, and two of them are always listening to what we are saying! Listen!'

Mara threw her arms around Paul's neck.

'Paul! Paul!' cried she, 'what is the matter? You are not well!'

And, indeed, his eyes were rolling wildly, and his breath came and went fitfully. Mara tore open his collar, opened his shirt and bared his breast. Then she placed her hand again upon his brow. It was as hot as fire.

'Mara,' said he, 'do you remember the little shop on the Rue Choiseul? It's a little poison shop. The fellow who keeps it is a friend of mine. I used to call him Ligny. "Ligny," said I to him, one day, "you've all sorts of poison here?" "Yes, Monsieur," says he—"all sorts—instantaneous—three hours—twelve hours—two days—two months—two years; anything you require." "Ligny," says I, "can you give

me a poison that will work in a month?" "Without doubt, Monsieur," says he. "Ligny," says I—stop! don't you hear the men in the wall? I must speak lower."

"Ligny," says I, "give me a poison that will work in one month. Mind now, it must make me stone dead in one month." "Come in three days, Monsieur," says Ligny, "and Monsieur shall have what he wishes. Only, if Monsieur pleases, he must bring one thousand francs." "Too much," says I. "I will give you eight hundred." Well, Mara—Oh, how I shall cheat those men in the wall!—Do you know my month is up to-day?"

"What are you saying, Paul? Are you dreaming? Oh, Paul, Paul! don't you know me, my darling?" And the great drops stood in Mara's eyes, for Paul no longer regarded her.

"Ah, my brave Ligny," Paul went on, "you are prompt—you are reliable. Just to think. I took your little drops at Bingen, and here they set me free in this room—from the men in the wall."

At this moment there was a rap on the door.

"Do you hear them?" cried Paul. "Did I not tell you they were there? Let them in! Let them in! Open the wall, and let them in!"

Now, when Paul had entered the room a few minutes before, he had left the door unlocked, and there was hardly a pause between the knock, which had only been given as a sort of announcement, and the opening of the door. Mr. Strasburger now appeared, followed closely by Mr. Doyle, just in time to see Paul fall back upon the sofa, and Mara, kneeling at his side, trying to raise his head upon the pillow.

But the detective did not hesitate. Approaching Paul's prostrate form, with only one keen glance at Mara, who seemed unconscious of the intrusion, he said, in a raised voice, "Mr. Paul Ogden, I arrest you for the murder of George Brand, in the city of New York, two years and nine months ago."

Then he nodded to Doyle, who had drawn a pair of handcuffs from beneath his coat, and now advanced to place them on Paul's wrists.

The touch of the cold iron awakened Paul from the paralysis that was stealing over him. He drew himself up violently, brushing Mara aside, and staring at her pursuers. "Too late, too late!" he laughed, "too late! I don't need them! I killed him—thank God! I killed him. I put out his damned black eyes. My God! Olive!"

And so, with the name of his God and the girl he had loved better than life, or home, or hope, last upon his lips, he fell back upon the sofa—and all was over. His head dropped, his eyes glared for an instant and then their light went out forever.

Yes, all was over. He had given up the trouble ghost that life had been to him. There lay the pale clay in which that mysterious breath we call Life had quickened, and moved, and suffered, and gone out! The tragedy was over. All was peace at last, in that bosom, where bad spirits had fought together, where love had maddened to misery and crime, and whose mortal agony death alone had quenched.

There are many ways of looking at suicide. Many say that, since life is a mere voluntary gift to man from his Creator—not delivered as the result of any contract on the part of the creature, that he will retain it until it is called for, not even demanded or asked or sought by the creature—he breaks no law and ruptures no contract by refusing longer to be a trustee for the thing he must one day or other surrender, and by abruptly returning his life to its giver. Still others urge, that, as it is no sin to call in a physician to relieve one of an unendurable disease sent by Providence, neither is it sin to call in Death, the greatest of Physicians, to relieve one of a life become—through poverty, or sin, or pain—unendurable and insupportable. To the argument of the gift, it is answered that one cannot misuse even a gift, if one determine to return it: that, unless he can give it back precisely as he received it, he cannot give it back at all; and that as one cannot return to his Maker that unblemished, pure and innocent life he received, he cannot return it at all. To the other argument there are two answers. The first answer is the Sixth Commandment, the other is the grand answer of the Stoic: Man, said the Stoic, 'is a sentinel at his post. The storms may come, the rain may dash, the winds beat upon the man, the enemy may harass him and make him afraid. But, whatever discomfort or peril surround him, he is still a sentinel at his post, and he cannot go until relieved. He is a soldier who cannot move without orders.'

And so it is we talk of honour, but honour is only duty—obedience to authority: and whatever mere physical or moral courage there may be in the act of suicide, doubtless the grand answer of the Stoic is the offset to it all. Still we must remember that there was a time when suicide was a seed of the Church—although it has since been called martyrdom—and—although in

these days, the wretch who, to save those dear and near to him the burden of his support, or the shame of his execution, lays violent hands on himself, metes no praise at our lips—we are told in Holy Writ that 'greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'

But, at any rate, right or wrong, Paul Ogden had a second time taken life, and he had left his post. Mr. Ogden and Mr. Greatorex need deliberate no longer as to his defence, for he had gone to a Bar at which they did not practise, and where they should stand, not as counsel, but in the dock with him.

Ah, well, it matters very little. We die when our knell sounds—whose ever the hand that strikes the blow. As for the dead man, he had worked out his destiny. His hour had come, and his shades had released him from the burden of life, as they will release us from ours, reader, when we shall have done that which—from before the foundation of the world—it was appointed us to do.

There is in the gallery of the Belvidere, at Vienna, a picture painted by Giorgione. A young man in the flush and exuberance of his manhood, crowned with vine-leaves, lifts to his lips, which are wreathed in smiles, a glittering goblet. Behind his figure, glowing with all the power of the Venetian pencil at its best, we gradually discern in the dim and misty background the shadowy outlines of a dark and evil face, glowing with concentrated passion, and the gleam of a dagger raised in act to strike. And so, behind each one of us stands Fate—inexorable, resistless, implacable. If it is written that we die by the dagger, that dagger is already drawn—or if it be that a thunder-bolt shall overtake us, that bolt is in waiting, ready for its spring. Until that, the appointed hour comes, as it is written in the Apocalypse, shall men seek death and shall not find it, and shall desire to die and death shall flee from them. For until our hour shall come, shall the book of our life be closed.

Let us not ascribe to Olive, poor simple child, the blood of the two strong men who have died for her. Two strong men the less were in the world: that was the net result of her striving to be a missionary and a teacher of God's truth, and to do some good in the world! It was better for them, doubtless. Better out of such a world as this than in it. Perhaps that is good work she had done—who can tell?

There is something in the presence of the last great potentate that no other presence

can bring. The room is full of a great mystery, an awful unknown, that awes all living things to silence.

The child we raise to look for the last time upon its mother's face, does not know what death is. Neither do we. We know around the faintest star what larger worlds than ours are rolling; we understand the history of the azoic rocks, and the swarming systems of palæontologic life; but we don't know that.

And before this awful mystery even the majesty of the law stood frozen into marble. The two stern men stood still and motionless. Mr. Strasburger bowed his uncovered head, and even his brutal attendant took his hat from off his beetled brows. The chilled form of the man they had come so far to seek was within their reach now, but they cared not to touch it. Justice confronted its prey, but did not secure it. Paul Ogden had owed a great debt to justice, but he had owed a still greater elsewhere; and in paying the greater, there was no remnant for the lesser creditor.

Upon her knees, beside the dead man, Mara knelt, but her breast was on his breast—against his dead heart her living heart was beating, loud and fast—and from her living face, upon his dead face her hot tears were falling. And there let us leave her, for who shall disturb the vigil of the broken-hearted over the dead? Alone with her sin; but alone, too, with her love, which was greater than her sin. As perfect love casteth out fear, so let us hope—in her—that perfect love hath cast out sin. Surely the angels in heaven look tenderly down upon the sins of too much love. For is it not love that heaven is built of? Surely no hand of man can cast a stone at her. Will any hand of woman? Let us leave her there, alone with her love, with her sin, and—greatest of all—like the woman in the gospel, alone with her Saviour.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SHADOW OF THE GIBBET.

Again Mr. Strasburger sits in his room at Headquarters, with the knob at his elbow, and again it is midnight. Ten days have elapsed since his appearance at Windsor. Mara is at Malcolm once more—over the grave of the suicide the sun has risen and set seven times; and, altogether, our Mr. Strasburger is in a happier frame of mind than he has been for many months past. In his first pursuit of Paul he had been outrun; in his second he had lost no time. If he had

not bagged his bird, at least he had been in at the death.

All Paul's finesse and forethought had amounted to nothing, in his second race with justice, as in his first. Indeed, it may well be questioned, in these days of steam and electricity, whether a crime whose object can only be obtained by success in eluding justice, pays nobody, except policemen. It is surely very little worth the while of an able-bodied man, to whom modern appliances and inventions afford so many channels of success, to deliberately array against his mere human strength all these engines—in the hands of that greatest engine of all—the Law.

We have seen that Mr. Strasburger had assigned to himself the tracking of Paul in the Queen's Dominions. Now the Queen's Dominions on this North American continent consist principally in swamps, forests, dreary wastes of badly cleared or burnt over country, and log shanties. With the exception of five towns—Montreal, Halifax, St. Johns, Toronto, Quebec, or at the most say seven (to include Ottawa and Hamilton)—the gallow or a state prison would be delightful alternatives to her Majesty's Dominions; and very little scrutiny, beyond those town, was necessary in hunting up fugitives.

After Montreal had been pretty thoroughly ransacked by Mr. Strasburger's directions, he had comprehended at once the devious route by which the culprits were undertaking to reach the border, and had found no difficulty in tracing them as far as Portland. Here he had been misled by the false scent, and gone to Halifax by steamer; so that, while Paul and Mara were living in retirement at Windsor, their pursuers were actually in consultation with the Halifax police.

There are two 'best' hotels in Halifax, and at whichever a guest puts up, he will devoutly regret he had not chosen the other. At one of these—we will forbear mentioning either—Mr. Strasburger had, however, received a telegram—in cipher—stating that another telegram awaited him at the other. On opening the latter telegram—which was also in cipher—he learned that Paul and Mara had been traced to Bangor in Maine, and, therefore, had not gone to Halifax at all. Cursing Paul for a troublesome bird, Mr. Strasburger had abandoned the search in Halifax before it was well underway, had taken a ticket back to Portland by rail, and passed directly under Paul's window at his hotel in Windsor. Arrived at St. John's, he found further telegrams which convinced him that the fugitives were or had been in

that town, and he and Doyle, assisted as before by the authorities, gave St. John's a pretty thorough overhauling. The Digby steamer happening to be in port, however, Mr. Strasburger had ascertained from her clerk that, on a certain day, a very slight, dark-eyed and dark-complexioned girl, stylishly dressed, had purchased two tickets for Halifax on board; and, certain that the girl was Mara herself, and cursing his own stupidity, but beginning to admire Paul as a player of nerve and spirit, whose game even he (Mr. Strasburger) had not fully appreciated, he set out again for Halifax, determined, this time, to scour it from cell to citadel.

The run to Digby, on the rattling little pepper-box of a steamboat had been particularly stupid to Mr. Strasburger—being altogether through a thick fog. Besides, Doyle was no company to speak of, and Mr. Strasburger had been lonely. On taking the train at Annapolis, he had doubled himself up on a seat on the left hand side of the car, and gone pretty soundly to sleep. While asleep, Mr. Strasburger had a dream, which was partly a retrospection and partly a vision. His thoughts, in short, had travelled back to a period some twenty years before—when a young man and very poor—in a garret room, in a poverty-stricken tenement quarter of New York city, he had lived with a dark-eyed, brown-cheeked gypsy girl, the only love that had ever come to his solitary life. He saw the garret very plainly; he remembered the shabby furniture and the one small window, with its box of geranium, which Celie used to watch and water so carefully.

As is not altogether unusual in dreams, this vision seemed to mix itself up with a consciousness that he was dreaming while on a train of cars, rushing to his destination. So mixed up was this consciousness and this vision, that, all at once, he dreamed that Celie passed out of the garret window, over the roof of the house, and over the train of cars in which he was travelling, and floated in the air, just in front and above the engine, which was dragging the train. He watched her for a long time, floating along, just ahead of the engine, with her eyes fixed on his own, until, all at once, she seemed to leave the track and pass into a window of a house near it, where she seemed again to be watering a geranium in a box.

Just then the wheels of the car in which he was dreaming, caught the break, and began to rumble over a long wooden bridge, which happened to be just out of the station of Windsor. The change in the din of the wheels awoke him; and he was rubbing his eyes and looking out of the car window,

when, all of a sudden, the girl of his dream was actually looking at him, out of a window, where she was watering a box of geranium. He was wide awake, this time, at any rate; there was no clairvoyance about this vision. Mr. Strasburger could dream when he had nothing else to do, but when he was awake, he never dreamed; and, convinced that he had seen Mara Ogden, and that he would surely find Paul at her side, he alighted with the callow Doyle at his heels, at Windsor Station, and let the train go on to Halifax without him. And so it is with all detective pursuits. Veterans will assure you that in their profession, as in every other, success is the reward of labour; that no search yet was ever successful through the mere performance of certain foreseen steps; but that, on the contrary, the foreseen steps are relied upon, invariably, to develop other and surer clues.

So confident was Mr. Strasburger, that, before leaving the station, he telegraphed to Mr. Ogden that the fugitives were found, and would be detained at Windsor, until his arrival.

Mr. Ogden had arrived soon after the tragedy with which we are already familiar, and had brought back to Malcolm, in silence and disgrace, his adopted daughter and the body of her paramour, his nephew.

On this particular evening, Mr. Strasburger, as we have said, sits alone, as usual. But he has just done something very unusual with him. He has just finished writing—for the first time in his life—a long letter. He has just taken from his vest pocket the plain gold ring which we have seen him obtain from Jimmerson the pawnbroker; folded it up in the letter he has written, and is looking about for an envelope. He does not find one on his table or in his portfolio, but he knows where there are some, so he lays the letter in which the ring is contained upon the table, and rises to go to the opposite side of the room, where a case of pigeon holes stands against the wall. In so doing he must pass beyond reach of the knob whose pressure summons Doyle. We have seen that the detective has grown very cautious of late. He is getting old—and, as one grows older, one does not grow bolder. Certain signs in the air, certain omens there have been of late for Mr. Strasburger, and the man who has caused the gibbet to bear such ample fruit, sometimes himself feels as if the shadow of that one-limbed tree hovered over himself continually.

To-night, in particular, he seems restless and disconcerted. The loneliness of his room—so grateful to him of old—seems to oppress him. He is of half a mind to press

the knob and summon Doyle, if only for company. If there were a fire in the grate, now Mr. Strasburger thinks, the room would be less lonely; a fire he had always found as good as a friend, in a room at night. But although autumn is waning, it is not yet cool enough for fires. Bah! how scabre the room is! How quiet everything is about! If houses are ever haunted, what a place for a haunt this Headquarters would be! Not one, but five thousand ghosts might come out of those small rooms, and out of that small court-yard, and from under that pile of rusty iron in the corner! If the original of every photograph in those big albums of the Rogues' Gallery down stairs, could only join in the dance, what a ghostly dance it would be. The ghosts, at least, would not be lonely ghosts. There would be a whole household of ghosts, and the more the merrier!

When Mr. Strasburger sits at his table, as he has been sitting to-night, he does not use gas. He prefers the light of a German student lamp. But German student lamps, although they light up pleasantly the page upon which we write, or from which we read make the rest of the room very gloomy. Moreover, these German lamps throw shadows. It so happened, that early in the evening Mr. Strasburger had sent to the restaurant across the street for a quart of ale. This ale had been brought to him in a very old and celebrated pitcher, which belonged to Headquarters, having been known there, as well as any other habitue, for a dozen years. This pitcher was of pewter, and of a peculiar make. It had possibly been captured from some law-breaker—perhaps it was a Deodand—at any rate it was tall and slim; and had a sort of triangular handle, shaped like the two upper strokes of a letter Z, thus: 7, but the lower stroke had been snapped off, and so from the top of the pitcher, at present, there stood out only the horizontal arm. Now, this pitcher happened to stand on a thick blank book just beyond the student lamp, on Mr. Strasburger's table; and its elongated shadow (which rested on the pigeon-hole case to which Mr. Strasburger had just proceeded,) in which the arm was exaggerated and the body of the pitcher narrowed—took a form strangely like a gallops. Even Mr. Strasburger shuddered a little as he looked at it. He feels a premonition of something fatal this evening, so he secures the envelopes he wants, and turns to replace himself at his chair by the knob.

Ah! Mr. Strasburger you have strayed too far away from that knob! For, as you

turn, from out beneath the shadow of that gallows a man's form is seen to glide. The man holds in his hand a long thin strip of steel, like the blade of a sword cane; and, with this knife, this man darts a blow at Mr. Strasburger's back, and it enters between the shoulder blades in a downward direction. When the detective's body was found lying on its face next morning, it was discovered that a dirk had entered his heart from behind, and, that about two inches of its point had broken off and remained in the wound. The remainder was found, coloured with blood, on the carpet where it had been thrown. It is the fatal peculiarity of these dirk wounds, that they bleed inwardly—so that nothing else in the room, except the dirk, was bloody. Before the man who had thrust the dirk withdrew from the room, he possessed himself of the letter the detective had written in his last hours, in which the plain gold ring had been folded. He took nothing else, however, but stole safely away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. STRASBURGER'S LAST LETTER.

That—in his life—Mr. Strasburger's epistolary efforts were few and far from brilliant, we have had several occasions, in the progress of this history, to feel convinced. On that last night of his life, he surprised himself, and exceeded the best his friends could have expected. This we are enabled to judge competently, for the identical letter we have seen him engaged in writing, in the solitude of his own chamber, and in which we have seen him enclose a plain gold ring, found its way mysteriously, that same night, to Mr. Ogden's office in Jauncey Court. At least Mr. Ogden discovered it there, on the table of his own personal inner office, the next morning; possessing himself of its contents thereafter, while as yet unaware that its writer was lying stark and cold, at Headquarters. When Mr. Ogden opened it, however, he discovered, not the plain gold ring which Mr. Strasburger had enclosed to him, but a slight hoop of gold, upon which was set a white diamond. If Mr. Ogden had not at once recognized it as Mara's engagement ring, the inscription 'T. F. to M. O., December 6th, 18—,' would have identified it. This phenomenon we will allow the letter itself to explain. It ran as follows:

HEADQUARTERS.

'MR. OGDEN—

SIR: I feel it my duty to write you this long letter. I write it, instead of telling

you its contents by word of mouth, because first, I might not easily find you disengaged long enough to hear it all. And secondly, and I must admit principally, because it is well that you should have a statement signed by my name (and sworn to if you wish), to the facts contained below. These facts concern one who is at present an inmate of your family; and to narrate them I must go back twenty-one years or so, and trouble you with a part of the story of my own life.

Twenty-one years ago, I, John Strasburger, at that time in no employment or hope of employment, but twenty-one years old, and in the vigour of youth, was living in a garret on what is now known as East Broadway, in this city. I had no money to speak of, and sometimes was very much pressed for food. Many a night in those days I have gone hungry to bed and fallen asleep, wondering where my breakfast was coming from, the next morning. One of these hungry nights of mine, I met a friend who gave me a ticket to the old Bowery Theatre and thinking that, could I manage to become interested in the play, I might forget the pangs of hunger, I tightened my vest strap, buttoned my coat around me, and found a seat in the pit, quite near the stage. I don't remember the play, but toward the close, in the midst of a ballet, I discovered suddenly that one of the girls composing it had her eyes fixed upon my face. Pretending not to notice her gaze I watched her under the rim of my hat. She never took her eyes off me. So at last I looked full at her. She nodded, and made signs that I should see her again that evening. When she came on again, the last time that evening, she managed to throw me a scrap of paper, which told me that immediately after she went off, and before the end of that evening's performance, she would be at the stage door. There I hurried and met her. I recall vividly the grasp she gave my hand, and my surprise when, instead of relaxing it, she raised it to her lips. Not to weary you with details, I will only say that I was too faint to respond to her caresses; but upon telling her that I was starving, she bade me follow her to her lodgings. She lived in a garret as well as I—but in her garret she found me food.

'The friendship we made that night ended only with her life. We lived together in good fortune and bad—sometimes luxuriously, but more frequently in the most rigid economy, according as her engagements were many or few, for five years.

'The girl's name was Celie, and she was a married woman. Her husband was a rough giant of a man, as hairy as an Esau, while she

was slender and delicate. As I go on with this letter, you will see why it is not necessary for me to describe her further. Her husband's name was Job Pierce. He was a sort of outlaw or tramp, who did no work, but lived by small thefts in winter and by tramping, begging, and pilfering in summer. Celie had been married to him but a few months, when, finding that he could not or would not support her in any honest way, she had left him, and by means of her pretty face and supple figure, obtained a position as cory-pee or figurante on the old Bowery stage where I had seen her. Her husband soon found her out, however, and though unable to force her to live with him, often visited her and succeeded in extorting money from her slender stock. This Job Pierce, upon discovering his wife's attachment to and relations with me, I need not say, was no friend of mine; and he kept us in a continual terror. As to me, he absolutely dogged my footsteps. I never stirred into the streets at night but I would see his haggard face at a corner. But, though he would present himself to me almost daily, and threaten to take my life, he never attempted it. In fact, his policy seemed to be to keep me in a constant dread, rather than to kill me outright. But I need never speak—nor did I to Celie during the while we lived together—of my own fear. It was enough that Celie herself passed a miserable existence on his account. Whenever he could beg or steal money enough to get into a theatre where she was performing, he would manage that she should see him; and once she actually lost her engagement by twice fainting away in the midst of her parts, at sight of him, on a single evening. I was powerless in the matter, and soon came to be as abjectly his slave as was Celie herself. I began, as well as Celie, to give him small sums of money, and once having begun, there was of course, no limit to his demands, either in frequency or amount.

I cannot say that I ever loved Celie with the passion she never ceased to show for me; but she was the only person who ever, in the course of my life, seemed to care for me; and when she died—after being delivered of a daughter, I resolved that if ever, in the course of my life, I should accumulate any wealth, it should belong to that child; and that at least, as long as I lived, whether I did or not, Celie's only representative on earth should want for nothing. I would make this recompense, at least, to the girl who had given up everything—even her virtue—for love of me.

When Celie first came to me, she wore on the ring finger of her left hand, a heavy gold

wedding-ring. The first night I ever saw her, she had put this on my finger instead, and, to the day of her death, I wore it there. After Celie's death, I found an old woman who lived at a little village—half country, and half suburb of a city—to take the child; she to furnish it such nursing as it required, and to continue to keep it for me. The place she lived in has since been called Roseville, and is now, I believe, a part of the city of Newark, New Jersey. This old woman had two other children, of about the same age as Celie's child, and partly to identify her, in case anything should happen to me, I hung Celie's wedding-ring around its little neck. I then made my will, in which I stated simply that it is my wish that the child should become my sole representative, and inherit everything of which I should die possessed.

About this time—or it was, I think, about two years after the child's birth—(I had called it Celie, after its mother) I became a patrolman in the Metropolitan police; from which position I have been steadily promoted—and at this moment, I believe myself to have accumulated, from salary, rewards, and perquisites, about fifty or sixty thousand dollars. I have never altered my will, nor do I intend to, as I shall never marry. And at my death, I ask you, as a favour to which I am unentitled at your hands—but as a favour which, I think, in view of the circumstances, you will do me—to see that the child, Celie—or, I believe, she bears another name now—comes into possession of her own.

On one of my visits to the child, after it had been placed in charge of the old woman in Roseville, as I left the cottage, I stumbled upon a man who was partially concealed among some shrubbery near the door. It was Job Pierce, who had tracked me, and, as I infer, discovered the object of my visits; From that moment something told me that he would eventually steal the child, in order to regain over me the influence which he had lost; for since Celie's death, he had never approached me with accustomed demands for money. I would have delivered him to the police if he had. But I was right in my supposition that he would begin to play another game. The next time I went to Roseville, to see the child, it had disappeared. In short, it had been stolen, and I knew who stole it. I had no clue to work upon; and although I set the Jersey police to work, and supervised their work myself, we never got upon the track for a month. As nobody can possibly know better than yourself, there is no locality in the country so infested with tramps as that

tract spreading beyond Newark, New Jersey—north, south and east—as far as the mountains. It is a tract especially propitious for the operations of small pilferers, beggars, and the large class of ragamuffins who live by frightening women. The reason, of course, is, that it is covered with residences of well-to-do and even opulent New Yorkers—men who spend the day in town, leaving, in most instances, their houses in charge of the female portion of the household—most of these houses being of frame, with windows easily accessible from the ground. Besides, the country is cut up by innumerable railways, affording direct avenues for them to walk from place to place; and at night, by concealing themselves in freight or open coal cars—being entirely indifferent as to the particular neighbourhood in which they shall find themselves next morning—they are apt, as a rule, to travel very cheaply. There are two kinds of tramps in this country—one the tramp who tramps by himself, or in droves of men, and the other the tramp who takes his family. This last is a comparatively well-to-do tramp, and often owns a horse and waggon, which he covers with cloth, and in which he sleeps. He usually has one or more children, besides a woman to cook his meals along with him. In the parlance of this section, these latter tramps, men, women and children, are called “gypsies.”

‘All over this tract, upon the outskirts of which Roseville is, we searched carefully; and especially among these “gypsies,” who always travel with children. But we never found the child, or any reliable information concerning it. At last I gave up all immediate hope of finding it at all, but turned my attention to my business in the city. I never had much of a clue to my child, except the gold ring; but now I had that alone. I felt pretty sure that Job Pierce, some day, when he wanted a meal, would dispose of that ring; and so I had my lines arranged at every pawnshop in the city, to catch him in that way. The most wonderful thing to me was that Job Pierce should not have approached me, or communicated with me in some way, with the view of obtaining many for the child. As he did not, I began to suspect that he had other motives in detaining it, than I had given him credit for, and that he, believing that I loved the child, was revenging himself upon me for its mother. But, at any rate, not a trace of him did I obtain. Years passed on, and the episode had passed out of my life—when, one day, very recently, since I have been employed in the Brand murder case, in fact—I happened to be in the Tomb, and recognized my old enemy, Job Pierce, among the prisoners. I

believe he would have murdered me on the spot, if a turnkey had not driven him away.

‘Upon leaving the Tomb, I proceeded at once to the district-attorney, and asked, as an especial favour to me, that Job Pierce should not, in any event, be set at liberty without consulting me—for once there, I felt he was safe until I could determine what use to make of him; and, to tell the truth, at that very moment, the Brand murder affair had become so absorbing, that I could find thought for little else. Through some mistake, however, in spite of the stipulation I obtained from the district-attorney, he was set at large; and the very first thing he did, upon obtaining his liberty, was to pawn his wife's wedding-ring—the ring you find enclosed in this letter.

In the course of my investigations concerning the unfortunate circumstances of the murder of George Brand, the young minister, and of your nephew's confession and flight, of course I could not have well avoided becoming aware of the existence of the young lady in your household, known as Mara Ogden, and of the circumstances attending her adoption into your family. But, in reality, I first learned them long before the prominent part she took in association with your nephew's last hours; and my discovery of his hiding-place at Windsor, was owing to no shrewdness of my own, but entirely to my conviction that your adopted daughter, Mara Ogden, was no other than my natural child. This statement may seem inexplicable to you, but I will explain by giving—as I have endeavoured to do solely in this letter—the simple facts.

‘One day, when I was travelling by rail from St. John's to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, in search of your nephew, as the train approached the town of Windsor, I happened to look out of the car window, and I saw what I at first thought was a dream; in fact I had been asleep, and dreaming, for some distance—having lost much sleep the night before—and my dreams had been of the companion of my youth, Celie. As the train neared the town, I awoke; and when, as I said, I looked out of the window, who should I see but Celie herself—in the flesh—standing at an open window, watering some flowers in a box. If the event had not proved that girl to be Mara Ogden, your adopted daughter, I should have thought I was becoming a poet or a dreamer in my old age. I need not tell you more than to say that I stopped at Windsor, found the house where I had seen the girl, and, as you know, came upon the fugitives.

‘Mr. Ogden, your adopted daughter is my

natural child. I leave this fact to be acted upon as you think proper. I am aware that her happiness cannot be better preserved than by leaving her in ignorance of this truth. Her social position would sink by my contact, as it was created by yours. So far, then, as to any word from my lips, she shall know nothing. As I said before—the facts are in your hands. This is all I have to say.

JOHN STRASBURGER.

Immediately below this signature, there appeared in the sprawling hand of an ignorant person, the following :

'MISTER OGDEN—

I hev red this, and this is truth—every word of it—an what's more its the last time as him ill ever have chance to say it. He is gone to hell now. I got into your house and stole his brat's diamond ring. But axin your pardon, I give it back to you in exchange for the gold un as was my wife's weddin ring. I giv it to her : an I think—tho I ain't no lawyer—as its mine anyhow.

JOB PIERCE.

Mr. Ogden read this dual communication, and pondered much. But he did very little office work that day, and took an early train home to Malcoln.

CHAPTER XXIX.

QUID FIT DENIQUE?

It is customary, at the close of a book, for its author to express the hope that its readers may find, in its perusal, at least half the enjoyment it has afforded him to write it—to say that the task has been a pleasant one, that he has fallen in love with his own heroine, admires his hero, and, generally, feels very much at a loss as to how he shall exist without the company of his own characters. We who have written this history, unfortunately, leave with no such happy thoughts, with no such fond regrets. Our story was one we did not care to tell ; and, having told it, we are glad to be rid of the job. Our characters are horribly vulgar, and distasteful to us ; but there they were—we could not make or unmake—it was out of our power to turn one black hair white, or one white hair black.

With the exception of Mrs. Ogden and Olive, and Miss Singleton, not one of them is worth mentioning—they are all sordid,

selfish, even when they are not actually immoral and criminal people.

How much nicer it would have been for us, dear lady readers, and how much you would have enjoyed our chronicle, if—in stead of telling of all this selfishness, and sin, and greed, and crime, we had sat down, like Achilles, among the serving women, and given you a delightful series of conversations ! About how Mara had dresses cut a la Gabrielle, with skirts souffant, half fitting with small plisse flounces, corsage crossed with a folded scarf of brown batiste, surmounted with a lightly drawn puff twice the depth of the flounces ; and how Mrs. Ogden preferred gauze de chambrery with overdress of tissu de neige, with plaiting of tuile or crepe lisse, four inches wide ; and how Miss Singleton settled the question by deciding in favour of plain ciel Hamburg embroideries, en dem train, of cardinal colour, and all such lovely things ; and about public balls at the Academy, and private balls at Delmonico's, and card receptions and kettle-drums, and (above all) weddings, and what they all wore, and who danced with who, and whether it was the third or fourth time actually, that Miss Bourgeois (that brazen thing—you know,) has worn that ecru dress of hers !

Or, why should it not have been our lot to have written to you of rocks and trees, and mountains and valleys, and cataracts and sunsets ! Of magnificent, and grand, and gorgeous, and sublime, and—in short, of lovely scenery ! Beshrew the fate that has driven us, instead, to soil our pages with pawnbrokers, and tramps, and actually with murderers ! There is only one unfashionable consolation left us. We are forced to reflect that it is the disagreeable people who prosper in this life ; it is the noisy creditor who gets his money.

Paul Ogden—who, as we have already drawn from the preceding pages, while sojourning in Europe, had never ceased to feel in peril of justice, and to be prepared for the time of its overtaking him—had procured a subtle poison, so skilfully prepared, that upon being received into the stomach, it would take effect in a month's time. We have seen that, upon learning from an old copy of the New York *Herald*, one evening, at Bingen on the Rhine, that he was known to be the perpetrator of the St. Jude's murder ; and knowing, from the date of the newspaper, that his pursuers could not be far away, he had swallowed the potion, and almost immediately started for America. His history, after arriving there, we have followed, step by step.

When Paul's will was opened—the will which our readers may remember his having

left with his uncle on his departure for Europe, soon after the affair of the Brand murder—it was found, that, with the exception of certain trifling legacies, he had left to Mara his entire fortune, which amounted to something in the neighbourhood of one hundred thousand dollars. Now, when our old friend Isabella—through the efforts of Mr. Ogden—had found herself in possession of a property of about fifty thousand dollars a year, in the zeal of her gratitude, she had made a will dividing that property at her death between Mara and Mr. Ogden's three boys. Isabella did not, in fact, die for some years after Mara's shocking misbehaviour, but, whether or not Isabella forgave her, that good spinster certainly never altered her will; and when she finally laid aside the burdens of her single blessedness, Mara took one-fourth of her property. So, at the date our history closes, Mara found herself possessed, in her own right, of between three and four hundred thousand dollars, besides about forty thousand, to which she was entitled under Mr. John Strasburger's will, did she choose to claim it; and we may be sure that she did choose. As for Tom Frear, he went back to his lonesome studio, No. 39, and laboured along, a saddened, solitary man. Women he never went near. No beauty, or worth, or sweetness could dazzle him. He felt that towards women, at least, his duty had been done, and he avoided them. But one day, in his studio, he came across the little picture of 'The Rainbow,' over which he had wasted so many by-gone hours when he had been betrothed to her, it had seemed too poor a gift for his queen's acceptance; and so he had put it aside and forgot it. Tears stood in his honest eyes as he drew it into the light. He thought of the dreams he had dreamed while he painted it—dreams whose realization to him had seemed the sweetest fate that time could bring. Helas! those dreams had come true—that fate time had brought to him—and how little was it all? His apples had been ashes! He had served seven years for Rachel, and she had turned out to be only Leah!

Then he tried to shake it off and not to care. 'Not to care!' Ah, who can do that? If we only could, how happy we might be, sometimes! The man who really—in his heart of hearts—'don't care,' is master of the situation in love affairs. But Tom, unfortunately, did care. After all Mara's sin and disgrace, Tom was not so sure that he loved her more than ever. And when a man is not sure whether he loves or not, we may safely say he loves very much. And let us believe that he was right. Love

is as blind to moral laws as it is to facts. The trouble was, that Tom did care very much indeed—and he shed many manly tears over his picture of the 'Rainbow.'

But one day, he mustered courage and sent it to Mara. At least it would get it out of the way, he thought; so he packed it up, and packed it off to her. It was not long before the post brought him a note in the well-known hand. It contained only the words, 'Thank you,' and a sprig of rosemary; which, as everybody knows, means Remembrance. Tom looked long, and mused much upon that sprig of rosemary.

'Wer zum erste mal liebt sel's auch gluckloss,
ist ein Gott,—
Aber wer zum zweite mal gluckloss libet, ist
ein Narr.'

he pondered:

Ah, well! Love rubs the world around:

'Und was fur die erde das himmel's blau,
Und was fur die blumen der melde tau,
Das ist fur die menschen die Liebe!'

Like the lady with the 'primrose face' in Lord Lytton's pretty poem, she was not dead, and she was not wed—and old things were best—and Mara, for her part, felt that love must cling where it can, and that one isn't loved every day. And so very quietly, one evening, in the Chapel of little St. Jude's, under a wreath of pansies, they—Tom and Mara—were married.

They live in a natty little cottage at Malcoln, not far from Mr. Ogden's villa (which that gentleman never again abandoned for the noxious city), and, as time rolls on, and buries scandals, (and especially as Mr. and Mrs. Frear are well-to-do)—the neighbours all call on them, as if nothing had ever happened. And we are not so sure that you, reader, and I, would not do the same. According to the laws of the State of New York (which is a sort of Scotch law, by the way) Mara was the wife of Paul Ogden, and therefore a widow when Tom married her; and surely marrying a widow is only a question of taste!

And were Tom and Mara happy? Do you ask, reader? Doubtless. As happy as you are. Perhaps not that paroxysm, that epilepsy of happiness of which we may have dreamed. But this is rare. If fate reserves this sort of happiness only for its prime favourites, even they, in this world of compensation, pay for it elsewhere. But that moderate long run of average happiness which comes to most of us, they doubtless did enjoy. Let us, at any rate, so hope.

Mrs. Ogden did not long survive her nephew Paul. Poor little woman! Her heart was

the greatest part of her; and the excitement of those fearful days, beginning with the item in the *Herald*, and ending with the suicide, had been heavy days for her. Her death bed was more of a triumph than a death-scene. It was like the sailing into port of some grand seaward coming ship; which, passing bravely through all storms and perils—its full duty done, its full end accomplished—came home to furl its sails. A woman, a wife, and a mother, she rests in the testimony of a good conscience—the good fight fought, the faith kept—and behind her, so long as the world lasts, shall rise up sons and daughters to call her blessed.

The Strasburger murder had been traced to Job Pierce, partly by Mr. Ogden's letter, and, no less, by the statement of Jimmerson & Co., pawnbrokers. But it appeared that Pierce, after leaving the letter on Mr. Ogden's table, had managed to stow himself away upon a ship bound for Europe, and was, some weeks after, set adrift in England. In that country he was apprehended for extradition on complaint of the American government, and lay for several months in Newgate. But, pending his delivery to the American government, it happened that some shrewd lawyers, who were retained for a rich American culprit—that is to say, one who, having embezzled some millions, was rich enough to retain the most eminent talent in England—found a flaw in the extradition treaty. And by their petitions and representations to Parliament, that body was induced to refuse any further delivery of criminals to the United States government, under the treaty, unless the United States government, on receipt of the criminals, would stipulate that they should be tried only for the crime for which they were extradited. (The shrewd lawyers aforesaid, having discovered, that, otherwise, political criminals, for whom England prides herself on being an asylum, might be extradited for pretended offences, in order to be secured for State purposes.)

The United States government, not seeing its way to this impudent demand, intimated its preference for the letter of the treaty, and so Job Pierce, and a host of other American felons, were set at large; and Mr. Strasburger's blood, to this day, is crying out for vengeance, and attracting no response.

For the thirty thousand dollars which St. Jude's Parish had offered as a premium for the apprehension of the murder of the late Reverend George Brand, there were many claimants; of which, however, the *Herald* was not one. Nor, we may be very sure, did Mara, as Mr. Strasburger's only

living blood representative put in any claim. We may state briefly, however, that, after much arbitration, and discussion, and much threatening of law-suits, a sum of twenty-two thousand dollars was paid over to the Police Department, in consideration of a full release from everybody, of all claims, from the beginning of the world to the day of payment, to St. Jude's Parish. This cheque was sent, endorsed by the proper persons, to be cashed by the hands of Doyle—the claimants waiting at Headquarters to be paid in full. But after waiting several hours, they finally dispersed, it having been found that Doyle, on receiving the money, had decamped for parts unknown. And he never came back.

Mr. Ogden who has long since retired from active practice, and devoted himself exclusively to those wines and grapes which so long claimed his divided services, still allows his name to remain in gilt letters on the glass doors at Jauncey Court. Only, above the simple name of 'Mr. Percival Ogden,' appears the legend, 'Ogden, Cambrelling Ogden,' the last member of that firm being no less than Mr. Percival Ogden, Jr., who is managing partner of the firm.

The *Seaboard* still wields its rod over the public, and Mr. Prideaux is still an old, young bachelor, with his jaunty dress, his Malacca cane, his light kids, and a carnation in his buttonhole. As to poesy, he is still triumphant; and all the verses we now have in these United States are ground or woven, or turned, at the Amity works, by one toothless old lady.

Our friend, Mrs. Melden, found, somewhere in the vicinity of one of her resting-places, a wretched man, who wrote stories for the Sunday papers. Him she had, at last accounts, elevated to the position of her Number 4; and him she is swiftly and surely talking into an early grave. He takes a weak sort of revenge, however, by writing her into his stories. But she never recognizes herself in the viragos and Amazons he puts into his page. Nor, probably, if she ever read these pages, will she find herself set down here.

Dr. Forsyth, it will be remembered, had consented to Mr. Gloster operating upon his patient Olive,—believing that—if successful—success would establish a fact in which he implicitly believed; namely, that Olive's mind was only dormant from a shock, and not wholly gone and obliterated. Nor can it be doubted that, from that moment, Olive's mental symptoms had steadily improved. She began to be sensible of ideas and intuitions again; and Dr. Forsyth, (whose labourious volume on the Material of

Mind appeared about this time, and made a palpable sensation in the thinking world,) was more than happy. Of course we never read the Doctor's learned work. Life is not long enough, by some years, to ask that, and we reflect with sadness upon the miserable compositors and proof-readers who were obliged to peruse it. But the old Doctor regards it with pride as the crowning fruit of a useful life; and let us not be unjust. Doubtless in the panopticon Mercantile Library it may be demanded by the young lady subscriber, and brought to her by the gentlemanly young man. But, as that valuable institution furnishes no spinster clerks to wait upon its masculine subscribers, we cannot read the book, an' we dared.

No sermons are preached in little St. Jude's. 'There is,' says Mr. Trollope—in words we cannot better, and therefore quote—'perhaps no greater hardship, at present, inflicted upon mankind, in civilized and free countries, than the necessity of listening to sermons. No one but a preaching clergyman has, in these realms, the power of compelling an audience to sit silent and be tormented. No one but a preaching clergyman revels in platitudes, truism, and untruism, and yet receives as his undisputed privilege, the same respectful demeanour as though words of impassioned eloquence or persuasive logic fell from his lips. Let a professor of law or physic find his place in a lecture-room, and there pour forth jejune words and empty phrases, and he will pour them forth to empty benches. Let a barrister attempt to talk without talking well, and he will talk but seldom. A judge's charge need be listened to but by the jury, prisoner and jailer; a member of parliament

can be coughed down or counted out. Town counsellors can be tabooed. But no one can rid himself of the preaching clergyman. He is the bore of the age—the old man whom the sinbobs cannot shake off—the nightmare that disturbs our Sunday rest, the incubus that overloads our religion and makes God's service distasteful. We are not forced into church. No; but we desire more than that. We desire not to be forced to stay away. We desire—nay, we are resolute enough to enjoy the comfort of public worship, but we desire also that we may do so without an amount of tedium that ordinary human nature cannot endure with patience; and that we may be able to leave the house of God without that anxious longing for escape which is the common consequence of common sermons.

Since we cannot, when persecuted, like that discriminating King Jehoiakim, when his chaplain Jehudi had droned away to a sufficient length, reach forward and cut a preacher's manuscript with our penknives, and cast it into the fire—by way of slight compensation for the misery we ourselves have suffered—we may be permitted to re-echo the words of Mr. Trollope.

Much of our own way of thinking are they in the chapel of little St. Jude's. Still are the hours said in its dim aisle, and still—in communion with Him who heedeth not the device of man, and with all holy things—we may kneel, uninterrupted by any human 'views' or interpretations—and feel—

'With faces aslant,

The silence to consecrate more than the chant'

THE END.